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Brittainie, George  
H

HYACINTH O'GARA,

HONOR DELANY, IRISH PRIESTS

AND

ENGLISH LANDLORDS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MOTHERS AND SONS," IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN," &c.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

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*Brittainie, George*  
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## PREFACE.

It was not originally intended to affix any preface to this little work, till a friend to whom the manuscript was shewn, objected to some of the incidents, as not sufficiently probable, or, at least, as not likely to gain credit from the generality of readers, who, as well Irish, as English, are very little acquainted with the peculiar circumstances of the lower ranks in Ireland. Now, the aim of the author being, to give *a true picture* of the Irish peasantry, *as connected with their religion*, and to shew how Priestcraft has wound itself (often most unwelcomely) into all their concerns, and interferes with, or regulates, every event of their lives—and that this interference is in numberless instances, only tolerated from the fear of supernatural judgments, in the power of the Priest to inflict, as he pleases—if

it were supposed that he had invented facts, which never occurred, or exaggerated others which *might have happened* in here and there a *solitary* instance, the design he had in view would be necessarily frustrated. He therefore thinks it expedient to state, that many of the instances have come under his own knowledge—that some have been related to him by persons of unquestionable veracity, and he confidently appeals to those, who have opportunity of knowing *the real state* of the Irish peasantry *at this moment*, if they cannot bear him out in the assertion, *that they are all not only probable, but that they are all of every day occurrence.*

# RECOLLECTIONS

OF

## HYACINTH O'GARA.

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I WAS bred and born in the town of Lisnamanigan, in the parish of Ardrossil. Man and boy I have lived in the same house these seventy-three years. My grandfather built it ; he was steward to Squire Finglas, where the Bryantons live now ; and being a man accustomed to things above the common sort, he made it a snug place, with three glass windies,\* and a boarded parlour—the show of the whole country. When it came into my hand, it was a good deal racked, and it would have been an expensive job to me only it was burnt to the ground just thirty-four years ago, last

\* It has not been considered necessary (except in a few instances) to give the spelling according to the old man's pronunciation ; as in truth it would have been an endless task. The reader must take for granted that he invariably pronounced old as if written *ould* ; with, *wid*, against, *agen* ; mortal, *mortshil* ; once, *wanst* ; creature, *crathur*, &c.



Lady-day. Mr. Bryanton, my landlord, gave me good help to build it over again, and if I could not aim at what my grandfather did, it was twice as comfortable. We could rear the pig and the young ducks better on a clay floor than a boarded one. I brought up my family in it with as much decency as most struggling men could expect ; but it is fast wearing out like myself, and it is hard to say which of us will come to the ground first.

I never was a great traveller, but I have seen wonderful things in my day, and things well worth remarking. I was once very near going to Dublin, as a witness for Parson Chalgrave, when he had the lawsuit with Attorney Swallow ; only I had neither act nor part in the business, and could say nothing one way or the other, so they surmised that I could be of no use. I have voted at elections as good as ten times, and never missed the chairing but once. I saw the first mail-coach that ever run through Newtown Calderbrook ; and I believe I was the only man in Lisnamangan, barring blind Nelly Boyd, that had a view of the Lord Lieutenant the day he passed by our house : all the rest *was* gone to the races of Ballybrefny.

But this is not what I am going to say : I want to put down all that I remember about this parish, for which I have reasons of my own.

Our cabin was on the road nearly *foreninst* the gate of Carrickadare, which every body knows is the name of the glebe-house. From our garden you could look

into the lawn and the shrubbery, and sorrah one could come in, or go out of the hall-door, but you could see them. It was a pleasant thing of a summer's evening, to sit upon the hill, and watch the ladies and gentlemen walking about, or the childer (when there was any) playing in the grass.

The longest thing I can remember is old Parson Brand and his lady. She had a tittle of her own, being called Lady Gertrude. In my time they seldom walked outside the gate, but took a drive in the carriage every day that was fine, to the cross roads, where James Farley the wheel-right lived: besides a walk in the shrubbery before dinner in winter, and after it in summer. They were always linked arm in arm, and seemed to live mightily comfortable together. He was a spare, thin, old gentleman, with a white wig, and a little hat on the top of it; and she was very like him, only that she was a thought lower, and wore a big calash. People that knew him, said he was a very free spoken gentleman, without a bid of pride; but I can't speak from my own knowledge, never having changed a word with him but once, when he met me in the avenue, carrying a hare to the house-keeper, that my father snared, and I was so frightened, that I did not say one word.

I was too young to take much notice myself then, but I remember the neighbours remarked how they saw very little company. They would stop for nights together at Lord Calderbrook's, and Squire Stapleton's, of Castlebruff; but I never could hear of their

making much freedom with the rest of the quality ; above all, they would not put up with the Browns that came to Sir Harry Childley's, when the family went away. Father Val. De Lacy was a great favourite with the Parson and Lady Gertrude. He dined there every Sunday. The lady was fond of talking French to him, for he had been in foreign parts, and could behave with the best in the land. There was near being a coolness between them once, owing to some of the Protestants turning to Mass, till Father Val cleared himself of having any hand in the business, and they were good friends to their dying day.

I might be going on fifteen when the lady died. The poor had a good right to be sorry for her ; for her hand was always in her pocket ; and every Christmas, she gave out blankets and clothes to no end : besides, she had wonderful skill in curing coughs and burns, and all them sorts of things. There was one bottle of hers that went far and near, and I often heard my father say, she did more good by that bottle than all the doctors in the three counties. She had the greatest funeral I ever saw, barring Tim Morragh, that was hung for burning the Brodericks. They said he died innocent ; and well for him if he did.

The poor old gentleman never held up his head afterwards. He would not drive out in the coach ; and it was a pity to see the long look he would give at the garden-chair, where the lady used to rest herself when *she was tired*. He never sot down upon it, but would

brush off the cobwebs with his pocket hankcher, and push back the sweet-briar that was shooting over the top. At last he took to his bed, without sickness or any thing, and died off one day as gently as a lamb.

The people said he died a Roman, because he sent for Father De Lacy to his bed-room one morning he heard he was below. I would not give into it ever, when I had sense to put things together : nor did Father Val want to have it thought—he said nothing but that he did not leave his like after him. And indeed, he deserved nothing else from him ; for, not one word, good or bad, did the Parson ever say to him, though fourteen Protestant families turned to Mass in the thirty years that he had the parish of Ardrossil, but *that* once, when yellow Bob Green, who owed him a grudge about tithe, said before his face at a vestry, that there would soon be no use for a sexton, since all the Protestants were going to Mass, owing to neglect of the Minister. Maybe Mr. Brand thought there was no use to strive against it. He might have heard the old prophecy, that all the people of Ireland would be of one religion before long. My father said he had little doubt of the truth of it, when he saw the Bickertons, an old Cromwellian brood, all flocking to the Chapel : and Winny Doyle, my sister's daughter, (that I will say more of before I have done,) will take her oath that this is the very time, and that we shall all live to see it. I must say she does not speak so confident, since the year twenty-five. Still she con-

trives to keep up a good heart, and hopes that one year may be as lucky as another. I have my own thoughts about it, though I never said so much to Winny.

About a month after Parson Brand was buried, the new Rector, Mr. Chalgrave, came to Carrickadare : and a fine hubub he made in the country. He brought a pack of hounds with him, and as good as six fine hunters, with a huntsman, and whipper-in, and stable boys, and helpers, and all that sort of cattle—plenty of them. The first thing he did, was to throw down the glass-house where Lady Gertrude kept her flowers, and cut down the yew hedge, to build an elegant dog-kennel on the spot, with many other improvements. Some found fault with him for letting the house and place go to *rack*, and washing his dogs in the fish-pond ; but as for myself, I perfectly delighted in him. Many a beating I got from my father for idling about the stables ; and many a day's work I lost, when I was my own master, and ought to have more sense ; for the minute I heard the Parson's halloo passing our door, I could not help throwing down the flail or the loy, and being after him. He was a tight-made, handsome man, between thirty and forty ; sot a horse as if he grew naturally out of his back ; and when he had on his grey hunting frock and cap, with a green hankcher about his neck, and a whip in his hand, with a whistle in the but end of it, you would take him for any thing in life but a Parson. He was

good to the poor, when they came in his way ; and I believe he did not care how much was given out of the house, so that the dogs and horses got their share first. It was judged by many that he *demaned* himself with the company he kep. Every man, let him be ever so unsignified, that rode hard, and wore a pair of boots, was sure to be asked to Carrickadare, on a hunting day, if they kept up with him till it was late, which they mostly contrived to do ; and if the night was wet or dark, all *was* welcome to a shake-down.

For certain, he did no good to some young buckeens, that took greatly on themselves, when he begun to make free with them. There was Ody Brehony, son of Pat Brehony that kept the ale-house in Newtown Calderbrook. His father left him well to live, with two or three snug leases, if he took care of himself ; but as soon as he kept company with the Parson, nothing would serve him but to turn gentleman at once ; so he Englified his name, and wrote himself Owen Judge, Esquire ; making himself the laughing-stock of the whole country. Little he knew how nobody laughed more than Mr. Chalgrave himself, who used to entertain the quality at Calder Court, by showing how he sot at table, and put his knife in his mouth. Poor Ody run out in no time, and died in jail ; but Mr. Chalgrave was always good to him, and buried him at last very decently.—I was at the funeral.

There was another, too, who might rue the day he came across the Parson, and that was young Father

Bryan Mullarkey, *Coadjutor* to Father Val, who was growing old and feeble. Father Val would never go to Carrickadare after Parson Brand died, and he was known to draw comparisons between him, and he that came after. Nothing vexed Mr. Chalgrave more than to hear he called him *ramrod*; which I wonder at, for it was a name I am sure did not *shoot* him, being middle-sized, and inclined to be something gross.—Poor Father Val was at that time more like a ramrod of the two. Be that as it may, out of pure mischief he struck up with young Mullarkey, the minute he came to the parish, and they never *was* asunder, hunting, shooting, going to races, and, (as I heard,) many a hard bout of drinking they had, after a good day's sport.

If the Priest knew where to stop, he might have done as well as others that went before him; but he had no discretion, and went to the bad entirely. Nothing would do, but he would take to drinking in the morning, so that Mr. Chalgrave got ashamed of him; at least, he grew shy of his company, after the ugly story about the girl where he lodged.

At last a complaint was made to the Bishop, and he would have been disgraced out and out, if his mother had not bought off the girl, by selling her two fine cows, and a year-old. After all, they sent him *beyant* sea, and we never heard what became of him.

Though Parson Chalgrave after a time grew bulky, still he hunted as brisk as ever; and was so cheerful and agreeable, that all spoke well of him, gentle and

simple, till he offended the congregation one fine Sunday by leaving the church in the middle of prayers, when he heard the hounds airing with the huntsman. I believe he could not help it if his life depended on it ; however, he was sorry enough for it, if he would confess, but that he never would. Wilty M'Gill (he they called Will of the North) said, he would never go inside the church walls again, and he kept his word ; but the Beltons went to the chapel at once, where their grandchilder go at this present minute. Friar Feehily, that came after Father De Lacy, publicly said there would not be a Protestant in the union of Ardrossil in three years, and that he would have all the people in the mountain long ago, if it was not for Wilty M'Gill, and his book, that he was already reading to the people that gathered to his house to hear it on the winter evenings after their work.

I was curious myself to hear what was in it, when I heard the Friar say it was the worst book the world ever saw ; but I could not understand it, good nor bad, while others said it was rale fine reading. To be sure, a great deal of that might be laid to the account of Wilty, who had such an outlandish way of saying his words, that it was hard to make out his meaning at the best of times. He could not say three words together that a body could come at the sense of it ; and I'll be bound to say if any man in the parish was able to understand him, it was myself ; for I had opportunities of improvement that few had



besides. The groom from Kilkenny, at Carrickadare, would never be without me if he could help it ; and I often talked to Mr. Chalgrave himself, who it was a pleasure to listen to ; so that by the time I was married, I would not be ashamed to talk with the best scholar in the land. It is well known how all the neighbours used to hunt me out in the market to explain them to the gentlemen's stewards, when they were making their bargains ; and I never failed giving satisfaction ; always excepting Molly M'Gartland, who was not content if she did not say all she had to say three times over ; and when they were tired out she laid the blame on me.

I believe the words in a printed book is different from common talk ; for though I heard many a fine reader, and none that could beat my own son Sinty, yet I never was made sensible in my own mind of the half of it, even when I said I knew it all, out and out ; for one would not like to be behind others.

It is hard to say, but the Friar would have got the better of Wilty and his book, he was so clever and smooth, if it was not for the doings at Clare West, which turned the country upside down. Young Pendelstrop married a Dublin wife, who was mightily discontented with the place, always making excuses to ramble about ; and he being quite agreeable, she might take her own way ; so in one of her jaunts to Dublin, she got acquainted with a gentleman from England that altered her quite, and nothing would satisfy her

but to have him down to Clare West. The barn was readied out, and the whole country flocked to hear him preach. I went with the others, to my cost, having to do penance for it when Friar Feehily heard it ; though sorrah bit of harm I got by him, barring that I cried when he spoke so loud, and cried himself. It did not stop there. Preacher followed preacher to Clare West, and the barn was soon too small for the crowds that came. Then they preached on a barrel in the street of Newtown on a market day, in spite of the pelting and randling they often got. Some of the gentlemen put up the boys to do them mischief ; and one day while they were preaching at the cross-roads, Parson Chalgrave dashed full gallop, with hounds and horns, through the thick of them. The preacher was hurt by Ody Brehony's horse ; but nothing would stop them, and at last the people got tired abusing them.

All the Protestants, barring the quality, and some buckeens, followed them, till they were so strong as to build a house for themselves, in Newton, and the like in many other places, as is well known. They were called Swaddlers first ; afterwards they called themselves Methodists, which is a prettier name by far.

Now, to tell no lies of them, they done a power of good in the country. Whiskey-drinking was quite put down among them. They never went to patrons, or races, or cock-fights, and you would not hear an oath out of one of their lips for the longest summer's day.

Many of them grew rich, seeing they did not squander their substance ; and I think they got more knowing at a bargain. From the minute they got footing in the parish, the Friar's courage cooled. He had enough to do to keep his own flock together, much less to flatter the others after him. Not one turned Romans from that out ; but two of the Beltons went back again ; all the country crying shame upon them for double turn-coats.

Wilty M'Gill, after a while, grew distant with them. He was a man that would not be said or led by nobody, if once he took a thought : and that book made him twice as stubborn. He said the preachers ought to stick close to that. They said they did. He said they did not.—So there was nothing but wrangling, and fending, and proving, till he left them quite. For my own part, I never could hear they thought much of his book, though they spoke largely of it by times.—I forget the name they had for Wilty.

As for him, he went on reading his book, and never minding them. I often thought then, that it killed him, for he was wore away to a thread before his death, and never let it out of his hand. It was found under his head when he died. I was right sorry after him, he being a tender man, and a good neighbour. I'd be bound, nobody could say he wronged them of a *haporth* : and he would not tell a lie to be made king of England ; though he had a very sour face, and a mighty ugly way of speaking.

Parson Chalgrave would never tolerate the Methodists at-all at-all. He morally hated them, and there was no love lost between them. The best name they could give him was dumb dog, which did not shew their sense, for there was not a bit of the dummy about him. A-foot, or a-horseback, his tongue would run on still.

If he said little about it, it was not that he did not take greatly to heart, how the church was left to himself and Davy Ross, the clerk, and old Mrs. Crow, while the preaching-house was cram full. What he might have done, it's hard to say, if he had his health, but he begun to fail. He lost his spirits, and though his face was full, he had a sallow look. The worst sign of all was, when he ordered gaps to be made in all the ditches on the glebe. Dr. Ferguson gave him up from that hour; so he sent for a friend of his own, and they flattered him to go abroad. I opened the gate for the carriage the day he went away, and I guessed he was very bad, he looked so horrid till he smiled. The last words he said to me I well remember. It was "Sinty," says he, "have an eye to the place till I come back." 'Poor gentleman! he never came back; and I heard a year after—what cut me to the heart—that he was buried like a dog, some place where the Pope was all in. Poor gentleman! little he cared for the Pope while he was alive; and no doubt he heard *that*, for there was many a long tongue in Ardrossil.

never said one word about it to mortal, I had such

a wish for him, only once to Wilty, who was a safe man, and was alive then, though he died shortly after. Little comfort I got from him, with his oddity way. "What matter," says he, "where the carcase is laid. I would not care if they buried myself at the back of a ditch. Don't you think the Lord will know where to look for his own at the last day?"

True enough for wilty' Yet, after all, one would like to lie near them that was fond of them when they were alive.

As ill luck would have it, it was as stormy a day as you could see, that the new Rector came to take possession. The house and place looked bad enough—and how could it be better? for in the nineteen years that Parson Chalgrave had it, there was nothing done to it, but a patch here and there. The garden was run wild—all the shrubs eat by the cattle,—and a fine coat of grass the gravel walks had on them.

When I saw the phaeton drive by, I took the loy with me down the avenue, and made as if I was leveling a bit near the kennel, that I might have a view of him. He was called the Honourable Mr. Tuffnell—a mighty grand man, with another parish in Munster, and something else that was not called a parish, in Dublin. He was not young, nor old, with a wizened face, and squeezed up his eyes when he wanted to see far off. After staying half an hour, he *druv* off to Newtown Calderbrook, where he lived for a week, till he settled the business that brought him down. While

he was there, he got the name of being very proud; not noticing the best gentlemen that went to do their compliments, barring the Stapletons. Nobody was sorry when he went away, or wished to see his face again. I would not wonder if he guessed it, for in all the eleven years he was in it, he never came near it any more; and I don't know what the church would have done, if he had not sent a Curate to look after it, and that was poor young Mr. Grey.

I was fond of speaking to him, as he passed our door, he had such a mild, gentle look, and withal so pleasing a voice. The neighbours thought him dark, because he did not joke with them like Parson Chalgrave. Many said he was poor and proud, such as Ben Johnson, and rich farmers like him, who taking on them because he was only a Curate, wanted to make free with him, and asked him to go to a dance at their place, which was not becoming in them. He would have nothing to do with the like of them. How could he?—One that was fit company for their betters.—Any how, he was not for keeping company with small or great. He seldom went to Squire Bryanton's, and gave up going at all to the Sibthorps, after the first day, when the young gentlemen locked the door on him to make him drink, and just out of no malice in the world, threw a jug of cold water over him in the bed, when they were a little in liquor. He was a great reader, and writ a power, as I heard my uncle's son, that minded his horse, say. Lucky for him to fall in with so ho-

nest a boy, that would see nothing go to loss, while the master took just what came to his hand, without looking after any thing. Them that heard him, said he was a wonderful preacher, speaking beautifully without book; and I can well believe it.

When he first came to the parish, he was very neat in his person; with his hair nicely powdered, and his shoes like glass: but after he lived so long by himself, he grew careless, and had so neglected and forlorn a look with him, that I could cry as I marked him walking up and down the avenue, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and not a being in the wide world to give him a kind look but myself—and little good that could do him.

He was better nor three years living that desolate life, when (I never could tell how) he made acquaintance with a sort of preacher that often passed our door on his way to the North. He belonged to the people called Dippers. I never saw one of them to my knowledge, but I hear they have a fashion of being dipped in a river when they are big, instead of being christened by Priest or Minister, as other decent people would like, when they are infants. Now, though he was not his equal, I was glad the poor young gentleman had any Christian to keep him company in his loneliness. He would stay at Carrickadare for a week together, three or four times a year, when he was on his travels; and it was surprising how Mr. Grey would brighten up at them times. They would walk together by the hour, rambling through the rocks, and

watching the sun when it was setting, as if they never saw the like before. I could often see Mr. Grey talking loud; speaking into the sky, or reading out of a book, with his arm swimming about, while the other would listen mighty attentive. I never joined in what some whispered about, how he was out of his right mind, he was so fond of looking at the moon: not even when my uncle's son found a paper of rhymes after him one day, and shewed it to Tom Sullivan the school-master; and sure enough, as he told me, it said a great deal about the moon, and how he had no friend to tell his mind to but she.

Poor young Mr. Grey! He gave me trouble enough then. Since that time, trouble came nearer my own door: aye, into the very house with me. Well—praised be his name that sent it!

Mr. Clough (he that was the dipper) had not been long coming, when he persuaded him to take to reading the very book that Wilty set so much by. Poor young Mr. Grey! It was then he was the altered man. He did not look so cast down as before, but he could never speak of any thing but religion. He went from cabin to cabin of his own flock, talking so mild and so humble, that there was not a dry eye among them that heard him. The people, every one of them, now would be praising every word he said: and there was not one that would not walk to Cork to pleasure him. But it did not last long. He got *that* look, that often afterwards made my heart as cold as a stone, when I



had to see it at my own fire side, with them that ought to have carried me to the church-yard, and now they are there before me.—Well—I will know all about it yet.

All the doctors (and he had three of them) could do him no good. The truth is, I believe any disorder may be cured but *that* that makes the eye bright, and the cheek red. Mr. Clough stayed as good as a month with him, and never left him till he closed his eyes—nor then neither: for he saw him put into the grave, and planted the Sycamore at his head, that was cut down last year for making the church-wall damp.—They might have let it stand for all the harm it did.

My uncle's son, that was in and out of the room just at the last, was never tired telling how Mr. Clough would pray, and read, and talk of the Blessed and Holy One that died for sinners; and how poor young Mr. Grey would look so cheerful, when he could not speak, and would lift up his mild eyes so long, that you would think he would never let them down. That was the way he died, while Mr. Clough said a few words that I cannot well put in English, but you never heard any thing like it in Irish.

That was the happy flitting, let the Romans say what they like, and the Methodists too, about his being dipped by Mr. Clough before he died. Oh! it's all a folly to think a tender man like him would put a poor dying creature into cold water; and where was it? The fish-pond was dry; and who ever saw half-a-foot of water in the well any day in July? I am bold to

say it was other things they were thinking of. Oh ! Mr. Clough knew well that all the water in Lough Bregan could not wash the soul from sin.

Mr. Spatterthwaite came in his place. I did not like his name when I heard it, nor himself neither at first. He was flat opposite to poor young Mr. Grey, which was no doubt the reason I was jealous of him and his name. Yet he was a fine, big, free-spoken young man, with sandy-hair, just five-and-twenty, that was always cheerful, and would take up with any company sooner nor be alone. Many and many's the hour he would stand leaning against the gate, chatting with myself, when he had nobody else to talk to, which I took to be very agreeable in a gentleman of his breeding ; for we could hear he was of a good family, though his name was so bad.

While the summer lasted he had his pick and choice of company, as all the quality made him compliments. He lived more at Squire Bryantons than at the Glebe ; and no blame to him, seeing the house was just falling. I am not sure if Lord Calderbrook took much notice of him, for it was not every body my lady would tolerate. When the quality went to Dublin, then the Brownes, and Johnsons, and M'Morrans, and others like them, got in with him by degrees. He had not the spirit of poor young Mr. Grey, so he was soon hand and glove with that faction, and civil enough too with Friar Feehily ; though they only liked one another from the teeth out. He was now as often at Ben

Johnson's as ever he was at Squire Bryanton's, shooting all the day, and dancing with the young ladies (as they called them) all the night. The quality never was the same with him from that out. Miss Stapleton was quite mad that he should ask her to dance, at the size ball, when he had just before led up with black Viney Johnson. One by one the *rals* people dropped him, and he was so tangled with the other, that he married Viney before he was a year and a half in the parish. We could hear how it was many a day before his mother would see him, and it put him back wonderful with all his friends.

Viney, when she was a Parson's lady, took mightily upon her; but she never got much respect. If she would let herself alone, and just be quiet, she would have done better; for there is no use in telling people that black is white, when they have eyes to see the differ; and she never was made for a born lady. One time she would dress herself after the pattern of Lady Calderbrook, who went plain, with a close bonnet: then she would mimic Miss Bryanton with her head like a shittlecock: and all would not do; she could not look like one or the other. They had plenty of children—one every year—sometimes more. We could guess they did not draw well together; for she was for having her own way, and he was hasty. If the truth was known, he was often ashamed of her; for he could never improve her, only by dressing her little credit she brought him that way neither.

He was not thought much of in the place. They said he was no hand at preaching; but what was odd, the Methodists were better pleased with him, than with poor young Mr. Grey. They always smiled in *their* way about him, saying, there was no harm in him, and that he was as good as another. Latterly he grew quite discontented in his mind, and would gladly be quit of his wife's friends, fond of them as he was formerly: so he teized his own people till they got him a parish far away, about the very time the Honourable Mr. Tuffnell was made a Bishop; and so we lost Rector and Curate together. I could not help being sorry for Mr. Spatterthwaite; but not long, since we got Mr. Ferrars instead of him.

My heart warms when I think on that man. Blessings on his memory, and blessings on them he left behind him!—Now that I am come to it, it's like I may be wildered, as I often am, when they are all before me in my mind; so I will try and say what I have to say as reglar as I can.

When Mr. Spatterthwaite left it, the house was pulled down to build a new one—a little to the left, whereabouts Lady Gertrude's seat was long ago. It was not near as big as the other, but twice lightsomer. The high steps at the hall-door was banished—the stair-case was not half so wide, and a little bit of a hall. While it was building, Mr. Ferrars lived at Newtown; so I had but small acquaintance with him and the mistress, till they were in it, just two years

from the day the first stone was laid. It was a little before that my troubles begun.

I may say it now when it's all over, that I had as beautiful a family of childer (six of them) as heart could wish. They were growing up lovingly with one another, and well spoken of by rich and poor, (proud enough I was of them, not thinking there was the like of them in the country,) when Johnny, the second boy, took sick, nobody could tell why or how. It begun with a short cough that we did not heed, for why should we? Sorrow and sickness never knocked at the door before, and no wonder we did not know it when it came first. Then we had hopes from the fine weather that was to come in summer, or from the charm that Winny Doyle brought from Tubber Lossar, besides cures from all parts. Och! nothing could do. Even the summer was colder than any in the memory of man, as if to give him no chance.—Well—I buried him.—And I buried Bryan, the next boy, seven months after. He was the sprightliest of them all, and you would think he could run away from trouble, he was so slight and active, but it overtook him at last, and brought him down in no time. He never was the same after Johnny died. It was thought by some that he took the disorder from him, being always over him in the bed, and holding him up when he was weak. Wasn't I to be pitied, and wasn't the mother to be pitied, to see him wasting and wasting away before  
[redacted] as, and no help for it? One day he would be

quite lively, and then there was joy in the house—the next he was as bad as ever, and so on, till he followed his brother.

As well as I remember, it was the March after Bryan was taken that Parson Ferrars and the family went into the new house. I was little good for then, doing nothing but moping about from morning till night, thinking that I did not care a straw for them that was left, only that I would be ever glimpsing at their faces, afraid of seeing the death-look in them. The first of the family I spoke to was the mistress, who came into the house one evening with her young daughter, seemingly about three or four years old. In a minute my heart warmed to the child, thinking she favoured Bryan when he was a gossoon like her. We welcomed them as well as we could, and she sat as good as an hour on the stool by the fire, while I explained to her all my troubles, for my heart was full; and she let me talk on, and pitied us, which was what we wanted.

From that there seldom passed a day, that he or she did not notice me one way or the other; and it is not once, but a hundred and a hundred times, that I sat in the best parlour, talking still of what was always in my mind, and hearing them speak of the love of Him that died for sinners—things that sunk deeper than I was sensible of then. In this way I got a little heart to bear what was put upon me afterwards.

What did me a power of good was the child, Miss Annie, as they called her. I had not much acquaint-

ance with her, she being young and shy, and never out on the road ; and when she came into the house with her mother, it was the cat or the dog she would give her mind to, or maybe would be searching after something to feed the chickens ; but when I went into the garden to think by myself, I could see her running about like a hare, playing all alone, as if she had fifty with her. Watching her, often made me forget myself. She grew quite tall and slight, and you would think she could fly : yet after all, them that knew her, said she was the wisest child that ever was born ; which I can well believe, for she would as soon put her foot in a pool of water as on the dry ground, and would lose gloves and handkerchers to no end. Before she was eight, she could preach as well as her father. Not that I heard her, only the cow-boy and the gardener had it among them.

Parson Ferrars was not a bit like any that went before him. He was middle-sized, with coal-black hair, and something of a halt when he walked, though not much. He was not so lively as Parson Chalgrave, nor so backward as the poor young gentleman that died of the decline.—I don't know what he was like but himself.

It was a wonder in the country, that they did not resort to the races, or dances, or doings of that manner : nor did he shoot or hunt, which while it pleased some, was *rediculed* by others I could name. Squire Stapleton said in my own hearing that he was a Me-

thodist; while Ned Grimes, that was one of themselves, called him the name they had for Wilty long ago, that I forget entirely. It was not easy to please all, any how, though he did his best. This I know, that the roads *was* alive every Sunday, with the crowds going to Church: and there was the Johnsons, that just went twice a year, out of compliment to their brother-in-law Mr. Spatterthwaite, never missed a Sunday, wet or dry, after he came to the parish. I was proud too to see how greatly he was thought of at the Court. There seldom passed a week that my lady's coach and four did not drive to Carrickadare.

Often and often it came across me, what Wilty would say, if he lived to see a Parson going from cabin to cabin, gathering the people to hear the very book he was so fond of. I could not go, though I would have followed him all the world over, because Priest Finn threatened to call my name from the altar, and Winny Doyle, my own sister's daughter, would have been the first to carry the news. Still, he could not hinder me civilly listening to him and the mistress; and in that way, I was getting more knowledge than either he or Winny herself surmised. It was only to my wife I let out my mind, when we had the house to ourselves. At first she would be greatly startled, and cross herself twenty times in a minute; but she was a knowledgeable woman, considering, and had a great tenderness for her soul.

After a while, trouble had not such a hold over me.



It's odd enough how people forgets! I suppose one can't help it.—The mistress was always at me to stir myself about the business; so when the spring was coming on, I fell to in earnest, to ready a piece of the bottom for oats. It was going on well, when I was put wrong again by something I saw in my youngest daughter, going on eighteen. Och! it sounded louder in my ears than the loudest clap of thunder, when I heard her give the first short cough. I lost my senses quite; till my wife gave me a little courage by putting me in mind of them at the Glebe, that knew all about this world and the next; and why could not they cure her?—They did their best.—Every thing that money could buy was there for her. They got a Doctor that I longed for, only because I never tried him before.—I run away with her to the salt water.—I took her to a nun, that Winny persuaded us could do any thing; not to tell how Priest Finn read mass as good as six times in the house, before we tried strangers. When she grew worse instead of better, I saw she was to follow her brothers; and it was useless to torment her, dragging her about, when all she wanted was to die at home.

It was then that Mr. Ferrars and the mistress looked after her, as if she was one of themselves. If she had a fancy, they humoured her, and the mistress would take and read to her as she could bear it. The Priest was mad; for Winny told him they wanted her to die a Protestant; so he ordered me to take nothing from

them, nor to listen to them at all, afraid they would be the ruin of my child, body and soul. Wasn't it a poor thing that I did not know where to turn between them all? I dreaded the Priest, and what he could do with his curses, and his prayers. My wife was worse nor myself, and Winny tormented us day and night. But the dying creature begged so hard to let the mistress in, and felt so happy in her mind, that I was forced to quarrel with the Priest; and my wife was not near so frightened when it came to the push.

I will say for him, he was not half so bad as he threatened; for he gave her the ointment when she was speechless, and left persecuting me for a long time.

She lies beside her two brothers in Ardrossil.—— The bones of others, that ought to be there too, must take their place by strangers.—— Well I'm sure it's all for the best, only the heart will be sore for all that.

Sinty, the oldest boy I had, married after a time, and is doing well. I won't say it was against my will that Mary, the girl that was left, would join herself to James Mulvehill, the widdy's son. He was a clean, likely boy, without a frown upon his face from one year's end to the other; and the only fault I had to him in life was company keeping. Wherever there was a throng, he was sure to be in the thick of it, night or day. I won't say neither, but he was tender to his wife, and civil and agreeable to all of us. My wife would never stop praising him, and Ulick took so to him as never to be out of his company.

There was bad work in the country then—burning houses and taking arms ; so that it wasn't safe to be out after night-fall, if one wasn't sworn. I had no hand in their doings, though I was warned and called an informer, and was in dread of my life for months together ; sleeping in the bog one night for fear of the boys, and the next, for fear of the army. I contrived to keep up a good heart through, with the help I got from the Parson and the mistress, till Mary whispered it to me, that James was at the racking of Squire Stapleton's house, and that Ulick was doing the exercise every night with them. Och ! it wasn't for want of advising, that he would not take a thought. His mother went down upon her two knees to him to give up night-walking—I offered to cant all, and go to America with him—I gave him my blessing, to go list with the army in Newtown.——No—it was useless to talk to him.—He that never went against my bidding, till James Mulvehill threw the spell about him, that brought destruction on them both. The quality fled the country ; so they thought they would have it all to themselves, and it was often put to the vote to murder them at Carrickadare ; but James, (my blessing on him for it !) said he would pike the first man that evened it to him again.—It was long, long after, I heard that.—At last Lord Calderbrook, who was a fine young man then, took the lead with the army ; harrying them so, that in the end, they were fain to give over.

It was all fair and right to make examples. I won't say it wasn't; but och! what a way was I in, and the mother that bore him, when they took my boy out of the house, in the dead hour of night, and put him in the county jail.—What a way was I in when I saw him stand for his life, and heard the sentence of transportation passed on him and James; when to look at them, you would have said they were as innocent as the unborn child.—I went a good piece of the road with them the morning they were sent off to the ship, though I did not once look at Ulick till after I turned to go home; and och, the creature! there he was stopping to look back at me.—Well——it's all over now.

I had not shed a tear for many a long day, with a burning that was in my head; and it grew worse and worse, so that I walked along the road thinking of nothing, till I was close to the church-yard of Ardrossil. I don't know why I went in, only that I never could pass it, without just taking a view about me. The sun was still shining upon their graves, and they looked so green, and so beautiful, that the tears streamed down my cheeks with joy, that there *they* were lying in peace and quiet; and I had no wish in the world but that he had been there before them.

Maybe it wasn't natural——it might be pride; but it flashed in my mind then, *how* the neighbours would gather about me after the berrin, every one with a friendly word for the dead and the living, which was a comfort to me, even when you judged I wasn't minding it. Now, I dreaded to hear his name, that was

gone to be a slave over the sea : so I stole into the house in the dusk, without changing a word with mortal.

I suppose I never would have done any good if Mr. Ferrars and the mistress hadn't let me talk on, and pitied me every word I said. Even Miss Annie, wild as she was, would now and then look at me with that way she had in her blue eyes, that I liked above all things. Besides, there was my wife doing nothing but crying, and rocking herself over the fire ; and I had to speak cheerfully to her, and scold her for her folly in taking on so.—And there was Mary and the child.—Och ! it was a heart-broken house, with Winny Doyle pestering us, as if it was all a judgment for neglecting our duty.—And that was not true, for we were all slaves to the Priest, barring that time when Ellen was dying, and never had we one day's peace with all the religion we had to go through, only we didn't go to far-off stations like her. She was bad enough when she was only a Carmelite, but after the pilgrimage to Lough Deargh, oh ! then she was the *rale* torment. We didn't like contradicting her, let her be ever so fractious ; she had such a character with the priest and all the people for being a holy woman.

With all these helps, I contrived to mope about pretty well, being hardened by degrees ; so when Mary's plan was proposed to me, I did not say one word for or against it ; only I could not sleep at night, and I used to fling an odd *pia* to the pig, when my wife's head was turned, having no stomach at all.

It was Mr. Ferrars that managed the business for

Mary. He had a brother that could do any thing with the Lord Lieutenant, and an uncle a judge, not counting how great he was with Lord Calderbrook: so it was made easy for her to go to her husband. I wouldn't gainsay it, it being only natural she would wish to be with him. Then, there was another would be proud to see her, or one belonging to her.—She went away the next spring, breaking her heart for going, and still going all the while.—Well—it can't happen again,

Sinty looked after the place, which he could do easily, living so near; while the childer running in and out helped to raise my wife's spirits—one in particular that was sickly and cross, and wouldn't be pleased, do what you would. As for me, I had no work in me, but still kept moping about, a fashion that never quit-  
ted me since.

Mr. Ferrars took great pains with me; while the mistress would be on the watch to read a bit for me, when I called down to the Glebe. Often when I fixed my mind to what she was reading, two or three hard words would knock me up quite entirely, and before I could collect myself, my thoughts would be wandering where I never was, and the good of it was lost. Yet I was coming round to know something; and who can tell how it might be, if I had the opportunity always at hand? But it was not to be then.—My hair was to be as white as snow, before the stupid head it covered could understand that blessed word, that word that Wilty prized before his meat and drink—and that has lifted the load

of trouble from my old heart—only at times, when I think of the broad sea, and things about that.—Thinking won't be *draw* away, do what a man can.

The time came soon that I was to look desolation entirely in the face. I don't like much dwelling on the day Mr. Ferrars died of the fever, or when the mistress and Miss Annie quit the Glebe.—I don't well remember it ; it was all so sudden : just as if you dreamed it was broad day light, and you was to waken in the clouds of the night. I can't even call up what she said to me the evening she took the round of the shrubbery, as if looking for him that never would be there again. She was just as usual, only, if possible, more quiet ; and would stop by times in the middle of her words, taking breath like.—I heard the carriage drive by early the next morning, and I did not look out. Och ! it wasn't that I didn't love the very ground they walked on—it wasn't that I wouldn't go to the world's end to serve them ; but I dreaded to look at them, and say to myself, “I will never see you again.” I tried that before, and there's no use in it.—Well.—Let me stop a little to take time, and remember myself before I come to Parson Conway.

It was he got the steeple put to the Church, and built the school-house in the mountain, where Parson Jefferson has prayers now. He was not married when he came among us first ; though seemingly drawing nigh to forty, and a fine man, that might choose for himself any day. There was them in the country that

held their heads very high, would have been proud to get into his favour : but he had a notion of his own, and without saying a word to any body, he goes to Dublin, and the next week brings down a wife and a house full of childer. She was a great lady, that would have done for a queen, being so comely and fresh coloured, not counting her title. For she never took the Parson's name, but was called Lady Hazlewood, after her first husband. Her oldest son went by the name of Sir Allan, though he was a poor, donny, little boy, while her son by Mr. Conway was always called Master George. They had a sight of money between them, and well pleased they were to spend it ; giving away by handfulls, thatching cabins, paying school-masters ; besides my lady and her daughters making shifts and petticoats, and playing the music for the childer to sing Psalms. I could not tell you all she did ; how she set up Kitty Malone with a basket of little paper-books to sell to any one that had a halfpenny, and gave a hundred pound to the Infirmary in Newtown.—And then she would follow the Parson over the bog, and up the mountain, to drive them to school—and the young ladies would cut the childer's heads with their own hands—and they were the first that had a school of a Sunday in the servant's hall—my lady herself taking the lead. I believe there was not one in the parish she did not know by name, she had so fine a memory ; and with that so agreeable, that Priest Finn dreaded her more than twenty men. Over and over again he



cursed the schools, and banished two Roman masters : but she beat him out entirely, and larning got on greatly in the parish.

My son Sinty was proud to see his own such fine scholars, and was ever contriving to cheat the priest, without fighting him. Whenever he went to confession he would take away the childer, that he might have to say to his Reverence, he had nothing to do with it; and when Winny wasn't on the watch, he would let them slip back the next week, without axing them where they were going. I won't say it was right; but what could they do, (for many had a hand in it as well as Sinty,) when the young ones themselves would give them no rest, breaking their hearts to go to the schools.

The Parson and Lady Hazlewood was a very loving couple seemingly. He was ever praising what she did, while she put the credit of it all off herself upon him. I forgot to say how he kept a curate for looking after the people in the mountain. His name was Mr. Adair. It was so far off, I had but little knowledge of him, more than bidding him the time of the day, when he passed the door. He had a slight cast in his eye.

It might be three or four years from the time the new steeple was put to the church, that they brought down a young lady to larn the Miss Hazlewoods. She was called Miss Coffin.—An awful name it was for any Christian to have.—She soon found me out, as all the quality did, and she won upon me greatly, being so

agreeable, and with that, so tender to my wife, who had a longlying, with a pain about her heart. It would do you good to hear her laugh right a head at Winny, with her stories of Lough Dearch, or Croagh Patrick, till she could not bear the sight of her. She would sprinkle the floor with holy water, after she quit it saying it was not lucky to have the like of her cross the door. Worse nor that she said, if I would repeat it; and so did the neighbours, always wondering how the Parson would tolerate such as she in the house, that would not go to church, mass, or meeting, and never was seen by mortal saying a prayer in her life. Her name in the country was so bad from that very thing, that the poor dreaded the touch of her money; though they contrived to take it: only the old bothered woman of the island sent back the blanket she gave her, when them that envied it persuaded her that all she gave came from the wicked one himself.

That was all folly. I would not take her part for her outlandish religion; but she was no heathen. She honoured the name of the blessed Son of God. *That* I had from her own lips, and I believed her, though she only laughed at me when I told her my dependance. That's all the blame I will throw upon her now, that she ought to have corrected me when I was wrong. Sure, sure it is not a Christian way to laugh at a poor soul that has neither this world, nor the next.

Though she wasn't half so bad as they would make her, still it was a sore day for the Parson when she

put her foot inside Carrickadare : for after a time, my lady would be content with no fashion but hers ; leaving off the Church entirely, and all her religious ways. The childer got their clothes *reglar*, but she would not go near the schools, nor listen to the singing, nor advise the maids, nor give books to Kitty, who was better pleased with the pension she got instead of them. It was a lucky turn too for Lanty Blake, who was sent to larn the young gentlemen and ladies to dance. He was thought but little of before, till he gave my lady satisfaction ; when the county was too small for him, with all he had to do.

It was a great blow to Mr. Conway, though he kep his mind to himself, and was twice more busy in the parish, and cheerful in his speech as ever. But sure it was galling, that her he was so proud of, would not think it worth her while to kneel down beside him, when she could make that free with her gardner, that Miss Coffin never stopped talking to, till she over-persuaded him.

It never made any differ between them, that we could see. My lady would have put her hands under his feet to please him ; while her childer gave him all duty and obedience, following him to the church, and teaching the school as usual. Not forgetting how the oldest Miss Hazlewood never could abide Lanty, and would not be flattered to take a dance by no means. He never was provoked to speak out, but once, and that was one fine Sunday, when he was at church, that

Miss Coffin had three of the garden boys working hard, putting down some seeds that would not keep. He was wonderful mad, and my lady took his part, speaking very sharply to Miss Coffin, and telling her plainly, there was no master or mistress in the place but him. —So the cook told my wife.

I told you before that Sir Allan was but a donny, little boy when he first came to us.—Well, he never mended, but grew up poor and weakly, and could not be trusted to go in or out, only as the Doctors ordered, while the rest of them never heeded whether it was wet or dry, but were riding, or walking, or driving, just as they had a fancy of their own. He had a little pony, and used to ride for an hour or so when the day was fine, one day with the groom, but most of all with Mr. Conway himself, who took to him from the first as if he was his own; and Sir Allan never looked so sprightly as when he had him by his side. But he was no figure a horse-back. The stoop in his shoulders did not become him, and you would think that a blast of wind could shove him out of the saddle. He was not all out thirteen, when the Doctors would not let him go out on the road any more, but he had to ride up and down the avenue, while somebody led the pony, and he would be off and on in that manner three or four times in the course of the day, not being able to bear much at a time. I was glad when he gave up the riding, out and out, for I always guessed it was little good he got by it, the pony was so stupid, and

the people were ever remarking how bad he looked, and I did not know what to say: but when he got that little carriage that went upon wheels, and was no trouble to any one to drag after them, he looked twice as well; and if it was not for his pale face, you might have thought he was as cliver as any boy of his age. Winny was not pleased. She said it was a shame to have a Christian looking like a horse drawing a coach. Oh! it's no matter for that.—Winny would pick a hole in any body's coat when she had a mind; but I thought it a *purty* sight to see his brothers and sisters all flocking about him, with my lady one side, and the Parson the other. Would you believe me if it did not often and often break my heart to see her, how she never quit him after that, and how she would sometimes draw the coach with her own hands, as if she grudged any body having to do a friendly turn for him barring herself.

I could well judge that it was not hid from her how it would end, for there was nothing about him to raise her heart betimes. There never was a bit of colour in his cheeks, to give her courage when she looked at him, and he never told her he was getting better, only that she might feel the bitterer, when she found she was deceived. Oh! *wary on it!*—That's what over-sets a man quite. If trouble will come, why it's better to say so at once, and not be offering to go like, till one is fairly tossicated with hoping, when there's no hope in it at all.——Well, now isn't it wonder-

ful how one will be cast down, after me knowing what I know !

Before he took entirely to his bed, the servants often complained to us how peevish and fretful he would be at times. And now was it a wonder ? Sure he was a child, and had plenty to fret about if he liked it, while many who ought to have more sense, can be cross enough without pain or ache to put them up to it. But after he lay down *for good*, there was a different story. —Nobody ever heard a complaining word out of his mouth ; and Aggy Mullaniff, that was called in to sit up at night, when my lady and her daughters, and the maids was just wore out, wondered to us how mild and gentle, and thankful he was to all about him. It was from Aggy, we knew of the *going ons* at that time. I would not speak about them, only all the country had it as soon as ourselves, for the Mullaniffs were noted for talking, and Aggy lost many a good job by leaving the track of her tongue after her—If she had not such a name for being tender about a sick body, she never would have got a footing inside Carrickadare then.—By her account, my lady took a great deal of trouble off her hands, as she was not easy only when she was at his bedside, and contriving plans to make him comfortable ; but the minute the Parson knelt down to pray, which was what Sir Allan delighted in, she would quit the room, and so would Miss Coffin, if she was there at the time. Oh ! what could I say to Winny, when she would ever be ripping up that

story to me? I was fain to hold my tongue, and try to whistle, as if I was not heeding her. Well—it's often surprising to me, how fond I was of her with all the contradictions she would bring against me.

The morning of the day he died, all the family was in the room, willing, I suppose, to look at him as long as he was left with them, when he called to Mr. Conway to pray, and (as Aggy repeated the words) to thank God for the great mercy he had shewn him. Miss Coffin got up as usual to go away, and my lady, who was holding his hand, had a hesitating look, as if she did not know what to do, when he raised himself in the bed without Aggy's help, put his arm round her neck, and said, "Oh! Mamma, indeed I do belong to Christ, and won't you pray for your own child that is going to leave you?" Well, if my lady was the worst in the world, I could not help loving her after that. The mother broke out—all her odd notions could not keep it in, for she kissed him, while her tears ran streaming down his poor face, and she knelt down by the bed, keeping his hand all the time in hers; and Aggy would give her oath that she followed the Parson in his prayers, and did not repeat her own, as the housemaid always did, morning and evening, when she was called up with the rest of them. And what would you think of Miss Coffin, but she burst out crying too, and went down upon her knees beside Miss Hazlewood, that she thought bad enough of because she would not dance, and would sing psalms with

the maids on a Sunday? Not one of them left their knees till he departed, and a sorrowful set they were then, and for long after. Master Harry went *beyant* them all in grief, for it was brought more home to him, when they called him Sir Henry, which he had a right to when his brother was gone. He was a fine boy, and grew to be a fine man. He was made a Colonel, as I could hear after, and they say he is high up in the army.

I had my own crow over Winny when I heard *that* about Lady Hazlewood, and Miss Coffin, and I was sure they would follow the Parson to Church; above all when George Townsend, the gardener, would not let them be of his religion any more, though it was them first put it into his head. "They'll never humble themselves to George," I thought to myself—But I was out there, as I often was before and since, when I meddled with what I did not understand; for my lady was quite cast down, and so was Miss Coffin, flattering George to be agreeable, which he would not, though he managed the garden as well as usual, and always spoke to my lady with his hat in his hand. They could never make up the matter to George's satisfaction, till they wrote letter after letter to Dublin and other places; and how it was brought about at all I could not hear, only they were friends again, and had their own meeting of a Sunday as usual, when the family went to their duty.

This was not all. Mr. Adair would never let my



lady or Miss Coffin alone ; wrangling with them about their way, and speaking bad enough of them behind their backs, as I could understand ; when all on a sudden, he preached to the people that they were wrong, and that he was wrong, and was teaching them wrong ; so he wouldn't stay to set them right, but left them there. He gave a bran new black coat to the clerk, and bought a green one for the races, that he scolded Aby Roe for going to the year before. The people might say any thing they pleased to him after that ; he would take nothing ill, only if you called him " your Reverence," then he was mad.

I heard afterwards how he was married to Miss Coffin, and I was glad of it, she was such a pleasant, friendly lady.

Parson Conway altered quite when Mr. Adair left him, he was so fretted and ashamed ; getting letters with nick-names at the bottom, 'cusing him of keeping a firebrand in the parish. One was wrote in the name of Ben Daly the tailor, (but he cleared himself before Squire Bryanton, which he could well do, as not a stroke of a *pin* could he write,) axing him for his custom, when he was ready for a green jacket. It was said too, that the Bishop spoke very smartly to him about my Lady, how he ought to make her mind her duty : so, between them all, he could stand it no longer, but threw up the parish to the Bishop, and went to live in England, with the good word of rich and poor.

I was sorry for them all. My lady never did me any harm, nor Miss Coffin neither ; and why should I fault them, that was an ignorant man?—Winny had stories enough about them, if I would listen to them.

I knew less of Parson Blair that came after Mr. Conway nor any of the gentlemen that ever was at Carrickadare, though he was in it eight years. It was well for me that I took a liking to sit on the wall at the end of the house, in his way going in and out, or I might never have changed a word with him. He was a good man, but one wasn't to expect from him what others could do, being a man getting into years, and having neither wife nor child to give him uneasiness. With his own flock he was very particular, axing them why they did not go to Church, and giving a good advice to young and old, when they wanted it, and when they did not want it, for he dealt greatly in advising. There was a sister, a maiden lady, lived with him, but did not help him in the parish as others did before. It was no blame to her, she had such a dread of the sun in summer, and was perished outright in winter. Then, she shunned the childer in the school ; for let them be never so clean, she would not bear them to put a hand near her, but bundled up her clothes, and sidled through them the only day she went to see it. In all the time she was at the Glebe, I never had a full view of her but once ; when, lucky for me, the horses was rusty turning out of the gate ; so she lit in a great fright, and came into the house,

where she and the Parson, who was with her, stayed till the gig came to take her back again. She was a great beauty in her day, I am sure, and it was a pity her health was so bad ; for to look at her, you would think nothing ailed her, she was so fat and rosy ; only she was snuffing at a smelling-bottle, and put a grand shawl round her legs, with the end under her feet, while she sat on the stool by the fire. She and the Parson axed me and my wife very kindly all about us ; and they ~~was~~ so civil, I thought it a pity not to tell them every thing ; so I went on romancing till I believe they were tired out ; for the minute the gig came, they went away in a hurry, before I was half done, giving me the best advice that could be. Miss Blair said there was no use in fretting, and that we ought to be thankful it was no worse. She said too, and the Parson joined her in it, that maybe we indulged them too much ; and how people ought to be glad when them that deserved it was punished. It was all true, I suppose, and I tried to be as thankful as I could for their advice, seeing it wasn't to be expected they could understand, that never had one of their own to draw a tear from their eyes. Some how, I didn't care much to speak to him from that out, only to make a remark about the rain or the oats, or any thing that was easy to talk about.

This was a very lonesome time to me. You might stretch your eyes for ever without seeing any thing in the lawn, but the sheep grazing, or a girl shaking a

mat, or beating the carpet—things Miss Blair would not neglect by no means. Then, the country was quite entirely changed from what I remember. The quality was all gone; while others come in their place, that took more upon them in their jaunting-cars, than them that *druv* their coach and six in former times. Calder Court was called Crowville, when the Crows bought the estate—the demesne at Castlebruff was split into two small farms, and Stapleton Bowley was made a justice of peace. Then there was the beautiful bog at the back of the hill was all reclaimed, to the destruction of the bees, that since the world was a world had the whole range of it to themselves. Honey never looked up into the country after that. I was vexed too about the new road that run through my best meadow, when just going up the hill, where there was not a sod of grass, would have saved all the good ground I lost.

Having no person of edication to talk to was a great loss to me. Every body knows that the people about me had no English but what did for the fair or the market, so I was forgetting all about it; I that used to speak so as to surprise Miss Coffin and others besides her. My wife never was clever at it. A little was enough to tire her at any time, as she had to think it all over in Irish; and when she got old and failing, thinking twice was too much for her, and she was glad not to be troubled with it. Barny Brady too, the scheol-master, who could talk so finely, that you

wouldn't understand the half of what he said, even he, if a word was spoken in Irish, when he was warm, would drop his English, and let his tongue run to no end.—Them was altered times with me.

We thought Mr. Blair would have lived and died with us, he seemed so contented with the place, and withal getting old. It is not unlikely but he had the same mind himself, for when it was first proposed to him, he wouldn't listen to it by no means; but Miss Blair was not easy till he gave into it. There was a good deal of offs and ons: one day we heard he was going—then, that he would stay, till at last they made him a Dane, and he went to the North.

I was sorry after the gentleman, seeing him so often passing by; and though I was but little acquainted with the sister, I pitied her going to that cold place, among strangers, at her time of life.

We were tired out wondering who would come in his place, it was so long before it was settled, till Winny heard it was a Mr. Addison. He was near riding over her the first day he came to Ardrossil Church to preach there, which hurt her temper, and she said he was for all the world like a fishing-rod, with a sulky look. It was seldom Winny had a good word for one of his sort, so I did not trust all she said; and it was well I didn't; for, shortly after, he brings down a wife and four childer, with a mother-in-law, and a sister of his own—a coach full—besides a hack shay from Tubber Bermingham. I had a full view of

him as he turned into the gate ; and Winny was never more out in her life, for he was as fine a young man as you could see, taller nor Bob Cruise, but slighter, with an eye like a sparrow-hawk, and a mighty pleasing countenance. No matter for that—Winny never would be beat out of her notion—many and many's the time she vexed me about him.

It was long since I felt so comfortable before that day. The hay was cutting in the lawn, and the childer fell to tossing it about at once, while the Parson and the ladies *was* in and out, up and down, as if they never would be tired, only the old lady that kept alone by herself, and took but one turn, as I could see. I was so busy watching the young ones, when they came out again after dinner, that I never heeded the old lady and another coming up the avenue, till they were close beside me. I guessed they would be speaking to me, so I got off the wall where I was sitting to welcome them. The old lady came up first : " I'm glad to see you looking so well, Sinty," says she.

" Your honour's ladyship, ma'am, is heartily welcome," says I, trembling all over, and not knowing what to say next, I was so afraid it might not be true ; but I went on, " It's a purty place you have got of your own, and long may you reign."

She leaned against the wall, fatigued like, and said, " Don't you remember me, Sinty ?"

It was nobody's voice but her own—I saw it all clearly in a minute.

" Oh, ma'am," says I, " but you are very cöld."

"But I hope that will not make you like me the less, Sindy," says she, just as cheerful as she spoke to me five-and-twenty years before, when I first laid eyes on her. I couldn't tell what I said, and what she said then, as my mind was wandering. I had to pinch myself to know if I was awake; for I had a fashion of dreaming with my eyes open, so that I could be persuaded I saw them standing before me, that wasn't in it at all, and I feared I was dreaming then. But I was not.—It was the mistress, Mrs. Ferrars—and she was come to live at Carrickadare again—and she invited me to go to see her in the parlour, where I often was before—and she spoke of both our troubles, till my heart was as light as a fly—and the Parson's lady was Miss Annie, she that used to run about the fields, as if the wind was in her feet; and though she was not near so wild by half, and not a bit shy, she had the same look with her blue eyes that nobody ever had but herself. My wife was as bad as myself when she saw the mistress; and to say nothing of Winny, but what is true, she was proud to see her, and spoke well of her and all belonging to her; only she was ever stiff about Mr. Addison, and the day she had to run into the ditch from his horse. After all, it was the beast was to blame, and not the gentleman, who would not hurt a worm. But it was hard to make Winny listen to reason any time.

I was a new man from that out. The place was like my own, with a civil word from all the family, young and old, small and great. The mistress would talk to

me by the hour, and took to reading for me again, which was very good of her, seeing I was stupid, and forgot all my book English. Not but I did my best to come at the meaning, if it was for nothing but to please her, that deserved more nor that from me.

The like of Mr. Addison was no novelty in the country, proud as we were of him. All the parishes about would be boasting of their own Minister, as if there was no body to compare with the one they had. They were strange times to some, to see Parsons neither hunting nor shooting, or doing any thing but what they ought to do. Some longed for the old stock back again, but more was better pleased as it was. Anyhow, the Priests had trouble enough; I guessed at once what Mr. Addison was like, when Priest Mortimer warned the people to take the childer from the schools, promising to have one of his own at Michaelmas. I knew how it would end, and so did the rest, if they dare speak, which none of them would but Bartly Dowd, who spoke out in the Chapel, that when his Reverence's school was open, he would send his childer to it, but till then he would leave them where they were getting good larning. The Priest only bid him hold his tongue, for he knew Bartley. However, he was so bent on it, that he hunted them from one end of the parish to the other, beating the childer and cursing the old people, till they were fairly tired out, and the schools *was* emptied. Bartly Dowd and a few others threatened to go to Church if he did not leave persecuting them, so he winked at them. After a lit-



tle, one and another stole back ; and it is surprising what courage the poor childer got, when they saw the ladies go among them, and didn't dread to touch them like Miss Blair. .

If you want to know what I thought about it all, I could not tell you. I laid up a great many things in my mind long ago, that puzzled me, but I never could make myself quite clear to Wilty, or any of the ladies and gentlemen that *was* fond of speaking to me. The mistress would often say, " Now, Sinty, I know you don't believe that ;" when I believed every word she said, only I did not know what she was at. Then she would say, " Sinty, don't you remember I told you that, twenty years ago ?" Oh ! not a word did I remember, but that she was always tender and good to me and mine.—How could I ? when not a man, woman, or child, ever said a word to me about religion for nine long years. Sure it was not to be counted what Winny would be ever romancing about holy wells, and the miracles the Priests could do if they liked.

I was one day sitting by the fire, when the Parson and Miss Annie walked into the house to me as usual, with a mean-looking man that I never saw before.

" Sinty," says Miss Annie, " here is a friend of my mother's, who she hopes you will be glad to see for her sake."

" A dog belonging to her is welcome, miss," says I, giving a look over at my wife, to wonder how a lady like her got a friend like him, with an old glazed hat, *and a pair of brogues like my own.*

"We want to see," says the Parson, "if you can understand the book we have here: so come, Mr. M'Grainor, sit down and begin."

"You were always good, every one of you," says I, looking again at my wife to be agreeable, for she hated the reading, only from the mistress, that might do any thing.

Well, down we all sot; my wife with the tongs in her hand to beat the dog, that was always for putting his dirty paws on Miss Annie's silk gown, while I kept blowing the fire with my breath, not to look stupid.

The man begun—when what did I hear but the finest Irish that could be; and such beautiful reading, that mortal never before listened to! It was all about Him dying on the cross, and asking pardon for them that killed him. He read too, how a man stole to Him by night, and how He told him the great God loved poor sinners, and sent Him to die for them. He read more than that—all that was pleasant and comfortable to hear. I forgot my manners, for the fire went out; and my wife was so beside herself, that there was the cur with his two fore-paws on Miss Annie's knee the whole time, and never a mind she minded him. She did not come to herself even when they got up to go away, but set to blessing them in Irish, and telling them not to let her die till she heard that again. Poor foolish woman, when they did not know a word she was saying! I need not wonder at her, for my own heart was so full, I could hardly get English enough to thank them; nor would I be persuaded to let them go, till the reader gave me his hand to call the next day.

I was with the mistress that evening as good as two hours. She read to me over again what we had in the morning; and would you believe it, if I did not guess the most of it. I could understand no degree better nor ever I did before.

Mr. M'Grainor came and read, and came and read, till I believe he went through the whole book—Wilty's book, and Mr. Clough's book, and poor young Mr. Grey's book, and the mistress's book—it was all the same, and a blessed book it is, that tells so plainly, how a poor ignorant creature like myself, may die in peace, and have a good look up, through the precious Saviour of the world.

Winnie soon carried the news to Priest Mortimer. When she had the parish all to herself she was easy enough; there might be drinking or cursing to no end going on before her, and little she cared, if she had but the corner to count her prayers in; but as soon as ever there would be a stir about schools, and that ladies and gentlemen would talk to us about our souls, then she would not give us a quiet minute. The Carmelites used to gather to her house to say the Rosary, and what must she do but bring them all in upon us one evening when the reader was in it—as good as fifteen, men and women. Down they dropped on their knees, and begun to pray so loud, that you could hear them at Carrickadare, all the while scroundging on Mr. M'Grainor to push him into the fire. He leaned his back tight against the wall, and kept his ground *wonderfully*, without saying an uncivil word to one of

them, though when the Rotary was out, Ody Lynch challenged him to box. I had enough to do to get them off civilly, nor did they hinder the reading, to poor Winny's grief, that staid behind to watch. Little good it did her—she was only the bitterer, and every hand's turn we did was with the Priest the next morning, before he got his breakfast.

He came to the house to me, very mild-like, at first.

"What is this I hear, Mr. O'Gara?" says he, "of the doings you have going on in your family? I wonder how a sensible man, as you *was* always accounted, will give in to such nonsense. Is it respectful to harbour a fellow like M'Grainor? a turn-coat, and a rogue to my own knowledge."

"Sir," says I, "it isn't the man I care one straw about; though for all I know to the contrary, he is quiet and decent, and well thought of by them that is above me. It is the book I have a value for, which is only becoming, seeing it is the word of God."

"And how do you know it is the word of God?" says he, getting quite red.

"I had not any thing to answer. I knew it was, but I could not tell why."

"I ax you again," says he, looking quite proud of himself, "how do you know it is the word of God?"

"Please your Reverence," says I, "I am an ignorant man that knows nothing, but you have learning, and I ax your Reverence if it is not the word of God."

"Mr. Hyacinth O'Gara," says he, all in a blaze, "you are, as you say, ignorant, and moreover you are impudent."

and you will repent your impudence to the last day of your life, and may be *beyant* it, if you provoke me."

"That would be a pity, Sir," says I, "for I had my own share of trouble in this world, and I'd be willing to get shut of it in the next."

"Hold your tongue," says he, "and don't dare to give word for word with me, or I'll bury this horse-whip in your old skin. Isn't it a fine thing for the like of you to talk to me? You have been put up to it, I see—you have got your lesson from the woman-preacher at Carrickadare."

"If you mean Mrs. Ferrars, Sir," says I, getting courage when I heard her run down, "I did. I won't deny it.—All the good I ever larned was by her; and a happy day it was for me that I laid my two looking eyes upon her."

"She is a good gentlewoman," says my wife, putting in her word; "we can get no bad by listening to her, God bless her! It would be well for the world if they were all like her."

"What!" says he, "are you beginning to preach? I'll allow none of these doings in my parish. I order you never to let that swaddling thief M'Grainor (who was whipped for horse-stealing through the town of Benard) inside your doors. And I order you to walk bare-foot and bare-legged to the Chapel next Sunday, and ax pardon of God and the blessed Virgin, before the whole congregation."

"I couldn't go there," says my wife, "as your Reverence well knows, with the best pair of shoes in

Tom Burke's shop in Newtown, much less bare-foot."

"Do you know what I can do to you, body and soul?" says he, roaring at her, and stamping with his foot, like mad.

"Do your worst," says she, getting up from the wheel, not one bit daunted, nor not in the least of a passion, being always a quiet woman, that would not say much if she was not provoked, and then she would be cool and quite entirely in earnest. She looked him straight in the face.

"Do your worst," says she. "My body is not worth thinking about, one way or other; it's old and crazy, and the grave has long been looking for it.—My soul is in the keeping of Him that died to save it—you can neither harm, nor mend it.—What can you, or the like of you do?—I tried you and I trusted you long enough, and I found you as weak as this strick of flax. I gave you my hard-earned money, aye often to the last penny in my pocket—I gave you meat and drink, when I had to stint the family for half a year after.—And what did I get by it?—You couldn't keep three of them out of Ardrossil church-yard.—You couldn't keep sin, and sorrow, and shame, from the two I often wished was there beside them.—I believe you did your best, but you failed.—And would you keep the word of the blessed One from me, to send me down to the grave in darkness and trembling?—No Sir. You may leave me and the old man where you found us. You never looked after us till now; and sorry I am to say to one of your cloth standing in my own floor, there is little welcome for you."

She set down quietly to the wheel again, and begun to spin, as if nothing had happened. I kept edging between her and the Priest, afraid he might strike her, but he refrained himself wonderfully.

"The woman's cracked," says he, turning to me. "You see what Bible reading has done for you already. It was well I found it out in time, or who knows what might have happened. Take my advice, give up your new-fashioned ways.—Be obedient to the orders of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, the only true Church in the world, and you will find me quite easy about penance. I see you could not bear much, so if you promise me to have done with them that would destroy you, I will let you off this time. You are a sensible man, none more so, and you will bring the old woman to reason."

"It's I that would be proud to have your friendship, Sir," says I, "but not for a mountain of gold would I turn my back upon God, or his word, or his people."

"You won't be advised then," says he.

"Och! don't put it on me, Sir," says I. "What have I in this world to bring comfort to my weak heart, but the blessed hope of another? It was that book gave it to me; and with the blessing of God, while I have an ear to hear, I'll listen to it."

With that he snatched up his hat, and run out of the house, swearing a great oath that he would make an example of me.

The next Sunday he preached all about me, and

threatened every one that would listen to the reader. Some *was* stubborn, and axed him out before the people, if it was the word of God he had with him. He doubled and doubled, as is the way with them, till at last he *was* forced to confess it was, only they might take a bad meaning out of it; and that it would be their destruction if they listened to it at-all. That satisfied many, while some stood stiff like myself. Others would be telling lies, and skulking after M'Grainor, whenever they *was* not watched. It was seldom they escaped; for Winny had her eyes about her; never missing the hour the reader was in the house, where she would sit, with her fingers in her ears, just to see who would be there.

I got a good deal of persecution, and none more ready at it nor Winny herself, who the older she grows is only the more troublesome.—And she is no chicken now, there being but seven years between us. She may think of herself yet.—I wish she would.—Poor Winny! with all her cross-grained way, she has a wish for one's good; and he that knows all things, knows I wish her well, and would do her good if I could. Well—who knows yet about Winny?

They called me every name under the sun, and rooted up the cabbage-plat in the garden, and killed the chickens my wife was rearing for the mistress; besides breaking in the door with stones every market night; and once there was a coal put under the thatch to burn us in the bed. When it was drawing on the year twenty-five, it went hard with me. Nobody could



tell how it was to be done, but the Protestants *was* all to be put down. Often and often I trembled in my bed when Christmas was coming; and it was not all for myself. I knew they could not touch a hair of my head, if He did not give leave. I ought to have known that too about them at the Glebe; but when I thought of the mistress and Miss Annie, and the innocent childer, that did nothing to deserve such treatment, I could not help being cast down.

I tried to get it all out of Winny, for if any one knew, she would; and she had a dark way with her when a word was said about it, that frightened me beyant all. But after all, I believe there was nothing in it, only the people's minds *was* disturbed, and they were ripe for mischief.

Them that owes me a grudge, says I sold myself for money to the Parson, and the wonder is, that I don't go to Church, as I hear many did in other places. If they never got more for turning nor I did, they sold themselves cheap—that's all I say. It didn't vex me what the Romans said, for they are so ignorant they would believe any thing. Sure I was the same once. But all sorts turned against me now, barring one or two. They told the mistress, I could say one thing before her face, and another behind her back. My own landlord, who is an Orangeman, had no better name for me than the old hypocrite; and the methodists said I had no religion, because I would not put myself in a class with them. And what could I do among them that had not a good word to say of myself from the hour I was born, to this day?

Parson Jefferson was just come to the mountain. He would not give in at-all at-all to the Irish. He said before me to Mr. Addison, how he ought to banish it, and not be encouraging the people to listen to it. He said too, poor innocent gentleman ! that there wasn't one man, woman, or child in the mountain, that didn't speak the English as well as himself. Now, I leave it to any body if that was true, though the Parson thought it. Why they didn't know one word in ten he would say to them, only when it was about a bargain. No doubt they would say, "that is true, every word of it," and "I know well what your honour means, quite entirely."—Why, I said it myself a hundred times, when I was ashamed of the gentleman. He outfaced myself, too, that I didn't want the reader or his book, when I had the mistress to listen to ; but when he heard my wife put a chapter in her English after Mr. M'Grainor, nothing would please him, till he got him to the mountain, where he has plenty to do ever since.

I could not walk to Church, even if they paid me for it, nor my wife neither, we are both so broken and feeble. It's three years since I saw the place I am to lie in, and it's likely I will never see it again till I am carried to it. There's not a word of lie in it, but nobody ever moved it to me to go to Church, or to change my religion. Them that had a thought for my soul knew that it was no matter what religion I said I was of, if I had not the true religion at the bottom ; and if the Bible could not change me, they might save

themselves the trouble of trying, for any good it would do me. But the Bible did make me change my religion, and yet after all, if you *was* to ask, it's likely I could not tell what I ought to be called. I only know this, that I once trusted for salvation, half to myself and the other half to the Priest; and now I trust *all* to Him that died on the cross, and I am content with that, and have great peace in my mind, when I know I have the word of the living God for it, and need not depend upon a man like myself. I know I am as bad as bad can be, but I try and put my own badness, as well as my own goodness (and where is that?) out of my head, when I listen to the words of the blessed and Holy One calling on sinners to come unto Him, and to believe in Him, without dashing them to the ground by bidding them do what is not in the power of man. And I have come to Him, and I do believe in Him, and no one shall ever step between Him and me, to give me a helping hand that I don't want. Och! Och!—It's I that well knows I am bad—and I feel more and more how bad I am—and I am ashamed of myself, but the Lord Jesus Christ is greater than my badness, and I am not ashamed of Him, but I glory in Him, and I honour Him, and I trust Him with my soul and body—with my life and death—I trust Him with my sin and wickedness, knowing that he will take it away, so that it won't come against me at the end, but that he will make me white and clean, and lift up my head, which would ever be bent to the ground for *very shame* without Him. As far as I know, my reli-

gion is the same as Mr. Addison's and the mistress's—I love all that love the Lord Jesus—I would willingly and gladly pray with them that honour the Saviour, and it would be a comfort to me, if I was allowed to eat and drink at the Lord's table with his people, in remembrance of Him, as he bids us in his book ; and I will speak to the Parson about it, and if it can't be done any way else—why then, I will go to the Church, and so will my wife, if we were crawling to it for a week. Whatever I see clearly that the Lord commands us to do, that I am resolved to do if I can, and that is my religion.

What I say to Winny, when she pesters me about the Priest, is this—"The reason I don't want to have him with me, Winny dear, when I am dying, is, that there is no use in him ; he is only good for purgatory, and there's not one word of that in all the Bible." I often put it closely to the mistress, as well as Mr. M'Grainor ; and I had good reason to believe them, when they said there was not. Oh ! it don't stand to reason that He would let his own die in dread of that place, when He always bids them have joy in him. It don't stand to reason that He would leave them to bear pain in the next world, when He redeemed them from every thing ; and if the Priest could not keep us out of it, how could he get us out of it ? So I want none of his masses to pray my soul out of that place at all. It isn't for me to say, that he won't be with me at the last, whether I will or no. I may be speechless, or out of my senses, and he may anoint me with-

out me knowing or caring about it. It don't sit heavy on my mind, for he can do me no harm ; and I don't care half as much about the lies that will be told after my death, as I did for them in my life-time. They will say I died a Roman, if there wasn't a Priest within fifty miles of me. Winny will have him, I know, supposing she gets me tied in the bed, and there will be plenty to help her. She never could hold up her head in the country, if one so near her was to slip away without the Priest's hand over him. I warned the Parson, and the mistress, and Miss Annie, not to bring themselves into trouble for me ; just to let them do what they liked with me, when it is no matter, by no means.

I have one chance for a quiet end. Winny goes on some pilgrimage or other every summer, and I may have the luck to die while she is away.

I forgot about my son Sinty, who was always a quiet boy, never meddling or making, only minding his own business. His nine childer all got a fine edication, in spite of the Priests. He has got a Bible of his own unknownst to Winny, and he knows more by far nor he lets on. He gives me to understand he is only waiting to see the end of me and his mother, when he and all belonging to him will go to America. My blessing be with him.

THE CONFESSIONS  
OF  
HONOR DELANY.

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IT is'nt but I know there's few would care to hear whether I lived or died, or what became of me; and that it is little matter to any body if the stories John Malone tells about me be true or false: but I don't like to lie under his tongue without saying a word to clear my character: above all, when he makes free with the names of them he has no right to meddle with: so I will tell, without fear or favour, all that ever happened unto me from the day I was born to this good hour—and not one word of lies will I say, nor lay a heavier charge to any man's door than they deserve; nor will I screen myself from blame when blame lies upon me, though the blush should come up in my old cheeks while I tell it—why should I? I am past four score, with a dim eye and a tottering foot, and if I had my lap full of gold, what good would it

do me now, if it wasn't to bury me; and it's little will do that when the time comes.

I am come of *credible* people, as all the country well knows, and I was reared in decency and plenty in my father's house; which he could well afford to his family, having sixty-four acres of fine land, under the Twistlebury's, at two and eight-pence half-penny the acre, not counting as good as three hundred pounds he got by my mother. She was M'Donough both by father and mother, and proud enough she was of it, they being an ancient family, that in old times had the whole barony of Tirnaboclish to themselves. Her fault was pride, I may say it of her now, for she didn't care who knew it when she was alive. No doubt she had a great spirit, and would spend more than my father could well spare, though he seldom crossed her, or prescribed to her in her fancies. She was the only woman of her station in the country, barring the Priest's niece, that took her tea morning and evening, and I often heard her to brag, that there was not a pair of silver buckles in the chapel of a Sunday, but what was in her own shoes. Nobody had such a name with the poor as herself, and the Priest would draw her down as a pattern for the entertaining he got in her house. She was very *reglar* in her duty, and was fond of making vows, which she paid well to have performed. There was two old women that made a decent livelihood by going through stations for her; one of them, Eveleen M'Loughlin, said she had hardly

time to repeat a prayer for herself, with all she had to do in that way for my mother. The M'Donough's were time out of mind noted for religion. My mother could count up as good as eleven cousins Priests, besides her uncle the Bishop, and her sister the Nun; them two last brought a deal of credit to us, and cost my father plenty when they came to the house, as my mother thought the best in the country not good enough to set before them.

There was five of us in all, one girl beside myself, and three boys. I was the youngest, and the pet with my father. He made no secret of *that*, though my mother would often ridicule him for it, as she thought little of women children in comparison of her sons. My eldest brother, Phelim, was the one she took most pride out of, and gave him a fine education, for he was intended for the mission. The next boy, Connor, she favoured too, he was so like the M'Donough's; but the youngest, Richard, she could hardly bear to sit in her presence. She never was rightly persuaded he was her child, but that the fairies changed him the night he was born; so she had him put out on a shovel before the door with six-pence halfpenny on his breast, in hopes to bribe the good people to lay her own son back again. Eveleen M'Loughlin was left on the watch, hid in the turf stack, but she had to take him in at last, when he was perish'd with cold and hunger. After that she sent him with the girl to cross a running stream, expecting the fairy would shew himself,



but not a stir the poor child ever stirred, though the girl waded twice through with him in her arms. The Bishop would never give in to such doings, while Father Hugh Lynch did all that man could do to banish the fairy, and all to no end.

Poor Richard! I was very fond of him, and so I ought, seeing he doated on me; and when we were playing by ourselves, he could be as merry as the best of them: but when my mother was by, he would sit saying nothing, only doing every thing he was bid; while his brothers were ever knocking him about, and calling him nicknames, which he never minded, and wouldn't make an unmannerly answer. He had a *quare* look for certain; the more so, belonging to our family, that had the name of being handsome. My eldest brother and sister were said to be the likeliest two in the Barony of Tirnaboclish, and there was them that said, when I was dressed for the dance on a Sunday evening, that I was passable enough—that's a long time ago, however. Poor Richard wasn't like one of the family, who all had black hair, and white skins, with a fine colour in their cheeks; nor was he like any body I ever saw before or since. His hair was whiter than the whitest strick of flax, and sure enough his eyes were not natural; they were red, as red as any ferret, and never were quiet in his head, moving back and forward like a weaver's shuttle; besides, he couldn't see if the thing wasn't close to his eyes, but when he once saw any thing, he never for-

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got it, and could explain it better than we could that had our senses. There's no doubt he was stupid, for though there was a schoolmaster in the house ever since I remember, he never could *larn* his A, B, C, while the rest of us could read any book, by the time we were twelve or thirteen. With all that, it was wonderful what a memory he had—Prayers in English and Irish he could repeat for the length of a summer's day, and ballads, and rhymes, and songs, to no end. Then he would sing till you would be persuaded no Christian's throat could bring out such sounds; and I, knowing the thoughts my mother and the old women had of him, have often felt my flesh creep, when I heard him singing of a summer's evening, all alone in the haggard, where he used to go when they tormented him in the house. Being cow'd so much in the family made him quite silent as he grew up. When all the others were laughing over the fire, he would sit by himself, looking up at the rafters, and would sometimes burst out laughing at his own thoughts like. That would set my mother mad. She would cross and bless herself, and giving him a curse, would be ready to fling the tongs at him, till he would have to run to bed by himself in the loft, for neither of his brothers would let him sleep with them. My father was fond of him, and always got him to tot up his money for him, which he could do before us that would cypher and write sums as long as my arm.

In them days there were no such doings as now, about Schools, and Testaments, and Priests, and Ministers. We were quiet and easy about our religion, going to mass *reglar*, and doing any odd duty that came in our way. The school-master learned us the prayers, so that we could say the rosary as fast as the Priest himself, when my mother was in a hurry; and every night going to bed we used to repeat this verse—

There are four corners to my bed,  
There are four angels round my head,  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed I sleep upon.

The only Protestant I ever remember seeing when I was a little girl, was Ally Conolly, a sort of peddling body, that sold threads and tapes, and little bits of muslin to make caps and hankechers. She used to call at our house three or four times a year, and was always welcome to her bit, and a night's lodging, because she had all the news of the country for my mother, though she often had doubts if it was lucky to have her sleeping under the same roof with her. The church was six miles from our town, and the glebe farther off. It was seldom we saw any *rare* quality, though there was plenty of them then scattered through the country; for we lived in a very back place, with the mountain of Slievè Cormack between us and the high road leading to Ballymaganlan. The other side of the Lough, there was a place called the

English Settlement, because the old Earl of Innisfallen brought there fifteen or sixteen families from Scotland. They weren't right Protestants, I know, but they went to church, and kept mightily to themselves. I might never have heard of them only that my mother would curse the old Earl for bringing such to the country, and was never thankful enough that the broad water of Lough Glendarragh was between us and them. As for myself, I dreaded the very sound of their name, thinking they had a mark on them to show who they belonged to—that's all the acquaintance I had with them.

As the world went, we spent a pleasant time of our own. The piper was seldom out of the house, so there was few evenings we hadn't a dance after the work was done; and even when the Bishop was in the house, he was no hindrance to us, having the barn to go to; nor did my Aunt Bridget, the Nun, ever find fault with our merry-making, when she spent two months with us the summer of the great thunder, only once, the day that she and my mother had words about a feather bed, when they were dividing my uncle John's property, and then she said we were more like mummers than decent Christian children.

She got leave to quit the convent that summer, because her health was bad; not but she eat, and drank, and *slep* as well as any of us that had nothing ailing us. It was convenient for her, any how, just then, to look after what was coming to her by my uncle, and

it was wonderful what an eye she had to money, with not a chick nor child to leave it to. My mother thought it would all come back to the family, which quieted her a little, when she saw her grabbing at every thing: but she left it all to the Convent at last, only fifty pounds to Father Hugh, to say masses for her soul.

I was right glad, and so were all the young ones, when aunt Bridget went away; for she hated children, and was prouder again nor my mother, besides being the ugliest woman you ever laid eyes on. Her face was terribly racked with the small pox, and her eyes were so crooked that she could see what was doing on her right hand, when you thought she was looking to the left. Then she was as big as any two, and when she was in a passion, her voice was horrid. She and my mother fought by the hour about the money, and we often wondered what it would come to, they used to be so outrageous. But as good luck would have it, my aunt had so many prayers to say in the day, that she could not be long without taking a turn at them: so when my mother was at the worst, she would fall down on her knees, and then the other was fain to give over. But though there was little love between them, my mother was proud enough out of her, she brought such credit to the family. All the country far and near flocked to the house when she was in it—some to be cured, and some only to get her blessing. I do'n't know if she did many

cures, only with sore eyes, and the falling sickness—them she had a great name for—but she failed quite entirely with Terry M'Grath's sore leg ; for he never could put a foot under him again, after walking from Cleon, to get her to touch it. Not a bit of credit however did she lose by that, as the people laid the blame on Terry and not on her.

If he would say so, my father was as glad as any of us, when she went back to Galway ; for what between fighting with my mother, and the coming and going of all the M'Donough's from all parts, and the resort of Priests, one after the other to say masses, he hadn't a quiet minute to himself ; and the meal and praties, and bacon went as if they had wings ; for, good as my mother was to the poor at all times, she was doubly good then, never locking the meal-chest, nor refusing any thing that was asked in honour of St. Bridget—all out of compliment to her sister.

John Malone says, how I was myself promised to be a Nun, and how I broke my father's heart when I married Garret Delany *again* his will. There's not one word of truth in it from beginning to end. There was no talk ever in the family of making a Nun of any of us ; and though, sure enough, my father had no mind at first to give me to him, I had his blessing and his love to his dying day.

Garret was a clean, likely boy, and a good son to his bed-ridden father, and an odd, through-other kind of

body, his mother. I never thought of him or he of me, till the Saturday before Ash-wednesday, when he came a piece of the road with me, as I was going home from my sister's, who was married the year before to Dick M'Donough, of Carrickenboy, a match that pleased my mother well. Garret was helping me over the ditch, when Father Hugh came riding by.

"Ha Garret," says he, "I'm glad to see how the wind blows, I was just considering how long you'd be keeping me out of my dues. Do'n't be delaying boy. You have but four days before you, and I have so many couple to marry betwixt this and *Sraft Tuesday* night, that if you a'n't quick, my hands may be too full to do your job."

Oh! please your Reverence," says Garret, "it's time enough for the like of me to think of marriage."

"Time enough, you blockhead!" says the priest, "An't you ashamed of yourself to make me that answer? Me, who am just coming from christening Paddy Duffy's fine young son, and he isn't quite out a year older than yourself. Why man, you were sixteen last Candlemas, to my own knowledge."

"True for you, Sir," says Garret, looking odd enough.

"Oh! it's too true," says Father Hugh, "and knowing that, you talk of time enough. What time have you? Why all the powers of man could'n't get you married for six weeks, if you pass Tuesday night."

"I never thought of that atall, atall," says Garret.

"Then more's the shame for you. Owen Mitchell thought of it, and Phil Conboy thought of it, and others I wont tell you of, since you are so stupid. Why man alive! if you had any sperrit, you would be making up to that little girl. The old couple at home would have a hearty welcome for her, and her father would come down handsomely, seeing you are an only child, and plenty to begin the world with. An't you obliged to me Noreen for helping you to a husband?" says he to me, giving me a tap with his whip.

"Sorra husband I want Sir," says I, "I'm better off as I am."

"I'll believe as much of that as I please Noreen," says he, laughing. But my girl, do'nt be *conceated*, or you'll be sorry when you see Judy Egan holding her head high all through lent, while you'll be sneaking about, telling all the world you wasn't worth looking after."

With that he rode away laughing, leaving us looking like two fools.

"Owen Mitchell will never get the start of me, that I'll be bound," says Garret, after thinking awhile. "You'd better have me, Norah, out of the face, for there's no use in delaying. I'll demand you from your father this very evening."

"It's all a folly," says I, "I do'nt want to be married at all. I'm better off as I am."



"And will you let Judy Egan, who hasn't a pair of brogues to her feet, be married before you?" says he.

"Ah, what do I care for her?" says I, "if she was to marry ten."

"I'll never wait six weeks," says he.

"Who wants you?" says I, "you'll get plenty for axing. There's Katto Kelly, you may have her in a minute."

"Aye, and her betters," says he, quite angry, "as I'll shew you. You may wait if you like it, till they put you into the Convent, and then you'll be just the very moral of your aunt, the big Nun. Mind I tell you, *that's* before you."

Now, let John Malone say what he pleases, that was the only word was ever spoke to me about being a Nun: and I was foolish enough to be started at it; for it came into my head that I would go through fire and water, and to the world's end, sooner nor be like my aunt Bridget. So after a good deal of wrangling and coaxing, he persuaded me to let him demand me from my father. I do'nt know how it was, but my mother, though she run down all the Delanys root and branch, as if they were the dirt under her feet, both afore and after, was brought round in no time, when my father only wanted her countenance to put him off at once. I believe wha soften'd her was, that he offer'd to take me with forty pounds, and a cow, when my sister got fifty, wi


plenty of linen, and blankets, a fine feather bed and two cows into the bargain. But she ought to have more expectation besides me, as she was the oldest, and above all joining herself to a M'Donough.

There was eleven couple married the day I was. Proud enough Garret was that we were three before Owen; and poor foolish me was right joyful that Judy Egan couldn't crow over me.

After a time I was as happy as the day was long. My mother-in-law was, no doubt, peevish and troublesome in her ways. She was always sweeping and scouring, and sweeping and scouring, and after all, the place never had a readied look; for while she was cleaning one thing, she would splash and dirty all about her; and she would feed the pig in the milk pail that she had just made as clean as a new pin. It was hard to bear with her, but Garret contrived we never had words to signify. He could live with any body, let them be never so fractious. I never saw him out of temper from the day I married him, and the hardest word I ever got from him wouldn't offend a dumb brute. It wasn't three years all out from our marriage, when we had the place to ourselves; for my father-in-law, who was ever failing, died, and the old woman didn't stay long after him. The house was quiet when she was out of it, but I was sorry for her, when I saw it grieved Garret, she being always good to him.

There wasn't a woman in the county had more rea-

son to be contented nor myself, if it wasn't for the crosses I had with my children; seeing how none of them would live with me a month out. With the two first, I had only time to be glad to look at them, when they were taken from me, and in six years I lost four. I was quite broke down with fretting, and Garret nearly as bad as myself. Oh! it's a wearing out thing to be ever longing, and expecting, and watching, and to be disappointed at last. There was nobody that didn't pity me; even my mother herself cried, when the last was put into the coffin, looking as if any thing in the wide world had a right to it before death. I was so cast down then, that I do'nt know what would have become of me, if my mind wasn't turned to think of another thing. Square Dunworth's lady, who lay in three days after my poor child was born, wanted a nurse for her infant, and they advised me to take the nursing, to keep up my spirits. Them Dunworths were great people—once the first in the country. You could see the woods of Lismire from our house, and the tops of the chimneys in winter. Not a stump of a tree is there now—even the very stones of the house were sold, and there isn't one of the name left in this place, nor any where else as I know. I brought the child home with me, as Garret wouldn't part me, nor would I quit him. I got her a sickly little thing, and I gave her back a year after, as fine a girl as the world ever saw. It was a sore day that I brought her to Lismire, and Madam



Dunworth, who pitied us all, seeing how we took on, would have me stay as good as half-a-year at the house, off and on ; and Garret would come and go, as if the place was his own. As long as the old lady and gentleman lived, there was nobody could make freer with the place than I could : and my own child, as I always called Miss Clara, would throw her arms about my neck, no matter who was by—aye, when she was dressed in her silks and satins, and the first in the land would be proud to hand her to her coach.

When she was going on four, I had a little girl of my own. I tried not to set my heart upon her, but I did for all that. My mother gave me great courage, for she had two or three lucky dreams ; and to make all sure, she made a vow to give the child to the Virgin for seven years, and to have her dressed in white from top to toe all that time. Add to that, she gave up the name of Rose, which time out of mind belonged to the oldest daughter of any one come from a M'Donough, and she made her be called Mary, in honour of the Virgin. As I said before, all this gave me great courage. I was sure I had interest in heaven, and that the Virgin was bound to do her best for me, seeing she was so complimented. I knew nothing better then—how could I ? The Priest said it was the best work I ever did, and Madam Dunworth herself humoured me. It was she gave me the white clothes for my child, all the time of the vow—plenty of them. I had my wish—my

poor Mary lived; and a prouder woman didn't walk the land nor myself, when I would lead her up the avenue at Lismire, and Miss Clara would come flying to meet me.

Year after year passed I don't know how; it's all like a dream now. I often wonder if it's true I was so happy. The only trouble I ever had was about my brother Phelim, who went abroad to be made a Priest, and no account could ever be got of him afterwards. It was a great blow to my mother, who never stopped fretting; and her uncle the Bishop died about that time, and Father Hugh died, so that every thing went wrong with her. Connor, too, betimes was a trouble to her. It was fishing, and dancing, and cock-fighting he took delight in; and though many a good match was proposed to him, he wouldn't give in to it, looking for a great fortune—and *that*, poor boy, he didn't get.

Garret never had an hour's sickness from the day he was born, and I wouldn't have believed an angel from heaven that told me he was near death a Sunday, and—just think of it! he was a corpse with me on the Tuesday after. They called it a pleurisy—no matter what it was. It left my child an orphan, and it broke my heart.

My mother was a great body for wakes, and she managed just as she pleased. The house was full from one end to the other for two days and nights. I didn't care how many was in it, or how few, for I

was taken up with myself ; and the first day I minded nothing but the sorrowful look with my father, and I wasn't easy if I hadn't Mary one side of me, and Richard the other.

I found it harder to forgive John Malone what he said about that time, than all he brought up again me before or since. There's them living now, that if they would speak out, could say if he is to be depended on or no—he that wasn't passing twelve at the time.—But it's no matter ; I will tell my story as if he never meddled with me or mine.

When the boys and girls were merry, and beginning to play their tricks, Richard made me go into the little room, where my mother had her tea with some quiet, elderly people, talking over the news of the country. They were civil enough to me, and spoke well of him that deserved nothing else from them.

“ It's a poor thing, any how,” says Nancy Gilmor, “ to be left a widdy. I felt it sore myself ; only I was better off nor many, having three good lumps of boys able to look after the land, and hinder me from being robbed and racked, as a poor lone woman must expect.”

“ They were good sons to you, Mrs. Gilmor,” says Una Farrel, she that lived by the side of the Lough.

“ Aye,” says Nancy, “ the two that's married may speak for themselves. Their wives are happy women to light on the likes of them. They might travel far,

before such another two would come in their way. And it isn't for me to say it, but Barney, the boy that's at home with me, is as good as both of them put together. He'll be a sore loss to me, when he sets up for himself; but I wouldn't stand in the light of any decent woman, that wanted an honest hard-working boy, who'd be a credit to her, and keep her little property together. Though Barney is my own son, I'll say it of him, there isn't a man in the country I would advise for a husband before him."

"No disparagement to your son, Nancy," says Dick Malone, (father to John himself,) "the boy is well enough, but I can't see how there isn't a differ between a gossoon like him, and a man come to years and standing, that knows what the world is, and has a right to know it. And what look up has he, with his little bit of sour land, and yourself into the bargain to support out of it? A sensible woman would look twice, before she bothered herself with such as he, when there is them with house and land and plenty besides, could be got as ready as your son."

"It's likely you mean yourself, Dick Malone," says she, getting quite red. "May be the wife you buried three weeks ago, if she could speak now, would say she made but a poor bargain, when she fell in with you."

"You're angry with me now," says he, "because I seen through your scheme, and wouldn't let you take in a decent family with your smooth talk—but I

was afore you, cunning as you are. I got Father Staunton on my side this morning, and he is only waiting till after the berrin to talk to you, Mrs. O'Toole, (looking over at my mother,) knowing you are a sensible woman, and will give your daughter the best advice. Oh! it isn't Barny Gilmor *you* would countenance."

"He may save himself the trouble, and so may yes all," says my mother. "Ye'll have no friend in me, I promise you. When did you hear of any woman belonging to the M'Donough's taking a second husband? It isn't the custom of my people, and she'd be no daughter of mine would demean herself and break through an ancient rule. So, Norah," (turning to me,) "you may lend a deaf ear to all their discourse, and content yourself as you are: for if you were to take up with the tip top of the parish, I would deny that you belonged to me, and wouldn't look the same side of the road with you."

"Oh mother dear!" says I, "hold your tongue—Sure, sure, it is cruel to be drawing down such parallels to me, who only want to be left alone with my sorrow. What do I care about the M'Donoughs, and their fashions? If one of them never lived in the world I would be of the same mind that I am now; and that is, I would beg round the world with my little girl in my hand, before I would pass an affront upon his memory that lies cold in the room there. So, all of you let me alone, and match your-



selves with them that vallies you. His worst old shoe is more prized by me than the whole of you put together."

"She has your spirit out and out, Mrs. O'Toole," says Una. "Where ever there is a drop of the blood of a M'Donough, it will show itself. Well, well, she's right, but how will she and that donny little girl ever struggle on in this lonesome place without a head?"

"That's what made me speak," says Dick. "It was more on her account than my own. I'm at no loss—Them that has plenty needn't go begging any day."

"No, nor Barney has no *privication* to beg either," says Mrs. Gilmor. "It was all in friendship I said a word, for I thought, who'll keep all together when there's no head?"

I was angry, I won't deny it, so I said, "Keep your friendship for them that axes it. If I can't mind my own business, I'll not meddle with your's. Oh! it's well seen I am desolate, when I must put up with such discourse."

"Don't cry, Norah," says Richard, whispering behind me, "let them talk, but you won't be desolate. I will come and live with you; my father will never say again it, and you'll see we'll get on bravely. I've more in me, than they think at home; so don't take on so—don't be crying, dear."

Och; it was then I cried as if I never would stop.

One minute I would feel a weight taken from my heart, when I thought on Richard's goodness, and the next it would be twice as heavy, when I considered how I wanted it all. They let me alone at last, seeing I wouldn't listen to reason; and that did me more good than all their talk.

There was a great funeral, and the greatest cry was ever heard in the country. Ah! he was well liked, and so he ought.

Richard stopped with me from that hour, and he was quite another man when there was nobody to cow him. He was up early and late, bought and sold at the market and fair as well as the best, and nothing ever went wrong that he took in hand. The neighbours wondered at him, and were ever praising him, only Dick Malone, (John's father, as I said before,) and Nancy Gilmor, who would often drop a hint that the good people helped him. I didn't then mind what they said, for he only laughed at them; and, knowing he wanted me to be happy, I tried to be so, as well as I could. Any how, whatever I wanted, there was peace in the house, and peace is a great thing.

The girl I had then, and for long before, was Darky Elwood; who never was easy till she got to live with me, knowing we would treat her well, and not cast up the discredit of her mother to her, as many did. It was well known she had a gentleman to her father, old Elwood of the Forest; though little she ever got by him. He might have done something for

her, if it wasn't for the mother, who was the foolish-est woman the world ever saw, disgracing herself every way, till the worst in the country would be ashamed to be seen speaking to her. While she lived, Darky had a poor life with her, and even after she died, though no blame could ever be laid at Darky's door, still the mother's faults were often cast up to her. It was long before any one would hire her, and when she did get a place, she had to bear the jibes and jeers of them that had no manners; and *that* went nearer to her than you might think, being a silent girl, that seldom would make an answer, except when provoked entirely. She was well in years when she came to me,—turned of fifty by her own reckoning,—and never was married, which wasn't to be wondered at, for, few would look after the like of her while the mother was alive, even if she was not so *ornary*, and, with that, so proud, that she would make no freedom with small or great. I will say for her, there never was an honest-er or more hard-working girl, and one that always kept herself decent. To be sure, she had a good place of it: for I gave her seven shillings a quarter, with liberty to spin one night in the week for herself. All the time she lived with me I never had reason to fault her, but for two things—one was, that she seldom went to confession, and grudged the money to the Priest, though she would give to any poor body that came in her way and lent many a penny they never paid her back—

the other was, that she would ever be singing at her work, when you couldn't know one air from another. It was more like a bee than a Christian, and though it was low, you could hear it quite plain, when our two wheels would be making a noise that would drown any thing but it. Nothing would stop her if Richard didn't begin to sing, which I would often beckon to him to do, when I was fairly tired out with her; and then she would listen for ever: but the minute he was done she would take up her own croon again. I wouldn't offend her by passing a remark on her manner; for it was little comfort she had in life: and why should I debar her of singing the best way she could if it pleased her? But it was the *quare* singing!

Richard took great delight in Mary, who, I believe, loved him as well as myself. Every evening, he would make her repeat her Christian Doctrine, and the Catechise, and prayers of all kinds, with ballads and rhymes, that he had to no end. He would make her sing too, till he said she could hit off the Coolin, and Shuil Agra, as well as himself; but that wasn't true; nobody ever sung to equal him. Sure enough, I had great peace then, and more comfort than I was willing to confess.

It wasn't a year all out from my misfortune, when my father died. Poor man! it was well seen he wasn't comfortable in himself latterly. The family was scattered, and my mother and Connor were al-

ways disputing. There was plenty of disagreement too about his will. He left all to my mother, to do what she pleased with it, only a trifle of twenty pounds a piece to Connor and Richard. I that lived in the house with him never could see by Richard if he took it to heart or no; and when Darky faulted the will, and said it was an unnatural shame, he bid her whisht, and mind her own business; which startled her so, that she didn't sing one word that night after. It was the first time he was ever heard to say that much to mortal.

Connor went mad entirely. It took great flattering to get him to the church-yard the day of the funeral,—and he threatened to list, and do what not, but when he cooled, he thought it best to make a friend of my mother, and stay at home to have an eye over my sister and her family, afraid they would get all if he was out of the way. I had nothing to do but keep peace between them if I could. I seldom went to my mother's, seeing Connor was jealous of me, though he had no reason, as she gave me little welcome at the best of times, and was always drawing comparisons between my *one*, with her pale face, and the eight strong, rosy children belonging to my sister.

I told you before of the place called the English settlement, where the Scotch people lived. One of them took a bit of ground in the next town land to us, when the seven families went to America. He

was an aged man, and went by the name of Sandy Gordon. His wife too was well in years; and a lonely life they must have had of it, their children being all settled the other side of the lough. They were a decent looking couple, as far as I could judge from the little freedom I made with them, for I dreaded the sight of them, not being of the church; and Father Staunton often said that the country had no luck since the like of them came into it. Richard would never be persuaded to make strange with them. He said he would be civil to any body was civil to him, and old Sandy often gave him good advice about cattle. The man would be now and then in and out of our house, so that after awhile I got accustomed to see him without thinking bad, and Darky, that had a bold spirit, made free with them from the beginning, borrowing the churn-dash from the old woman, when ours was broken, as if she was one of ourselves; but I wouldn't put a foot inside their door, if you paid me for it.

Richard was living with me going on five years, when Miss Clara would have Mary stop at Lismire to learn to sew from her maid, who was wonderful at the needle. Madam Dunworth herself sent me a message about it; and Richard and Darky, and all of them, were ever persuading me not to stand in the child's light; so I was forced to let her go, though it went to my heart to be parted from her one hour. I was always making one excuse or other to go down

to the house; and the Madam, guessing my uneasiness, told me one day that I must stay there too, having something for me to do about young pea fowl she was rearing. Glad enough I was to take her at her word, and we were there as good as two months, till Mary could sew as well as Miss Bently herself.

I wasn't a bit sorry to get home after all. Oh! there's nothing like a floor of one's own, let it be ever so poor! Darky was joyful to see us too, though she didn't say much, only I knew it by her, when she settled the pewter on the dresser six times over, and spun her thread so fine that she spoiled her hank. I had so much to say, I didn't notice any thing odd about Richard then, but in a little time I saw he was an altered man. He would sit silent by the hour, as he used to do when he was a boy, and in dread of my mother, and though loving as ever to Mary, he never called her to repeat her Christian doctrine, or go over her prayers. Not a song neither would he sing for us, though I often put her up to axing him for one; and yet, betimes, I could hear him, when he went to bed, singing to himself out of the way outlandish airs, that had neither sense nor meaning in them. I was loth to worry him, axing what ailed him, when I saw he didn't like it; but I was uneasy in my mind, and I noticed it one day to Darky, when we had the house to ourselves.

"Nothing ails him," says she, "only the loneliness while ye were away. He got a fashion of holding

his tongue when he had nobody to talk to but old Sandy Gordon and his wife; and though they are civil people, they are but of few words. Never heed him; his spirits will come round when the birds begin to sing in Spring. I am lightsomer myself then, nor any part of the year."

I was fain to put up with that reason, for want of a better; though it didn't satisfy me; for I never could see what differ the longest or shortest day made in Darky—she was ever the same—working and singing, working and singing.

Oh! I had no notion what was in his head, no more nor the child unborn, let John Malone say what he will. How could I? when he never opened his mind to me, one way or other; or was no way altered, only being changed entirely. There was one thing, for certain, might have put me on my guard, if I heard it at the time, but Darky vexed me, putting in her word when it wasn't wanted, so I dropped the discourse, afraid of saying what I might be sorry for. *That* was one fine Sunday, drawing to the end of October, when the boys in the next town gathered to dig out the lame woman's potatoes, and two of them passing the door, axed Richard to go with them. It was a surprise to me, that he who was always the first to do a friendly turn for any body, wouldn't join them, say what they would, and they went away funning him about Jack Farrell's daughter; making as if he was going to court her. I was a little nettled



at that, for she was one he wouldn't be looking after, so I said, "Do Richard, take the loy, and shew as good will to the afflicted as the other neighbours."

"I wish her as well as any of them," says he, "and I will give her help another time if she wants it, but this is no day for work."

"Ah! what do you mean, Richard?" says I.

"I mean," says he, speaking very quick, and moving his eyes faster nor ever, "that to work on a Sunday isn't right. It is a downright sin."

"Now listen to him," says I. "Did ever any body hear the like of that? Why man, doesn't the priest get in his hay and oats always on a Sunday evening; and if it was a sin do you think he would favour it?"

"No matter," says he, "who does it, it's a bad thing, and I'll have no hand in it."

"My blessing on you for your sperrit," says Darcy, drawing herself up quite stiff as if nobody had a right to speak but herself. "It's a poor thing, after slaving all the week like pack horses, if one can't have Sunday to rest one's bones. As to the sin I know nothing about that, but it's little one of his sort cares about it, so he gets any thing by it. His work is done cheap by catching them after mass; for all it costs him is a little whiskey, and six-pence halfpenny to the piper. I never put myself out of the way for one of them, and it's not likely I'll begin now."

Well, as I said before, I thought Darcy took too

much on her ; and all the night after I was reflecting in my own mind about her stiffness, and in that way Richard's oddity went out of my head, as if it never was in it.

I couldn't go to the chapel for three Sundays after that Christmas, having a megrim in my head, which I was subject to ; and Darcy kept at home too, while her shoes were mending, for more than a month, so it was hard for me to know where Richard went to. After he crossed the brae, he might turn any airt he took a fancy to, unknownst to me. I never doubted but that he went as usual to his duty, and *that* Sunday, above all, I was putting on me to go with him, only for a threatening of snow that prevented me.

The next day was the fair of Ballymaganlan. Richard was off before there was light in the sky, and Darcy contrived to have her shoes home before breakfast ; for she set her heart upon buying the makings of a chany blue calico gound, which I thought was above her station, but I kep my mind to myself. I was left alone with Mary, and though it was a snowy day, I do'nt know when I felt more comfortable and easy, little knowing what was before me. As well as I can guess, it was going to eleven by the day, when who should ride up to the door, on a pillion, behind Connor, but my mother, the priest following close after. She stopped at the door after she lit off the horse, and never noticing the welcome myself or my little girl had for her, she

says, with *her* way, that she always had when she was vexed, "Is there any one in the house besides ye two?"

"Sorrah one," says I, "Richard is at the fair trying to sell the slip of a pig, and Darky had a job of her own, so we are all alone, just as you see us."

With that, she pushed by me and sot down on the chair, unpinning the hankecher from under *her* chin, as if to get room to speak; while Father Staunton was flinging the snow from his hat into the fire, and Connor kep standing by the dresser, looking as black as the darkest night.

"So," says my mother, settling her elbows on her knees, "fine doings you have among yes all!"

"Nothing strange, that I know of," says I, wondering at them all.

"Are you turned heretic too?" says she, choking with passion.

I crossed myself over and over again. "Oh, mother!" says I, "what's come over you? or who is putting between us, that you bring up such a thing *again* me?"

"Mrs. O'Toole," says Father Staunton, "I can answer for the woman, that she has neither act nor part in this bad business. I made you sensible of *that* this morning. Keep up your spirits, Mrs. Delany, (turning to me) you are to be pitied, but I trust not blamed."

"What is it at all, Sir?" says I. "What is it you

have again me. If I knew it I could make answer, but I can say nothing when it's all hid from me."

"You don't know, then," says he, looking me through and through, "that your brother Richard O'Toole has sold himself to the devil, and turned Protestant?"

"There's not one word of truth in it," says I. "Somebody has belied him to your Reverence. He couldn't be said or led by man, woman, or child, to bar himself from the light of heaven."

"Where was he yesterday?" says he.

"Sure, I may ax your Reverence that. Didn't you see him in the chapel, where he is every Sunday, let it be wet or dry?"

"He wasn't there since Christmas-day," says the priest, "and I can tell you that yesterday he was in Drumarane church."

"He was not, you may depend on it," says I; my heart beating as if it would jump through my side. Somebody envies him, and wants to hurt him with his people. Wait till you hear what he has to say, and he will clear himself, I know."

"I have heard him already," says the priest. "I way-laid him on the road this morning, and had him alone with me for near an hour. He wouldn't nor he didn't want to clear himself. He was as *stubbrint* as the blackest Protestant of them all. I tried fair means and foul means, and the only thing I got for my trouble, was his telling me to my face, that he was

long a Protestant in heart, and that now, since he leaped the ditch, he would stick to his new religion to the last hour of his life."

"The villain, the villain!" says my mother, "Did I ever think that one belonging to me would disgrace me after this fashion?"

"He was only joking, Sir," says I, crying as if my heart would break; for I guessed it was true, though I wouldn't give in to it. "He often joked with myself about many a thing, till you would think him in downright earnest."

"I'm not a man to be joked with," says the priest, "as he will find to his cost. But my good woman, you need make no excuses for him, he wouldn't thank you for them. He is an open heretic, glorying in his wickedness. It is my duty to set him adrift upon the world. He shan't stay here to poison the mind of you and your daughter, and, may be, others too."

"I'll promise for him, Sir," says I, "that he'll give over his new notions. It was old Sandy and Mabel Gordon put them into his head; and I'll make him forswear their company, and be ever dutiful and obedient to your orders."

"You may save yourself all that trouble," says he. "I'll manage him my own way. Listen to what I say, and see that you *folly* it. I command you to harbour him no longer; not to let him sleep another night under your roof; not to give him meat or drink, if he was starving, but to banish him entirely till I tell you to the contrary."

"Is it my own brother?" says I.

"His mother has renounced him," says the priest.

"Ah, no! she hasn't," says I, looking over at her.

"Mother dear! you couldn't be so unnatural."

"I have," says she. "I have denied him, and renounced him, and laid my heavy curse on him; and the same is in store for you, if you go against the orders of your clergy."

"No occasion for that, I hope, Mrs. O'Toole," says Father Staunton, "She'll be advised before I resort to other means. Mind I tell you, be advised," nodding over at me in a very odd way."

There's no use in denying it, but fright was getting the better of me. I cried even a-head still, till I got a little courage to speak, and I grew the bolder as I went on.

"An't I to be pitied among yes all!" says I. "Don't you want me to do what isn't in my nature? No,—I'll never shut my door *again* him while I have one.—I'll never see him want while I have a bit to divide with him. No, no; if he was *twiste* as bad as you would make him, and if all the world looked black on him, he'll be ever welcome to me, and all I have on the face of the earth."

"I warn you not to provoke me," says the priest. "You little know what you are going to draw down upon yourself."

My courage went when I had done speaking. I dare not look at my mother, so I looked over at Connor,

but that look took the little strength I had from me; for if ever the enemy put his eyes into a Christian's head, they were in Connor's at that moment. The priest saw me fail.

"Do you still defy me?" says he.

"I don't defy you," says I, "for I haven't strength this minute to stand before a fly. But I couldn't turn him from my door—I could not.—Oh, Sir," says I, raising my two hands, and screeching out with terror, "if there's mercy in your heart, bid me do any thing but that."

My mother dropped on her knees, and begun—"May my curse and the widdy's curse....."

"Stop, woman!" says the priest; "let me deal with her. A heavier curse than your's shall light upon her."

His look was for all the world the same as Connor's; and my heart stopped beating while he shouted in my ears, "I'll pin you to the ground you're standing on. You shall never leave that spot, till you see what it is to go against my will."

He muttered a few words to himself, and as he went on, a cold sickness came over me, till my limbs grew heavy, and the sight left my eyes. I felt as if I was going to fall, but I hadn't the power. I stood there with my arms lifted up, and though I tried to speak, no sound would come out of my lips. I heard the cries of my poor child, and I heard Connor wrangling with the priest, and my mother praying, but I seen

nothing, I felt nothing, but that the spell was upon me, and that I couldn't shake it off.

My mother had pity on me, and she reasoned cases with the priest to take off the charm. I knew by the way she spoke she was greatly frightened.

"Don't make her the show of the world," says she, "Don't disgrace us before the whole country. Plenty of that has come upon me by the Runagate that has sold himself body and soul. I promise for her that she will obey your commands, and when did you know me go back of my promise?"

"But how can I trust her?" says he, "Hasn't she defied me, and dared me to my face?"

"And isn't she well punished for it?" says Connor. "And you won't be trusting to her; for here's my hand for it, if ever I quit the house till that villain is banished; aye, if I had to burn the roof over his head."

"I'm satisfied," says the priest; and he begun to mutter again, but I didn't come to myself as sudden as I was struck: for when he had done, he and Connor had to move me from the place where I was standing, and fix me on the settle-bed. It was all said and done in a shorter time than I am telling it, but it gave me a turn that I never got over from that out.

They settled it all among themselves. I never said for or *again* any thing they offered. Connor was to stay that night, to keep his word with the priest, while my mother sent for a neighbour's son to ride



back with her; and Father Staunton promised to send a boy in the place of him that was to be hunted through the world like a mad dog.

"It's well for you," says he, when he was going away, "that you have friends to look after you for this world and the next, for a poor hand you'd make of yourself. Never grieve for parting with your care-keeper. You'll be at no loss for a knowing boy to mind the farm. Farghy Conlan has work in his bones not like the blind drone you were bothered with so long."

I made him no answer, for I was so entirely unhappy I did not care what became of me. My mother soon went after the priest, but not before she finished her curse on me and mine, if ever I shewed favour or friendship to the heretic.

It was a dismal time that I had with Connor after they left us together. I had no heart to speak, and he kep whistling to himself, and looking out at the snow that began to fall thick at the turn of the day. I believe I was thinking of nothing the whole time, till Darky came in, just after night fall, and I couldn't look to the door, afraid Richard was behind her. But she was alone, and I begun to breathe lighter, and pluck up a little heart, now that I had any body between me and Connor. After looking at him, to wonder what brought him there, she laid her bundle on the dresser, and slipping a bit of ginger-bread into Mary's hand, and leaving another piece before me,

she set to, as her manner was, to ready up the place without saying one word to any of us. Two or three times she gave the bundle a shove towards me, to let me see a bit of the blue calico hanging out of it; but after a while, seeing I took no notice of it, (and how could I think of any thing but my own trouble)? she flung it on the top of the dresser, and took the pail to milk the cows. She was vexed, I suppose, at us all, for she said in her stiff way, "I wish any one had the manners to drive the poor cattle into the byre, and not leave them standing out in the snow all day, while the master is starving himself, driving home again the wary pig, that gives more trouble than she's worth. I think his dinner might be ready too, again he comes home; that is, if he gets home to-night."

"When did you see him last?" says I, the first time I ventured to speak for better nor an hour.

"I left him at the cross roads," says she, "when he made me come home quick, afraid you'd be unasy about him."

"Oh! we're not at all unasy," says Connor, in a jibing way. "He has friends of his own to take care of him. They'll provide a warm corner for him, never fear."

"Them that deserves friends will have friends," says she, putting her apron over her head, and slapping the door after her, till the plates rung again upon the dresser.

She wasn't gone passing five minutes when Richard

came in. I had only one wish then, and that was, that the ground would open under my feet, and let me quietly lie down for ever in it. He walked over to the fire, and said, in his own cheerful way, "Ah, Connor! is that you?" Connor made no answer, but kept looking straight into the fire. Poor Richard was a little dashed to find us all so dark and silent. I knew it by the way he stood, with his hands twisted together.

"It's well for us," says he again, "to have a house over our heads to-night. The snow is come on worse nor ever; and it is so dark, I had enough to do to find my way the last half mile. I'm glad to be at home any how, for it was a wearing-out day. Mary dear," stretching out his arms to the poor frightened creature, "help me off with this coat—it is sticking to my arms with the wet."

"You'd better keep it on, says Connor, getting up from the fire, and facing him. "You'll want it, wet as it is; for, out of this house you'll go this minute."

"What is he at?" says he, turning to me.

"No matter," says the other, "I tell you to turn out."

I went between them.

"Richard," says I, "they say you have sold yourself to destruction, and turned Protestant. Tell them they are liars, and prove them liars, and I'll wear out my two knees with praying for blessing on you."

"Norah," says he, sad like, "I won't deny the truth, though I hid it from you too long. I have left the Romans; but why should that make any difference between us? Why can't we love one another as well as ever?"

Connor lifted his hand, but I pulled it back.

"Let me say one word to him," says I. "His soul may be saved yet, if he listens to me. Richard! you know I love you next in the world to that poor orphan, that is just beside herself with sorrow for you. I believe, this minute, when may be it's a sin to look at you, that I love you better. I suffered for you this day, what no Christian could think of, short of going mad. I would not consent to drive you from me, though I was threatened with the curse of her that brought me into the world; and the hand of the priest was over me, that nailed me to the ground you are standing on. The same curse is on you, and the same charm may change you into a dumb brute to be worried by dogs. Have a thought for yourself, Richard; for I tell you you're a lost man. You've left the true church, the church that can work miracles, as I felt this morning to my cost."

"You were only frightened, Norah," says he, "that was the miracle, and nothing else."

"You don't defy the power of the priest?" says I.

"I defied him this morning, and his charm had no power over me. I wasn't afraid of him. It is the living God alone that I fear."

"Richard, will you break my heart?" says I.

"I wouldn't hurt you for all the world ever saw," says he. "But, let me explain myself to you all, and it's likely you may come to my way of thinking."

With that Connor snatched a piece of blazing bog fir from the fire, and made at him.

"I wouldn't have your blood upon me," says he, "but if you don't quit the place this minute, I'll brain you."

Poor Richard went towards the door, and stopped when he looked out.

"I'd never live out such a night as this," says he. "Let me only shelter myself in any corner till daylight, and I'll give you no more trouble."

Connor made a blow at him with the wood, but missed him, while Mary and I hung about his legs to hinder him murdering his brother.

"Oh! let there be no strife about me," says Richard, "I'll go," and turning out of the door, he gave one look back, and said, "Norah, my blessing, and God's blessing be about you and your's."

"Stop, uncle Richard," says Mary, running to the door, "I'll *folly* you wherever you go."

"Not to-night," says Connor. "In the morning you may look for him if you can find him."

He then locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, saying, "I have kept my word with the priest, any how."

Mary was obliged to content herself with crying.

As for me, I had no sense at all. I would as soon have laughed as cried, but I could do neither.

"Won't you let Darky in?" says I, hearing her bawling and pushing at the door.

"May-be she has somebody under her wing," says he, but (taking up a bill-hook) this is his welcome, if he offers to put a foot over the *thrashel*."

He unlocked the door, and Darky came in all in a blaze.

"Ah! what's come over the house?" says she "Are yes afraid of robbers, or what, that them that's *follying* their business can't come in or out, without having doors locked on them? And what was all the wrangling I heard? And who offended you a-vourneen? (looking at Mary, that she had great pride out of) and where's the master, for sure didn't he pass by, while I was *scoulding* the kicking cow?"

"They've put my uncle Richard out," says Mary, "and will never let him in again."

"Who put him out?" says Darky, staring the eyes out of her head.

"Myself," says Connor, "and I'll serve you the same turn, if you say much to me one way or other."

"What is it all about?" says she, directing her discourse to me.

"Didn't you hear, Darky?" says I, "that Richard has gone and turned to be a Protestant?"

"So some of them had it in the fair to-day," says she "but what is that to any one but himself?"

"The priest was with me to-day," says I, "and he laid it on me to have done with him. He laid on me worse than that, when I refused to do his bidding; for he put a charm about me, that left me more life in me than a sod of turf."

"Bad manners to him!" says Darcy. That was the worst oath she ever swore. "It's mischief the like of them deals in, and not good. But, sure, you, (looking hard at me) wouldn't turn worse nor the brute beasts, and shut the door again him this night of snow, and storm, and darkness?"

"It was my uncle Connor done it," says Mary. "My mother couldn't hinder him; and he beat him out of the house, and what could we do?"

"If there's truth or justice in heaven," says Darcy, "you'll suffer for this, Connor. But why do I stand talking here, while the man may be perished in the snow. It's out of all question, that he can find his way through the bog. Let me out till I track him, while I have a chance of seeing his steps. Let me out, I say, for my own life isn't safe with yes both."

"Make yourself asy where you are," says Connor. "You'll not cross the door this night. Remember I advise you to be quiet, or you'll repent it sore."

She saw he was steady in his will, and that she had no chance if she went to struggle with him; so she leaned her elbows on the dresser, and kep staring at me, till I was ready to drop.

"Ah, Darcy!" says I, at last, "it's my heart that's sore!"

"Poh, woman!" says she, "have you a heart at all? Do you listen to the wind and snow beating in at the windy, and tell me you have a heart, after what you have done? If it was Miles Gafney's cur, (and of all them that gave me a hard word, his tongue was ever the heaviest on me,) if it was his cur that would snarl at me, I wouldn't drive him from my fire side in a storm like this."

"Well done!" says Connor, forcing a laugh. "Well done Jenny Mattimo's daughter, that was born at the back of the ditch, and had her education in all the jails in Connaught and Munster! See how grand she talks about her fire side—Ah! where is it, Darcy?"

"It's just like you Connor O'Toole," says she, "to trample on the weak. You have no reproach to bear for your parents' sake, I confess that. But despicable as I am in your eyes, I would not be in your coat for all the Barony of Tirnaboeclish. There's sorrow before you Connor, you can't shun it."

She pulled the wheel out of the corner, and begun settling the flax on the rock.

"Well now," says Connor, "since the storm is over in doors, get me my supper Darcy, like a good girl."

"There's nothing fit for you in the house," says she; "the rats got the last dose we had three weeks last Thursday."

"You're tired Darcy," says I, "and it's no wonder.



I'll get the supper. Mary dear, take down the nog-gins, while I strain up the milk and get the bread."

I was thankful to have any thing to do, and I made more work for myself than I need, to keep away thinking, and hinder Darky angering Connor more; for I knew of old he was like a wild beast, when vexed to the height.

While he was eating his supper, Darky kept turning the wheel like mad, and singing so loud that I couldn't hear the wind whistling through the cracked pane. Sometimes she would stop, and listen when there blew a loud blast, and I could be ready to put my hands on my ears from fear and dread. At last, on a sudden, she pushed her wheel away, took the rush-light in her hand, and went up the ladder to the loft where she lay.

"Are you going to bed so soon Darky?" says I.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I amn't," was all the answer I got. After a time Connor, who was listening, says to me, "What noise is that barge making above there? Is she setting the house a-fire over our heads?"

"No fear of that," says I. "But, sure enough, there is an out-of-the-way noise in the loft; so, Mary dear, run up the ladder, and see what Darky is about—she'll not be vexed at you dear, though she might with me."

Mary was up and down in a minute.

"Mother, mother!" says she, "Darky has pushed

out the windy and all, and has let herself down by the roof of the barn into the haggard."

"What can she be about?" says I, knowing her mind all the time, only I was fearful of Connor.

"She's after the ferret, her sweetheart," says he; "and a pleasant dip they'll both of them have in the big drain, I hope."

"Connor," says I, "you had better go to bed—we'll only be bad company for one other. There's no touch of nature in you. God forgive you for this night's work, and me too—I never desire you to meddle with me or mine again, for I have got enough of you."

"I'll be off," says he carelessly, "by the screech of day; for my mother will have no peace till she knows Father Staunton is satisfied. I'll let you alone, never fear, if I'm not called to it; but my hand's in for it now, and I'll go through with it, if I had to wade in the blood of more than one."

Saying that, he went to bed, and it was the last sight I had of Connor. Darky's words came out true, that there was sorrow over him: for, five weeks after he was drowned while fishing in the lough. My mother gave up housekeeping, when that trouble came upon her, and went to live with my sister till her death.

Though I lay upon the bed, yet not an eye did I close the live long night—and a long night it seemed to me, even when the storm went down.—I heard

Connor leave the house as the day began to break, and soon after I knew Darky's heavy foot on the floor. I was ashamed to look at her, but I called out, "oh! Darky, what news?"

"News indeed," says she stiffly, "where would I get news this time of the day?"

"You understand my meaning well enough," says I; "and if you have any pity for me, tell me what you know about Richard."

"He's safe at Sandy Gordon's," says she. "He was there before me last night, and went as straight as if it was a bright summer's day.—Little thanks to them that gave him the walk. Connor spoke truth for once in his life, when he said, he had friends to take care of him. There was *One* busy for him last night, when he led him safe in a track that the sharpest eye couldn't see."

"Oh! Darky," says I, running out to her, "you are the blessedest woman my eyes ever looked on, to bring me such news. I'll never forget it to you Darky—do what you will, say what you will, I'll never fault you—I'll never say you done wrong—I'll live and die blessing you, if you were to curse me to my face."

"Let them curse," says she, "that makes a trade of it, and earns a livelihood by it. It's I that don't grudge them their dirty gains, or want to larn their business. But," says she, softening towards me, when she saw my joy, "he bid me give you his love

and his blessing ; and that it is better to keep distant with him for a time ; and he bid Mary keep the black heifer for a keepsake from him. I put his own two cows out of the byre before I came in, not knowing what that crooked-minded Connor might do to them in his fancies, and I'll carry down his box, when I scrape all that belongs to him into it, as soon as the breakfast is over."

She then ran off to milk the cows, and would hardly give herself time to put a bit into her mouth, settling, and scouring, and driving here and there all the morning. When Richard's box was packed to her satisfaction, she went to the loft, and came down shortly, dressed in her best, with shoes and stockings on her feet, things she seldom troubled herself about only at odd times. She laid some yarn upon the table before me.

"Mistress," says she, "I owe you ninepence-half-penny, and there's the value of it."

"I don't want it," says I, "I can stop what you owe me out of the next quarter."

"It's as well to take it now," says she, "while I have it to give. I'll earn no more in your service. My quarter was out last Friday, and I'm going to seek my fortune elsewhere."

"And are you going to leave me too Darky?" says I, mournfully enough, though I was tired out crying.

"Better to go of my own good will, than wait to be turned out *again* it," says she. "You know your

mind isn't in your own keeping, and I'm mistaken if the Priest would let me stay long with you. If it came to the push, do you think you would be stout on my side, when you failed for him that had the same father and mother with yourself? Besides, I'd have a dread of living in the place now—I would, you may believe it—for though I'm ignorant, I can give a guess there is neither luck nor grace over this house. You sent away from you one that had the blessing of God about him, and might have brought a share of it to you. I couldn't be easy in my mind after such doings, so it is better to go in pace, than stay with a heavy heart."

"All I can say is, that I'm obliged to you Darcy Elwood," says I, "for leaving me at this amplush, after eating my meat and taking my wages so long in friendliness and good will."

"You'll get plenty more able to work nor myself," says she. "Age is coming on me, and I'll soon be little good for. Then, I leave you at no amplush. Paddy Donoghoe's daughter is ready to come this minute, a decent, willing girl, as you know. I spoke to her this morning about it, and she'll be with you, when she sees me cross the ford. You can try her, and if she don't please you, why, try another. And now, mistress, don't part me in anger, and ill blood, but just say, 'Darcy I wish you well'—and whether you say it or no, you'll have my prayers and good wishes to my dying hour and so will you too—(look-

ing over at Mary,)—early and late, may His blessing be on you.”

I had no anger in my heart; it was all sorrow. “I never thought it would come to this,” says I, “but I must bear it with the rest—You have my good word and wish, too, Darky; you deserve nothing worse from me. Keep your yarn girl—I’ll never use it. And Darky,” says I, taking two shillings from my pocket, “don’t be proud, but take this from me as a token of friendship—it’s only all as one as from one sister to another—and, Darky, you may be in sickness or want, and if you are, you know where to come to.”

I never saw the tear in her eye before. She took the yarn and the money, and said with a low voice, “It’s to Sandy Gordon’s I’m going—*he’s* used to me, and old Mabel don’t know his ways—he’ll fret less, when there is one from this house near him—I’ll hear, too, more of what I heard last night among them—I’ve a surmise they’re right, no matter who’s wrong. Pah! I may as well be going, as I am to go; so the blessing of the desolate be with you.”

I needn’t tire you by going over and over the same thing, and telling you how I took on under my losses—I had a good right to feel them.—Julia Donoghoe was not to be compared to Darky, and, as for Farghy Conlan—Oh! he was the scourge.—I’ll not talk of him as long as I can help it, for fear I might put more upon him than his due.

I could hear betimes of Richard, and the persecution he had got from all sides, though he kept greatly in doors, and was civil to all that came in his way. They houghed his two fine cows, and never left offending the old couple that gave him shelter. I could hear, too, that Darky kept up her courage, though she came in for her share of ill usage. She left off the chapel entirely ; but, whether she turned to be a Protestant out and out, I couldn't learn. I might have known more, if I asked Mary, as I guessed she passed many an hour with them. But I did not, I dreaded hearing what would make me forbid her going, which would have grieved her, and brought sorrow to another too ; so I trusted her to the Virgin, who she belonged to, hoping she would keep her in the right way.

I was going on this way for near a year and a quarter, when one day, Julia, who was the first to have news, told me Richard was failing for a long time, and that he was then very bad. I hadn't time to answer, when Mary came running in, "Mother," says she, "my uncle Richard is I believe for death ; he's longing to see you ; and, mother dear, won't you come ?"

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" says I, "when I'm sure, you knew he was growing bad."

"He wouldn't let me," says she, "he was fearful of bringing trouble on you."

"He was ever considerate," says I, putting my

cloak about me, "but trouble and myself is hand and glove this many a long day; and now I'm so used to it, that a little one way or other makes no differ."

It was the dusk of the evening when I got to the house; and there was my poor Richard, pale and death-like in the bed, Darky sitting behind him, holding him up in her arms.

"Norah," says he, the minute I went in, "I'm glad to see you once more."

"And it's I that am sorry to see you in this low, weak condition," says I.

"Don't grieve," says he. "It's all right. What use was I in this world? and I'm fast going to a better."

"Won't you make your peace with the Priest before you die?" says I.

"I owe him no ill will," says he, "and I die at peace with him and all the world."

"But, oh!" says I, "won't you have his hand over you, to make all sure for you in the next world?"

"It's all made sure without him," says he. "My trust is in One that's stronger than he."

"Oh! what will I do?" says I, wringing my hands, "his soul will be lost, and I can't help it. But (turning to the old man.) it's you will have to answer for this. It's you ruined him, living, and you are keeping every Christian from him, when he's dying."

"No," says the old man mildly. "He is welcome to send for who he likes. If he wants the Priest, I will carry the message myself?"



"I don't want him," says Richard. "He could do nothing for me. He that died on the cross, I look to, and he is able to save my soul."

"But the ointment, the ointment, Richard! How can you do without that?"

"Norah," says he, "my breath is fast going, and I have many things to say—things I ought to have said before, only my weak heart failed me. Oh! Norah, Norah—it is you that are in danger—it is you that are in darkness; for, you have no dependance in the Saviour of sinners."

"Ah! what put that in your head?" says I, "to think so bad of me. Sure you know well, that I honour Him, and the blessed mother and the holy angels."

"What will I say to her?" says he, "my mind isn't clear, and I fear it is too late."

There was sorrow in his face when he said that; but all that was in my heart, was jealousy of Darky where she was, and I wanted to be in her place.

"If I was sitting where Darky is," I remarked to him, "you could say all you wanted easier to yourself—would you like it dear?"

His face reddened up all with joy, and as for Darky, she laughed out, she was so glad; so in a minute, I took her place, and when I had his head leaning on my breast, I was happy, and I said, "now Richard, speak to me what is in your mind, and I'll never say one word to contradict you."

It was long before he could get utterance; and then he said many things that I disremember, not understanding the half, though Mary was quick, and helped him out in some things, when he wanted breath. I only remember he made me give him a promise, that I would listen to the Bible, if ever it came in my way, and then he was satisfied, and prayed for me, and my poor child.

I sat there holding him in my arms, till the turn of the night, when he died: and as I was weak and no good, I took Darky's advice to go home quietly, and trust the poor body to them.

"Aye," says I, "I'll leave him with you. He chose to cast in his lot among you living, and I'll not go again his will now."

Not a Christian would go to the wake, nor could there be got a man to help to carry him to the grave, till they had to send across the Lough, to the English Settlement, for help; and they buried him in Drumarane, in a corner, far away from his own people, not to give them offence. But that didn't soften their hearts, for the first thing old Sandy saw when he went out the next morning, was poor Richard's coffin lying before the door. It was useless to put him in the ground any place in the country; the same thing would only happen over again: so they took the coffin in a boat across the Lough, and, as I heard, carried it as good as sixty miles, till they left him among Protestants—Darky going every foot of the way back and *forad*.

My mother died not long after. I believe she didn't curse me in her dying hour, but she wouldn't let me near her, for shewing kindness at the last to poor Richard. She left all to my sister's family, and the world prospered with them. They are high up now. Oh! what would my mother say, if she was to look out of her grave, and see them ashamed of their name and their religion; for as soon as my sister's oldest son, the Attorney, drove his gig, he was awkward to be seen at the chapel, among the mob, so he went off to the church, where there were other gigs to keep him company; and one by one, they all folly'd his pattern, for no reason in life, but pride. They didn't mind the Priest; and they had no reason to dread the others, being rich and well united through other. They took the name of Downes too, and got great respect in the country to their faces—behind their backs people will be talking.

Darky walks in to me one fine morning, coming on harvest, the first time since she left me for good.

"You're welcome Darky," says I, "where are you going this beautiful morning, with your handsome, new red cloak?"

"I wouldn't quit the country," says she, "without giving you a call. The old couple below there, gets such usage, they can stay in it no longer. They have good encouragement to go to the North, where they have friends, and they will fain have me go with them."

"I wonder how you like being with strangers," says I, "when them that knows you would be glad to keep you."

"Ah!" says she, "where can I be, that I won't be a stranger? Have I one belonging to me, to bid me the time of the day? or is there one would thank me, if I said I belonged to them?"

"You had your own troubles, sure enough," says I.

"Well!" says she, "what great matter about them? Doesn't He who is my dependance say, 'In the world you will have trouble, but keep up a good heart, I have got the better of it?'"

"You always had odd notions of your own, Darcy," says I, "and I see you got more of them lately."

"Odd or even," says she, "I wouldn't part them for more than you think. They have made my mind easy, and my heart light. Then, I have a wish to lay my bones beside them that feared God—it may be folly, but I can't help feeling a wish about it."

"What a heart you have, Darcy," says I, "to look upon us all as no better nor heathens?"

"Little matter what the like of me thinks," says she. "And, mistress dear, I'll not offend you now, when I can't be of use; but it will never leave my mind, that you'll be called yet. Night and day you had the prayers of him that is gone to his rest, and he had a good hope, that a blessing was in store for you. Ah! do you remember," says she, "putting her hand upon my shoulder, 'how he made you promise to give heed to the Bible, when it came in your way?'"

"Bad as you judge me, Darky," says I, "I'll keep that promise surely."

"That was what I wanted to say," says she, turning to go out, "they'll be gone a good piece of the road by this time, and I must walk fast to come up with them."

"Won't you stop to give a look at Mary," says I. "The poor thing will be sorry to miss you."

"I had her to myself just now," says she, "and I gave her an advice," when stopping a minute, she whispered, "do'n't trust to Farghy Conlan. He's taking greatly on him, since his uncle's son is coming to be Curate to old Priest Staunton—all the Conlan's have a bad drop in them, so have an eye to Farghy."

I never after could hear what become of Darky, though I inquired often and often.

You may remark, I do'n't say much of Mary. It is that I can't. I can talk of any thing else, be it ever so bad: but when I speak of her sore lot, it takes the little sense I have from me. I'll just hurry over it as shortly as I can—she was turned of seventeen, and having the name of a fortune, there was many looking after her. One boy in particular, that I couldn't fault, so he had my good wish, and might have had hers too; when Farghy, one evening, opened the door, for as good as twenty men, crowding thick one after the other. "That girl belongs to me," says he, and in a minute they dragged her from my side—put her on horseback before one of them, and

galloped away with my child. In the darkest night that ever came out of the sky, I run to Lismire, over hedge and ditch, like one that was mad. The family was in Dublin, but the Steward raised the country, and sent men out every side to search—it was useless—they were over the Lough, and up the mountains, where he had plenty of his own name to give him a hiding. I didn't see her face for three weeks, when she walked into the house to me early one morning—a woful creature, disgraced before the whole world.—Mr. Dunworth wanted her to swear *again* the villain, and promised to see justice done on him. But they put an oath upon her, before they let her away, that she would never injure him; besides, how could we stay in the place with all his factions; and how could she ever lift up her head among decent people, even if he was punished. The neighbours thought little of it, such things being common through the country; and his cousin the Priest, made a joke of it to my face, and said she was lucky to come across a boy of sperrit. Well—they were married, but not before I had to give up all my little property to satisfy him; for when he found he was safe, he wouldn't right her, till I made him master of all. The Priest made the bargain, and promised to see justice done to me.

If Farghy treated his wife well, I could have put up with his ill usage to myself, but he was one that had no feeling nor tenderness in him. Often we had to fly the house, when he was in liquor, and lie all

night in an out house, in fear and dread of our lives. While he would deny himself nothing, my poor child might go bare and naked; and he was so lavish and wasteful, that in three years all our substance was gone; and as to myself, I hadn't a decent pair of shoes to my feet. I had no one to complain to. The family never came back to Lismire after the old gentleman's death; and, supposing they were there, I would have been timorous to expose him, since he belonged to her at all. The only feeling of joy I had then, was when I got a letter from my Miss Clara, telling me under her own hand, how she was going to be married to Lord Innisfallan; and how I was to go to her when she came to the Castle; and how she guessed I would be proud to hear her called my lady; and how she hoped Mary was happy, and sent her love to her. I was counting the hours till May, when she was to come; but May passed, and June passed, and no sign of them, so I said to myself, "There's no good before me; my bed is made for me, and hard as it is I must lie down in it, and say nothing."

There was one poor sickly child, and another was expected, without a rag to cover it when it came, and I was looking at her, thinking what I could do, when Julia Donoghoe, who was married to Andy Flanagan the year before, and lived close by, came running in, as if there was a mad dog at her heels.

"Oh, Mrs. Delany!" says she, "if you an't the

proudest woman that ever was born. Oh! come to the door, and see what's before you."

I looked out; and, far off, coming over the brae, was as good as forty men, women and children, running, and throwing down the stone walls by the perch, and flinging sods of turf to make stepping stones over the bad bits of the bog.

"What is it, Julia?" says I: for the megrim was coming into my head, and the dimness was taking away my eye-sight.

"Oh, woman!" says she, "Isn't it the Lady—she you nursed from Lismire. Don't you see the feathers blowing in the wind? and isn't the Earl himself with her, and two servants in gold lace, carrying a box? They left the coach at the broken pipe at Curnamuckilegh, and come all the rest of the way a-foot. But (looking at me) what a figure are you! Tighten yourself up, mistress dear. You'll have time enough, for they can't cross the ford, till the stepping-stones is made. Och! haven't you a clean cap? Do you hear, Katty," says she, calling to her young sister. "Run to the chest under the bed, and bring me the white apron, and my high cauled cap—never heed looking out the ribbon;—and pull the yellow silk handkerchief from my mother's head, she was putting it on now, going to confession; and be back in no time. Quick, you imp! or I'll be after you with a stick. Now mistress, on with my brogues. What luck I had to put them on my feet this day, of all the



days in the year. Och! never mind the burn in your petticoat, the apron will hide it."

The shoes were on my feet in a minute, and Katty came in no time, with the other things; so before they crossed the ford, I was looking something like what I was before Farghy came across me.

On she came—my own Miss Clara!—dressed in silks and laces, and streamers, and feathers, and grandeur to no end. She took me about the neck, and kissed me before the whole set of them, that was flocking about them; and *traduced* me to the Earl, a fine-looking young man, that was breaking his heart laughing; and he shook me by the hand, and she did the same by Mary, and noticed the child she had in her arms. And all this in the open air. Then they walked into the house, folly'd by the throng, till there was no room to stir, when she talked all to me, and the Earl noticed the others, guessing they were his tenants. At last my Lady says, "Nurse, I want to speak to you alone," and she went before me into the little room. As soon as she had me to herself she said, "And now, nurse, an't you obliged to me for coming to see you at your own house? and an't you proud of my finery, that was all put on for your credit? for don't suppose, Nurse, that I dress in this peacock fashion every day. But, my own Nurse, you don't look as you used to do. I am afraid you are not happy, and Mary looks but poorly too."

Could any one blame me, if I opened my mind to

her ? I was forced to it, for she axed every thing. I had to confess Julia's shoes, and the mother's silk hankecher ; but indeed I didn't tell *all* about Farghy, nor ever did to mortal, nor ever will. When I had done, she says, " Nurse, tell Lord Innisfallen I want to speak to him, and do you stay out till I call you."

They were alone for ever so long, and there was great whispering with the neighbours, and looking at Farghy, who kept behind backs. They came out of the room together ; and then it was I saw that the Earl had all the look of a Lord—my Lady too, had a proud way with her that became her greatly.

" Is your son-in-law in the house ?" says the Earl to me.

I pointed out Farghy to him, who looked bad enough.

" Is your name Fergus Conlan ?" says the Earl, looking over a paper he took out of his pocket.

" Yes ; please your Lordship," says Farghy, " only they call me Farghy for shortness."

" The name is of little consequence," says the Earl ; " but I am sorry to say your character is very bad. With a cheap farm you are considerably in arrear ; and it is only on account of your mother-in-law and your wife, that you have not been dispossessed long since. However, if you are ejected, they will not suffer, though you shall. I have information of another kind against you, Sir, and I advise you to take care of yourself. I shall have an eye upon you."

*Outdacious* as Farghy was, he hadn't a word to say. He shook under the Earl's eye, and he wasn't much better when my Lady herself took up the word.

"I expect, Sir," says she, "that *my nurse* will be treated with proper respect, such as I can see has not been shewn to her; and that your wife also has no cause of complaint: your conduct cannot be concealed from me. From what my Lord has just told me, I understand he has the power of making an example of you. I therefore also advise you to take care of yourself."

There wasn't a man in the house didn't tremble in his skin, when they heard them speak so sharp; for wicked work was hatching among them, and the quality was on their guard. My Lady then turned to Julia, and spoke freely to her, calling her Mrs. Flanagan, and thanking her for shewing goodness to me, till poor Julia had to run out of the house for very shame.

They stayed full two hours, and didn't go till she slipped a ten pound note into my hand, unknownst to any body; and left a trunk full of clothes for me and Mary, making me promise to go for a time to the castle. But I wouldn't ever stop there for more nor an hour or two at a time. The maids wore veils on their faces, and my Lady's gentlewoman had a lap-dog of her own; and what would I do among them. Whether or no, Mary was to be looked after, and couldn't want me.

Things went on far better after that out. Though Farghy was dark, he was mannerly enough to me, and didn't misuse his wife. Even after the Earl and my Lady went to England, he could not give way to his evil tempers, for she left us under charge with Mr. Riversthorp the Agent, who was more dreaded by the people nor the Earl himself.

It was coming on the rebellion, and every man in the country was sworn—Farghy among the rest—for he couldn't have helped it, even if he didn't like it. All I know is, that he was very busy with them, and was to have a divide of the estate, when they had Ireland to themselves. As we lived in a lonely place, there was often guns and pikes left with Farghy, to hide in the thatch, and other places about the house. I didn't venture to let on seeing or knowing any thing that was done, for nobody's life was safe. They gave warning to us all to hold our tongues, when they burned the house in the mountains, and out of eleven poor souls, not one escaped the fire. As the time drew nigh they spoke more out. Farghy began to drop a hint that he would be kept under no longer, and he made no secret before us, that he was going with the rest to take the arms from Mr. Ryan, of Coolnabeg. When the whistle came to the windy at night, he took the gun from the hole behind the dresser, and called out, "coming, boys, coming." Still he kept looking for something in the same place, while they whistled again louder, and I ventured to ax him what he was searching after.

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"I've found it at last," says he, "it was only a handsome bullet of my own making. I was careful of it, for I laid it by long ago, to do the job of an informer. But it's a pity to waste good lead upon the like of them, when I want it for their betters—and a thrust of a pike will do their business well enough."

He didn't come back that night; and the news through the country in the morning was, that the Ryans had beat off the defenders, after killing five or six of them. My blood run cold when I thought on Farghy; and, as for his wife, she never said one word, but only kept staring at me without any meaning in her eyes. In the course of the day Julia heard that may be nobody was killed, for nothing but blood was found, and the track of it soon lost. It couldn't be hid long from Mr. Riversthorp that Farghy was missing, and we were brought before the gentlemen to be examined. I was sworn on the book to tell all I knew, and that was little. There were others put on their oaths too, and they swore false—that was proved *again* them afterwards.—Nothing would come out, though Priest Conlan was there to help the gentlemen. He that knew all—and gave them their lesson beforehand!—Two months after, the corpse was found in a bog-hole, with stones tied to the neck and feet to keep it down; and then the truth came to light. A beggar-woman who confessed she went to steal turf from the bog, hid herself in the scraws when she saw them coming—and she heard the unfortunate man, who wasn't able to walk, begging of them, for

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God's sake, to carry him to his own place, and that he would die a thousand deaths, before he would betray one of them, or hurt a hair of their heads—and she swore home to the man (reared at the very door with him), that persuaded the others to shew him no pity, saying he was cowardly, and would tell all the minute he was axed, and so hang them all—and it was he sat upon him, while they fastened the stones to him, he crying out all the time for mercy—and she saw them throw him alive into the bog-hole, and heard the long, long screech, till it was choked with the suffocation.

Oh ! he was a heart scald to me ! and I won't deny, I often prayed to be delivered from him : for, besides his treatment of my child, I was sure he plotted my death. But I couldn't be glad to have my prayers granted that way—to have him die with murder in his heart. I would have let him tear me to pieces, before I could wish that end to him, or the worst that walks the earth. If John Malone believes it of me, he may well lay any thing else to my charge : but he only said it once, as I could hear, and I hoped he was ashamed of himself.

As for her, that was born for sorrow, misfortune had done its worst—she couldn't feel it any more. In all the frights we got from the army, and the burning of Cahirscrough, and the gibbets that could be seen from the door, I never saw a change in her face, or a trembling in her hand. Her mind seemed

all asleep, only when you roused her, and even then, she was quiet, and would speak of any thing unconcerned. Still it was a comfort to me to have her to look at, and I fondly thought she would come round again, and take care of me in my old age. I shut my eyes to the truth as long as I could, and it was only just at the last, I let myself have done with hoping. *Then*, there was another grief to weigh me down. The young Priest had gone to join the rebels, where there was fighting, and Father Staunton was bed-ridden for a year, and there was no Priest to be had for miles round. I mentioned my trouble to Julia, who would watch with me night after night, and helped to keep up my spirits by giving in to all that I said.

"It's bad enough, Julia," says I, "to lose her in this world, but what would become of me, if I missed her in heaven?"

"Andy," says Julia, getting up, "shall run every foot of it, this blessed minute to Aghavady. He lived with Priest Brereton till he married, and I often heard him say he would go forty mile, any day, to serve him."

He was off in a hurry; and she, that I didn't think took notice of a word we were saying, calls me to the bedside, and spoke freely from herself.

"Mother," says she, "don't be uneasy about me; nor don't give yourself trouble about a Priest. It's many a day since I lost my dependance on them—

don't look so frightened, mother—there's nothing in them, more than any other man. I die as my uncle Richard died, trusting to the Great Redeemer—the one that I left my soul with, since I was first told of what he done for poor sinners.”

“Oh Mary dear!” says I, “what will become of me, if you are not right?”

“I have the Word of God for it,” says she. “I often read it to my uncle; and it was that gave him the courage to stand out *again* all his friends. Don't be angry with me mother, but as I said before, his look up, is my look up.”

“Why would I be angry with you?” says I, “you that never offended me, from the hour you were born—no—I'm only bewildered with my grief. But oh!” says I, falling on my knees, “all my prayer is, that whatever your portion and Richard's is in the next world, I may share it.”

I lost her before Priest Brereton came, who was as good as his word to Andy. I believe Julia got him to say a mass; and she told me afterwards, that he said she was surely gone to heaven, by what he did for her: but I was in no way to notice any thing, if it wasn't my own desolation. I had gone through many a bitter passage in my day—I thought I was ground down to the earth, till I had neither sense nor feeling,—but when I closed *her* eyes, I felt that all was light before, and it was only then I knew what it was to be left alone in the world.



I threw up the house and land to Mr. Riversthorp—he advised me to it, and I was willing enough; for besides having no one to look after it, it would never leave my mind what Darky said, that neither luck nor grace was over the house from the night they put Richard away from it. My Lady settled twenty pounds a year on me, and made interest with Mr. Riversthorp for Julia's husband to get the place, which they were glad of, having to struggle with a small family. They got a house fitted up for me in Ballymaganlan, where I went with the two orphans that had nobody to look to but myself. The oldest that was always sickly, died shortly, but the young one, called Luke, after Priest Conlan, did well, and is living. I gave him good schooling, and if he didn't larn, it was not my fault; but boys will be wild, above all in a town, where they can flock together every minute in the day.

I got my health middling, considering. What should ail me? I had nothing to make me glad or sorry. One day was like another, and one year the very moral of the last. The Earl came to the castle once, and sent for me to tell me about my Lady, who though she never crossed the seas again, didn't forget me the longest day she lived. Oh what a world is it! Here am I left, and she has long been in her grave; taken away from her fine family when they wanted her most; and the Earl died before the fires that were lit for young Lord Ardmorn coming of age, were

hardly quenched. He is now called the Earl of Innis-fallan, after his father, and they say has a great resemblance to his mother.

I might have been too tender to Luke. Some said I was ; but it was not easy to be hard on a creature that had neither father nor mother. I had great pity for him, seeing him grow up without any way of living, but my little means that would die with me. He couldn't bear the confinement of shoe-making, when he tried it for a fortnight, the time my Lady paid the prentice fee with him to Jem Flaherty ; and I dreaded he would go for a soldier ; so I never stopped teizing the new Agent, and drawing up papers to the Earl, who was then alive, till I got him a bit of land, that they gave him on my account, and on *her* account that would do any thing for me.

Luke didn't make as much of it as others would, for it was near that unlucky ball-alley ; and then working all day wasn't what he was used to—it did not agree with him at all. He was never much inclined to taking an advice ; so I thought it better to help him with the rent out of my pension, than to be always advising him. He took after my mother's family for being religious, and was of two or three orders that put a power of duty on him betimes.

About then I got acquainted with Miss Carpenter, the tutoress at Mr. Delmenhursts—he that came in the place of old Parson Onswolf. The gentleman had a good name ; and so had herself, only I used to

wonder at hearing she was so unsatisfied with the place, and that she never stopped crying about the parlour, it was so little, till he built another. She was of a great family, and no doubt was reared in a big house, which made her timorous of living in a little one.

It was Mr. Knight, the new Agent, told Miss Carpenter how I nursed Lady Innisfallan, and how greatly I was thought of by them all. He said so much for me that she was curious to talk to me; and glad I was to be acquainted with her, when she told me she was at school with Lady Emily Bernscroft, my Lady's oldest daughter, and knew ever so much about the family that I was proud to hear.

Luke got a sore leg by a kick from a boy playing foot-ball, and he was advised to try the salt water for a cure. He was away passing ten days, when they brought me a message saying he was lying sick in the town of Kiltaskeel, on his way home. It was thirty miles off; a long way for me at my time of life, that never was five miles from the house I was born; but I went, and found him low enough, though not very bad; for all he wanted was a little money to free him out of the town. The house he lodged in was thronged with all sorts of people going to the sea and coming from it; some sick and some well. In the bed next to me was a woman bad with a decay; and there was such noise and confusion, and drinking and disputing, that I longed to get out of it, thinking it was a place

where Luke would only larn bad parables, and get no good at all. Just before night-fall there came in a young man, that I guessed was above the common sort, though he wore a big frieze coat on him; but when he threw it off he had fine cloth under. He went at once over to the sick woman and spoke kindly to her; and after a while took out a little book, and read as good as half an hour, and then he knelt down by the bed-side and prayed. Few in the room went down upon their knees, though some did, while others of them made a noise. Luke, in particular, was so uneasy with his leg that he kep rocking the stool, so that I couldn't hear a word. When he went away one man began to curse him and call him names, till a woman, who was sitting by the fire next me, told him to behave himself, or she would tell of him to them that would make him mend his manners, and the people of the house said he was a good friend to them, and did harm to nobody.

"Who is he?" says I, whispering to the woman that took his part.

"He follies the sea," says she, making answer, "and he goes by the name of Captain Summerfield."

"And what was he doing here?" says I, "talking and praying like a Minister!"

"It's a way he has," says she. "He's rediculed by the quality for it; but he's good to the poor, and goes to see the sick, and provides for them if they need it; and he reads the Bible to any that will listen to it."

"What's that you say?" says I.

"I say," says she, "that he reads the word of God, to any one that will hear it."

"That wasn't what you said," says I, "you spoke something about the Bible."

"Well," says she, "sure I only meant he reads the Bible to the poor."

"And now," says I, "will you tell me, for I have a reason for axing, which was it the Bible or the word of God he was reading now?"

"Well, you're the quarest woman I ever see," says she. "Ah! where did you live, dear, to this hour, not to know that the Bible and the word of God is all the one and the same thing. Is there no priest or no school in your parts to bother you about them things?"

"No matter," says I. "There is a vow upon me to listen to the Bible when it came across me, and what will become of me now that didn't know it when it was in the house with me!"

"If that's all that troubles you," says she, "you may make your mind asy, for he reads it in the school-house every morning after six o'clock. I'm going myself to-morrow, and if you like I'll shew you the way."

"If it was ten miles," says I, "I must go, and don't fail to call me in time. It's likely you have the same vow as myself upon you."

"Not a bit," says she, "I go because I found the

benefit, and I will go, though the priest wouldn't hear my confession last Saturday, because I wouldn't give it up. The priests hate it as they hate poison."

"I'd be sorry to come across the priest in his anger," says I, "but do what he will I must go through with it. The promise to the dying can't be broken."

We were the first in the school the next morning, and I listened to every word that he said and read. "You're a fine man, thinks I to myself, and the Bible is a fine book, when it can tell you so plainly all that is in my heart."

When it was over he noticed me being a stranger, and spoke so feeling to me, that I was forced to tell him my vow, and how pleased I was that I kept my word before I died.

"Would you like to have a Bible of your own?" says he.

"Ah Sir," says I, "where would the like of me get it?"

"Suppose I gave you this?" says he, taking one down from the shelf.

"And what would I do with it, Sir," says I.

"You tell me you can read," says he, "therefore read this. Your promise, as you tell me, was to give heed to the Bible whenever it came in your way. There it is for you, and what can you say now?" I was taken by surprise, for I thought my vow was over, and I was sorry to have so much put on me.

"It's hard," says I, "to begin reading again at

my years, like a child going to school, but I see I can't help it; so, Sir, I thank you, and till my eyes fail entirely I'll try and spell over a little every day. I suppose, Sir, a little may do at a time."

"Certainly," says he, smiling at me, "a little will do, and I'll mark where you may begin;" and so he turned down two or three leaves, and scratched a pen across bits which he desired me to go over and over till I had them by heart.

"Now put it up," says he, "and God prosper it with you! I may never see you again, but I will remember you in my prayers."

I didn't shew the book to Luke. He might have thought it troublesome, so I hid it in my bundle, and when I got home I put it in the bottom of my box.

I soon found what a wearisome thing it was to have to read ever so little. I would willingly have taken any other labour on me, and little good it would ever have done me, if I hadn't opened my mind to Miss Carpenter about my vow, and how sharp Mr. Summerfield took me up; and how the megrim came on the moment I opened the book; how strange the words were to me, and how I could get no meaning out of it by no means.

"We must try," says she, "and see what can be done to relieve you. Suppose I read while you listen! will not that do?"

I was right glad of the offer, and she being as willing as myself, would read every time she came to

me, and make me look over the book with her, so that I could go over the same place easily when she was not with me. After all, it was long, long, before I had any liking for it, though in the course of time my mind grew unsettled, and thoughts wouldn't leave my head, do what I would. Miss Carpenter could read beautifully, and so she ought, being at a school where Earl's daughters got their breeding; but she couldn't tell me what was making me uneasy. All she said made it darker and darker to me, till I grew cross with myself and (more shame for me) with her too. She saw she couldn't satisfy me, and what did she do, but without saying one word she brings in Mr. Delmenhurst himself upon me to try what he could do. The gentleman was so mild that I lost my dread of him in no time, and my heart went with every word he said. From that out I got a glimmer of what was in the Bible, and Miss Carpenter herself came on wonderfully in the way of telling the meaning.

It would tire you out, if I was to tell you what passed in my mind for two years, for it was all between my mind and myself. I would sometimes be so cast down, that I could wish I had never seen Mr. Summerfield, or laid my eyes on the Bible, and still I never was easy only when I was blinding my eyes over it, or talking about it to Miss Carpenter. At last, *again* my wish, I ended in seeing that Richard had the truth on his side, and that Mary chose the right way when she went after him, and I was re-



solved to *folly* them two, let what would happen, still with a hope that I wouldn't have any thing to bear, and that I might slip away unknownst to them all. There was no use in telling what I thought to any one in the house, for who would listen to me? Luke was married to a girl he fancied for himself. He didn't ax me about it; for if he had, it wasn't Sibby M'Mahon would have my good will. I wanted to leave him when he got a housekeeper, but he swore he would not part me till he put me in the ground, which I thought shewed goodness in his nature, seeing he often seemed to think little about me.

Things went on quiet and asy then. The priest let me alone, and never once axed why I didn't go to the chapel as usual. He wasn't particular with any of his flock for that; it was only when they stayed long from confession, that he was angry about his dues. I won't deny it, I often made excuses in the beginning; and once, when he had a station the next door and sent for me, I was taken so by surprise that I did go, when my heart told me I was doing wrong. The truth was, I dreaded facing the world with every body's tongue upon me, but the time came when my mind came out without my knowing it.

Mr. Delmenhurst's school was the first thing that gave offence to the priest. He ordered the people to take the children away, and when some would send them in spite of him, he went to the school and beat the poor children right and left, till they run away

crying for their lives. The parson was very quiet at first, and reasoned cases with the priest, who would give in to nothing, so he told him he wouldn't try any more to please him, but would take his own way. Then he wrote a proclamation, telling the people how the priest was deceiving them, and keeping them in ignorance ; and invited them to come and hear him preach on a Wednesday evening, and that he would send men to read their own Testament in English and Irish, and that the school was always there for the children, and a hearty welcome for them besides.

Every body flocked to the church the first two or three nights, myself with the rest of them : and such a talk as there was through all the place, some praising and some finding fault, but all willing to hear. The priest soon stopped them going there too, only the few that never heeded him. Dennis Brady was the man that took the lead from the first to fight the priest, and was always putting up others to do the same. He got the readers into many a house, and often hindered them getting ill usage from the people ; for he was the dread of the whole country, being so wicked when he was vexed ; and withal able to beat any six. Them that joined with Dennis were marked men. The priest was ever abusing them from the altar, and they went in and out in fear of their lives. I would talk when others would talk, so I got a bad name like the rest that would listen to the Readers ; and Sibby, when she begun to suspect my mind, had

a station in the house, and axed money from me to pay for the meat and whisky, that she wanted to entertain the two priests. I spoke out then, and bore up surprisingly again all she and Luke could say; and what was more, I could answer Father M'Dowl the next day without much fright; taking care to tell him that I didn't fear a charm again, such as old priest Staunton frightened me with long ago; and that it was no strange thing in my family, seeing that my brother and my child went before me, trusting and believing what I did then.

I won't say the house was agreeable to me after that; but what use is there in telling things. I might have been discontented with Richard if they had let him live with me, when I knew his change; and I might have been a torment to *her* if she had explained herself any time, but in her last hour.

Dennis Brady's set, as they called them, could stand it no longer. The Romans persecuted them, while the Protestants was shy of their company; so they fixed it among themselves,—nine men and five women,—to go in a body next Sunday to church and read their recantation. They well knew who was on their side, and Dennis opened it at once to me that I must join them. I didn't like it, and I said so—"what use," says I, "in making a public show of myself? I'll go to the church every Sunday if that pleases you, but I'm too old to bring the eyes of all the world on me;—their tongues are heavy enough *without* that."

Oh! Dennis could talk enough for any ten, and he left me till I hadn't a word to say. He said I was denying *Him* before men—that I was ashamed of *Him*: and not Dennis only, but Miss Carpenter herself advised me to it, so I consented to make the fifteenth the next Sunday.

When the day came, I went with a deal of courage, for I was satisfied it was a right thing. I do'n't know how it was, but from the time I begun to understand the Bible, I was losing the fear of man, that was always giving me a failing heart, above all, when taken in a hurry. John Malone says, I confessed that I was ashamed of myself when I was going down street to the church—well I was—but it was ashamed of the bonnet—the first I ever had on my head,—and I thought all the people would make game of me for it. The only reason I had in life for putting it on was, that I thought it would make me look more like a Protestant, and I was resolyed to be one all out. Miss Carpenter made it for me out of an old black silk hankecher I had time out of mind, for I wouldn't take the handsome one she offered me, afraid they might say I turned for gain. As for the shawl that was in the newspaper, and was spoken of at a great meeting in Dublin, Sibby herself knows she measured it twice out of the pedlar's hand before I paid my own money for it, a month before that day.

Barring the pelting of dirt we got from a parcel of idle boys as we were leaving the church, there was

nothing out-of-the-way to offend us. I was thankful Luke never said one word to me after it was over, though he couldn't look me in the face ; and I wouldn't notice Sibby's being unmannerly and beating the cat that was fond of me, for she got no rearing, and had loud ways with her at the best of times. It was a comfort too, to think how easy I was quit of the priest, for he didn't come near me, and spoke of me in the chapel as a poor doting body that had neither sense nor reason. But it wasn't all out a fortnight when a storm came from a quarter I little looked for it. My pension was stopped by the Earl of Innisfallan ! Mr. Knight brought me the news himself, and came kindly into the house to advise me.

"I am sorry for you Mrs. Delany," says he, "but Lord Innisfallan is determined not to encourage such folly in his tenants. I cannot tell who informed him of your recantation. I can only declare to you his intention to withhold your annuity till you recant again. It was a silly thing for you to do at your years. What can you know of the difference between one religion and another ? The old one might have answered you well enough. It's much the easiest way of getting to heaven, as they tell me—so be advised—make your peace with Mr. M'Dowl, and I will venture to pay your next half year, which will be due in a few days."

"His father would never have done this," says I.

"It's of more consequence to you," says he, "what the son does; and I assure you he is determined to make an example of you, to shew the world how much he disapproves of the disturbance you and others are making in the country."

"If my Lady was living," says I.....

"Nonsense, woman," says he, "she's dead, and you'll soon be dead yourself, so make the best of the world while you are in it."

"And what am I to do for the next, Sir?" says I.

"Oh! let it take care of itself," says he, laughing. "I'm not come to preach to you, only to advise you for your good, and if you won't take my advice, why I can't help it. Bring me a line from M'Dowl, to say he is satisfied, and all will be well yet. Try your hand with her," says he, turning to Luke, as he was getting a horseback, "I wouldn't give a pin for a carmelite that couldn't convert his old heretic grandmother."

"I knew what you'd bring upon us all," says Luke. "I knew the priest would find a way to punish you,—he that writes every week to the Earl, and tells him what to say in parliament."

"His father wouldn't do so by me," says I, "for all the priests that ever trod in shoe leather."

"I'm only fearful," says Sibby, "that the priest will never be brought round, after all the impudence she gave him."

"He'll not be after hurting me," says he, "if he  
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can help it ; and what can he say again it, when she makes her apology in the chapel, and humbles herself under him again."

"I'll never do that, Luke," says I. "You may put that out of your head entirely—I thought well of what I was doing before I went through with it, and I'm not one to be changing back and for'd for nothing."

"You'll have to do it," says he, looking horrid at me. "I won't be the may-game of the world. I won't give favour or encouragement to them that says one word again our holy religion. I winked at it long enough, till I see what I lost by it. Fling back the heretic bonnet to them that would buy your soul for hell, and go like a dacent Christian woman to your duty next Sunday, and confess it was for gain you done it."

"What a work you make about that bonnet !" says I. "It wouldn't trouble me if I never put it on my head again, for it only makes a noise in my ears, and hinders me from hearing rightly. But I won't undo what is done, for you or any man—I couldn't—it would be denying my blessed Saviour ; and what use would all the world be to me if my soul was lost."

"Oh !" says Sibby, snatching the child out of the cradle, and trying to cry over it. "Oh ! what will become of me and my poor child ! What a woe woman I was ever to join myself to such a cursed crew. We'll lose our little land, and what will we turn to then ?

"It was your own free will Sibby," says I, "to come into this house. It wasn't my axing made you do it, and there is no fear of your losing any thing—the loss is all my own."

"It was the unlucky day," says she, going on, "that I was flattered to make one of yes—and you," turning to Luke, "you'll never take a thought till they lay a trap for your life, as they did for your father. It was she and her turncoat brother's faction did that for him, and after, swore away the lives of the innocent to screen themselves. But I'll take care of myself and this unfortunate child, I won't sit down quietly and let myself be poisoned. So I give you fair notice, Luke Conlan, that I'll never stretch myself in the same bed beside you, while you keep that cursed old woman in this house."

"Who cares what you'll do," says he, "It would be a lucky riddance to be quit of you all any hour." Then, turning to me, "I'm going to the priest this very minute, and what will I say to him about you?"

"You may say if you please," says I, "that he has no call to me, nor I to him; and that I would beg my bread from door to door, sooner than go back again to the Romans."

"No," says he, "but I'll tell him you are begging; and much good may do you with your trade. Bundle up what belongs to you and be off to your comrades; for, under this blessed roof, you'll not stop one hour. What are you standing there for?—Didn't you



hear me, and didn't I desire you to folly your comrades?"

"Luke," says I, "think a bit. It's for your sake I would stay here a little—I know I will be taken care of—I have the promise of Him that feeds the birds of the air for that. And I won't stop long with you: only let me go as if it was my own notion; for what will the people say of you, if you turn your old grandmother out to beg, that divided with you while she had a penny in her pocket."

"Who thanks you for it?" says he. "Didn't my father leave a good property after him, if you had taken care of it for me? It was my substance you had the spending of, and you'll put no more out of my way; so (swearing a great curse,) flit this minute, or I'll tear every rag belonging to you in pieces, and put you out as naked as you were born."

"You may leave that shawl behind you," says Sibby, while I was hurrying my little things into a bundle; "you owe me four-pence of the price, and I'll be at no loss by you."

I left it down without saying one word, and was delaying a little, thinking Luke's heart might soften, when he said, "you're over long dressing; one would think you were going to church, you're taking such pains with your old carcass."

"I'm ready now," says I, "and Luke dear".....

"None of your bother," says he, "I'm sick of the sight of you. You needn't be gabbling a blessing

or a curse, for one out of your mouth is as welcome as another. Be off, I say, and don't keep the light of the door from us."

"And don't forget your bonnet," says Sibby, taking it from the cradle where she had it wisped up, and throwing it after me out of the door. "You can settle yourself by the glass in Joe Adams's windy," and then she began to sing as merry as a lark while I was within hearing.

"It's all right and just," I repeated to myself as I walked towards Ballymaganlan. "The time was long, but my sin found me out at last. Thirty-one years ago, Richard was put out of my house, and though I didn't do it with my own hands, I consented to others doing it, and I let him live with strangers and die with them. The same has now come to my turn, only I must look for charity from any one will give it, and he was not beholden while he lived. It is all right and just, I know it is; and my prayer will ever be, that He who has put it on me will give me strength to bear it."

I was ashamed of telling Mr. Delmenhurst of Luke, and even of Sibby; but I ever had a fashion, when my heart was full, of letting all out if I once begun at all; so he soon knew every thing, and he didn't abuse him, he only said we ought to be thankful if the evil of our hearts was not allowed to break out, for that we all had the same nature, and a bad nature it is. He lodged me with a decent Protestant

family, and I hadn't to go out to look for charity, which, I won't deny, I dreaded still, even when I thought it might come to it; for money came in on all sides, and Miss Carpenter and the Parson let me want for nothing.

Poor Luke was sorry enough, I'm sure, for what happened in his haste. Every mouth was open at him. Even some of the carmelites checked him about it; and priest M'Dowl said, he ought to have waited a little, though it was himself put him up to it. After all, what could he do when the Earl was so mad about his people turning to church, that he harished them to no end. The poor weaver was banished, and Pat Coyne had to carry his little turf three miles, as Mr. Knight was ordered to take his bit of bank from him, and none of the neighbours dare let him cut a sod of theirs. When Dennis found things going so contrary, and that the orangemen would'nt let him in among them, he thought it best to make a friend of my Lord and the Agent, and then he was as busy persuading them to go back again, as he was before to bring them to the church. He could only flatter two after him, Kit Sullivan and Molly Moran. They three axed pardon in the chapel, and said it was for the lucre of gain they left their religion, and never had an asy moment till they came back to it again. The rest stood steadfast, and are likely to remain so, with all the persecution they get.

I haven't much more to say, only how Miss Carpenter never was at rest till she made known my case to Lady Emily, and Lady Clare, my Lady's two oldest daughters ; and they at once agreed to give me the same pension out of their own pockets. It was a beautiful and feeling letter Lady Emily wrote, saying, she minded well that her mother had a wish for me (and so she had) and that her brother had a good heart, and did all for the best ; and that nobody could be more generous, but that he didn't like to make hypocrites. No doubt, it was all true. He was deceived, I'm sure ; for it wasn't in the nature of a child of his father and mother, to be cruel or ill-minded. It was well known the priests threatened him if he didn't do as they pleased, to turn the election again his cousin Captain Berncroft, and to bring in, in spite of him the Donnelly's-people that the family couldn't bear.

Luke thought of me after a time, and wanted me to go live with them again ; and Sibby sent back the shawl, and offered to put up a peg to hang my bonnet on ; but I judged it better to leave them the place to themselves. I give them help by times, for what would I do with all the money I have ; but I was ever fond of quietness, and the older I grow the more I like it.



# IRISH PRIESTS AND ENGLISH LANDLORD'S.

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## CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS of all "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," there is not one more decidedly disagreeable, than that very common occurrence, of being obliged to do something for a livelihood, with all the elegant inclination for doing nothing: at least so it appeared to Edward Eyrebury, the hero, or rather, the most prominent personage in the following tale, when he found himself in this predicament. Fortune, he had none. His mother, by the strictest economy, had, out of a very slender income, given him a good education, and enabled him to support a respectable appearance, till he was called to the bar, when she hoped he would not only achieve greatness, but that greatness would be thrust upon him. Edward had early entered into all the spirit of his mother's prognostications, which, though sufficiently extravagant,

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we must still confess many mothers have indulged for their sons, on much more slender grounds ; for he certainly was not deficient in understanding, had a lively imagination, with some taste, and a fluency of language, which, by a very allowable exaggeration, particularly in the case of friends, might be denominated eloquence. Under such circumstances, with the requisite diligence and application, he might entertain a reasonable hope of rising, in due time, to respectability in his profession ; but this did not suit either his wishes, or his anticipations. His aim was to reach the goal by a jump or a short cut : not that he ever expressed himself in such homely terms, but we could find none which so clearly conveyed the true meaning of his inclinations. After magnanimously waiting nearly four years for the lucky, undefined something, or any thing, that was to fix him down for life in lazy affluence, he became disheartened with his prospects, and after sundry consultations and advisings, resolved to enter into holy orders.

Mrs. Eyrebury was sadly disappointed when made acquainted with his determination. She had so long habituated herself to the idea of his sitting on the woolsack, that it amounted nearly to the annihilation of his personal identity, to contemplate him under any other circumstances : but possessing a large portion of her son's vivacity of imagination, she quickly accommodated herself to a change of ideas ; and her reveries were equally profitable and consolatory, when

busied with a Bishop's mitre, as they had been employed in adjusting the folds of the Chancellor's robes.

On debating the subject in the family circle, appearances were as favourable as their most sanguine expectations could desire. The Eyreburys were a younger branch of a noble family, and could reckon a long list of titled relatives, who were to be put in immediate requisition. There was an old Lord Clanversdale, who was cousin-german to the late Mr. Eyrebury; and there was a still older Lady Anne Wolfburn, in the same degree of relationship, who was mother-in-law to a Bishop; besides other connections, with more or less interest.

"However," said Mrs. Eyrebury, "Lady Anne must be our sheet-anchor for the present. A letter from her to the Bishop will settle the matter of ordination at once. After that is over, we can, with more propriety, make application to the other branches of the family. A living can be had at once—there is no uncertainty as to that: but I must make it my particular request to you, my dear Edward, that you will not bury yourself in some obscure country parsonage, as your poor father did. All you require is a field—remember I say a field—where you can display your talents, and promotion must quickly follow. I will this moment write a rough copy of my letter to Lady Anne, for your revision. The sooner the business is settled, the better."



The rough copy was written, and the *bona* letter in fair progress, when, all at once, it was unceremoniously thrown into the fire, and the su of ordination, with all its lawn-sleeved consequence for ever consigned to oblivion, by one of those extraordinary freaks of fortune, which, though of everyday occurrence in the regions of romance, seldom happen in any part of the world with which we are acquainted. A Mr. Dashenvelt, an odd, old, bachelor, whose connection with the Eyreburys scarcely be traced, died just at this time, leaving ward his heir, for no other reason, as he specified that of not knowing a nearer relation. The intimation of his good fortune was from the court attorney, who drew the will; and the announcement was as splendid, as it was unexpected. An estate ten thousand a-year, clear, in a beautiful and improving part of Ireland; a castle, and a magnificent mesne, including a lake, with well-wooded islands, three thriving villages on the property, and such a number of freeholders, as would ensure his return to Parliament, provided he gained the support of Eversham, who, it was well known, would be glad to turn out the Beverleys. The next post brought an official letter from the agent, verifying the attorney's report in the main, though detracting from the magnitude of some of his details. The rent-roll of the estate was a fraction above seven thousand pounds per annum; the county in which it was situated,

particularly interesting, from the large tracts of bog, with which it was intersected in every direction ; the castle (for it was called Croom Castle) dwindled into an excellent, modern dwelling-house ; the demesne, with its lake and islands, was mentioned as being on a tolerably extensive scale ; and of the villages, nothing extraordinary was hinted at, if we except their names, viz. Ballynagratty, Tubber Scannevitch, and Lisahuddhart.

After the first effusions of joy and congratulation were over, and that Mrs. Eyrebury had leisure to think, she found a considerable drawback to her happiness, in the circumstance of the property being situated in Ireland—a country to which she had as great an antipathy, as many very sensible ladies have to a frog, or a spider ; and she strenuously advised her son to sell the estate, and purchase in England. But Edward would not entertain the thought for a moment. He pronounced an animated eulogium on Ireland, and the people of Ireland. It was a fine country, and they were a fine, interesting, generous, chivalrous race, possessing more in common with his character and feelings, than the English, superior as they might be in some respects. They were also a neglected, injured people ; and should he obtain a seat in Parliament, which was now more than probable, he might (humble individual as he was) do something towards redressing their wrongs. Taking, therefore, every thing into consideration, he was con-

vinced his mother would coincide with him in the propriety of his determination to reside on his estate in Ireland.

Mrs. Eyrebury never found much difficulty in coinciding with her son on any subject ; and in the present instance she allowed herself to be convinced sorely against her inclination. But though she gave her fullest assent to every sentiment he uttered, and confessed that the Irish were as interesting, as chivalrous, and as ill used, as heart could wish, and that, perhaps, it might be his duty to live some part of the year in Ireland ; still she could not conquer her repugnance to the idea of ever visiting its shores. Her feelings on the subject, were such as we entertain about a storm at sea. We have heard that it is sublime, and we can fully credit the report ; but we must candidly avow our invincible disinclination to a personal familiarity with this portion of the sublime and beautiful. We are content with mere description, and leave to superior souls to luxuriate in the reality. Edward found it therefore impossible to persuade his mother to witness his instalment in his newly-acquired honors, though pressingly and affectionately invited to preside over his establishment : nor could she be induced to permit her daughter to encounter the manifold horrors peculiar to the Emerald Isle, till she had given a solemn promise, that on the very first rebellion, she would order a chaise and four, drive to the nearest sea-port, and take shipping for England.

Although we profess to have, in common with his mother, a strong partiality in favour of Edward Eyrebury, of Croom Castle, Esquire—(such was his announcement in a Dublin newspaper, on his landing at Kingstown)—yet, as it is possible, some of our readers may not be equally prepossessed in his favour, we shall add to what we have already said in his behalf, that he was totally devoid of selfishness. In all his air-built castles, he was scrupulously exact to suit their dimensions to the accommodation of his mother and sister; and now that the edifice was in good earnest on terra firma, his first care was to provide liberally for both.

After some weeks spent in making preparations for taking possession of the Irish estate in suitable style, the light travelling carriage, with its imperials, &c. drove to the door; the man and maid were snugly packed in the dickey; and poor Mrs. Eyrebury saw her children depart, with mingled feelings of satisfaction and anxiety.

The journey, both by sea and land, was uneventful. We have not space to give copious extracts from Miss Eyrebury's journal, regularly transmitted to her mother, three times in the week: we shall merely give an outline of the contents of her two first letters after her arrival in Ireland. Dublin, she pronounced very inferior to London in every respect. The County Wicklow, into which they had made an excursion, might have struck her as pretty, had she

not just before passed through North Wales. people to whom they had letters of introduction were civil and hospitable, with the most extraordinary accent; the gentlemen few in number, and rather a second-rate description; the ladies in abundance, showy in general, but wretched dress; the inns filthy beyond description; the horses the postillions ragged, and not in the least witty as for the beggars, they exceeded calculation.

Towards the close of a fine autumnal evening travellers arrived at the village of Lisahudry within a mile of Croom Castle. Here was assembled a large body of peasantry, who, the moment the carriage appeared, raised a tremendous shout, or yell, which, in addition to a *feu de joie* from half a dozen guns, terrified the horses into a full gallop down the street. Their career was, however, quickly arrested by the swarms of men, women, and children, which, rushing upon them from all quarters, in a dense mass, completely impeded their further progress. The foremost in the assault then began to disentangle them from the carriage, in a manner more expeditious than effectual; and the scene of noise, confusion, and good-humoured contention, ensued, baffles description. A dozen hands seized once upon one strap, or aimed at one buckle, the harness was dragged up and down, backward and forwards, without a single step being gained towards extricating the poor animals; while

many voices roared out directions, or imprecated "bad luck to that stupid Jemmy Fagan, that didn't know his right hand from his left;" or "to that *om-mathawn* of a Dennis Toole, that never could do any thing like any body else;" or threatened to "crack the scull of that pestering Bryan Scanlan, who had no business to be there without a knife in his pocket." In vain the post-boys scolded, and expostulated, and threatened, and offered to "undo the horses in no time, if they would but be quiet for one minute"—nobody would listen, and nobody could be quiet.

The object of all this bustle entered fully into the spirit of the scene; and Miss Eyrebury had not quite made up her mind, whether to be alarmed or amused, when, high above all the din and uproar, was heard the shrill voice of Miss Winter, from the dickey, alternately screaming for help, or begging mercy.

"Never fear, Miss," called out a good-humoured-looking lad: "just sit quiet where you are, and you'll see in what style we'll draw you to the castle. You never got such a jaunt in your life before."

"Oh! save my life!—save my life, my good boy!" shrieked Miss Winter. "I will reward you handsomely if you save my life."

"Much about you and your life!" said an elderly man, knocking the fire out of his pipe against the wheel of the carriage. "Who would be bothered about you at all, at all, only for where you are sitting? Can't you take pattern by the Quality in-

side, that shews no fear nor dread. You ought to be proud to come in for a share of the compliment the tenants is paying them."

"Oh! dear Sir," cried the lady, "I want no compliment. All I want is to escape with my life. If you don't let the carriage go on this moment, I shall die on the spot."

"Sorrah sign of death about you, Miss," said the first speaker. "The goose isn't hatched that will eat the first crop of grass upon your grave."

The last word, which unfortunately was the only one that distinctly reached her ear, completed the dismay of poor Miss Winter, who began screaming so loud, and so incessantly, that every eye was turned to the dickey, and every mouth gaping wide with wonder. At length Mr. Eyrebury, who had alighted on the first intimation of her mistress, succeeded in silencing her vociferations; and having placed her in the carriage, between himself and his sister, she promised to go through the remainder of this perilous adventure, with as much resolution as could be expected from a poor creature, already, as she averred, "terrified out of her seven senses."

This interruption gave opportunity to the postilions to disengage the horses from the carriage; and ropes being quickly attached to it, the party proceeded rapidly and merrily towards the castle. When safely arrived at their journey's end, Mr. Eyrebury made a speech from the steps of the hall-door, which was re-

ceived with deafening shouts of "Long may you reign!" and his sister, having bowed her acknowledgments, which obtained "three cheers for the lady," the crowd separated, to "drink their honours' healths" round the bonfires blazing on every hill; and the travellers retired to rest, on the whole very much gratified with their reception, if we except Miss Winter, who protested, that had she the slightest idea of meeting with such wild Indians and Hottentots, she would have cut off her two legs, before she would have ventured her life among them.



## CHAPTER II.

"Remember, I tell you," said Father Dennis Moliney to his young companion, as they were slowly riding down the hill leading the long, straggling, dirty village of Tubber Scannevitch—"Remember, I tell you, Garraghan, you may as well keep yourself asy. Why would you make enemies for yourself of all the decent people in the country? Take my advice, and let them alone. You'll get nothing by it but trouble, and, may be, the ill will of both sides."

"No fear of that," answered Redmond Garraghan, a young priest, newly entered on his mission, "I may be abused by the Protestants, and that's no discredit, whatever you may think of it. But do you forget what a handsome compliment the Bishop paid me, as well as others, for the defate we gave the Biblicals at Cloonbrefny?"

"Defate, indeed!" rejoined the elder: "just such a defeat as Buonaparte gave the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo. I won't say but the newspapers made more of your speech, than I thought was in the power of a printing-press. It read surprisingly, even in the scurrilous pages of the ——— Journal; and it was fair enough in the Bishop to claim the victory; for he

knew you had truth on your side, and that you ought to win the day. But between ourselves, Redmond Garraghan, I was near sinking into the earth, at the figure you cut on that occasion. Why, man! if it wasn't that you were bred and born on the banks of the Shannon, your face would be burnt to a cinder, with the blushes that ought to be there. Redmond, boy! you never were intended for a controversialist, and if you take my advice, you will drop that trade in toto."

"With all my heart," replied Garraghan, "if *you* promise to take my place. You know I was pressed into the service, by order of the Bishop, when you, and one or two other veterans, fought shy—*why*, is best known to yourselves. I wouldn't drop a hint for the world, of what the parsons say, that you knew you were not able for them."

"That's all matter of suspicion at the best," said Father Moloney, good-humouredly: "and if there's any truth in it, we were the wise men, not to expose ourselves. If we could do no good, we did no harm, and that is more than you can say. Oh! believe me, you made a poor hand of it, and I tell you as a friend, have done with it."

"And would you have me sit still, and see the Biblicals carry all before them?" asked the younger, indignantly. "Would you have our holy religion trampled on and reviled, and nobody to stand up in its defence?"

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Moloney. "As for religion, that's neither here nor there; and for all you have of it, you'll never break your back with the load. But tell me, Redmond, who begun the trampling and reviling? Wasn't it the young fry from Maynooth?"

"May be so," said Garraghan; "but if it was not for them, you might throw your cap at your flocks long ago. The New Lights, with their Schools, and Bibles, and Readers, would have been too much for you, with the way you were going on."

"A likely story!" replied the elder, "and very proper to be thrown in my teeth by the like of you. Which of my flock did I ever lose, till the Maynooth blustering came in fashion?—No, Sir; instead of losing, I gained dozens to the church: and take care you will have as much to say for yourself, when you are my age."

"Times are altered," answered his companion, dryly. "You had nobody to fight with. The parsons were all asleep, and didn't care what was done, so they got their tithes. If I had been in your place then, I would have counted my converts by hundreds, not by dozens."

"Reckoning your chickens before they're hatched, is no sign of sense, young man," said Father Dermis, kicking his horse into a trot. "You have brought an old house upon your heads, any way, and you must get out of it as well as you can."

"Draw up, draw up," cried Redmond, in an under

tone ; and alighting quickly from his horse, was in a moment on his knees, in the middle of the street, before a smart-looking, little, elderly man, who came out of a shop unexpectedly. The elder Priest was not slow, considering his bulk, in imitating the lowly salutation of his companion, while the venerated object, making a waving motion with his hand, led the way to a large, white-washed house, at the end of the village, the Priests following, leading their horses.

On entering a well-furnished apartment on the ground-floor, half parlour, half drawing-room, the little gentleman sat down in a large easy-chair, and motioned to Moloney to take a seat opposite, leaving Garraghan standing.

"Mr. Moloney," said he, after a short pause, "I sent for you to inquire, why my orders respecting the school at Drimbeg have not been obeyed. I am informed, that at the last inspection, there were not fewer than thirty-seven Catholic children examined by an Inspector, in the pay of a Society, decidedly hostile to our interests. Now, Sir, I confess I had hoped, that after my last conversation with you, there would not have been one child under such heretical instruction."

"My Lord," said Moloney, "in obedience to your Lordship's commands, I warned the people to have nothing to do with that school ; and I was in hopes they would have been as dutiful in this instance, as they always were before."

"I wish for an explicit answer, Mr. Moloney, to my question. I have nothing to do with your hopes—I simply ask you, why you have not obeyed my orders relative to the school at Drimbeg?"

"I did obey, my Lord, as far as was in the power of man: and whatever your Lordship may have heard to the contrary, the Catholic children have been generally withdrawn—I say generally—because there are two or three obstinate people in the parish, who, with submission to your Lordship, care very little for what their clergy say, even when backed by your Lordship's authority."

"And how has such a spirit of insubordination crept in among your flock, Mr. Moloney?"

"It's hard for me to say, my Lord," answered the Priest.

"Then I will tell you, Sir—it proceeds from your neglect—yes, Sir, your gross neglect! Did you not suffer a Reader, as they call him, to scatter poison from one end of your parish to the other, for upwards of three months, before you took the slightest notice of it? And when the matter came before me from another quarter, and that you promised to exert yourself—how has that promise been fulfilled?—Is it not notorious that that fellow's head-quarters are within a stone's throw of your house, and that he beards you to your face with his Irish Testament?"

"And what can I do, my Lord?" said Moloney, in a pitiful tone—"what can I do, while Peter Farley will harbour him, contrary to my advice?"

"I asked you, Mr. Moloney, what have you to do with advice, in the case of obstinate disobedience to the commands of the Church? You cannot surely plead ignorance that she possesses other and effectual means, for bringing back her refractory members to a right sense of their duty?"

"I can say, with a safe conscience," answered the Priest, nearly crying, "that I have tried all means, fair and foul, except putting out the candles on them; and I threatened that over and over again, to little purpose. The answer I got was, that they would read their recantation in the face of the world—and would you have me drive them to that, my Lord?—I cursed them, and I abused them, and they had the impudence to tell me, it was fitter for me to bless. I made a blow of my whip at the young fellow, when he gave me word for word, and he and the father threatened to prosecute me, if I raised my hand to one of them."

"They dare not," said the Bishop, rising in great wrath, and striding about the room. "Their lives should answer for it. The whole Catholic population would rise against them as one man, and they should find to their cost, that the Church was not to be trifled with. Do your duty, Sir—fearlessly—boldly—denounce the proselyting schools, and all Bible-readers, or hearers, from your altar next Sunday, and let me see who will dare to disobey."

"My Lord, my Lord, you little know the Farleys:

they are resolute and determined, every one of them, men and women ; and opposition will only make them worse. Sure they are marked already. One of them was left for dead at the fair of Ballynagratty. They are affronted and abused on the road—in the market—in the field—turn where they will, there is a bad prayer sent after them. Still nothing frightens them : on the contrary, they are more determined to set us all at defiance.”

“ They shall submit, or they shall fly the country,” said the Bishop.

“ Troth, my Lord, it's my opinion,” answered Moloney, “ they will do neither one nor the other. They have the example of the Byrnes, who went to church last year, to give them courage if they wanted it. They were threatened hard at first, but they stood their ground stoutly, and no one has ventured to molest them.”

“ Mr. Moloney,” said the Bishop, resuming his seat, “ I do not quite understand you. It would appear to me that you mean to dictate—silence, Sir !—I sent for you, not to learn from you, but to issue my commands. Attend then. Let the Farleys be made acquainted with my determination, unless they make due submission forthwith, to be received by me, and me alone. Let the same be denounced against all, without exception, who receive into their houses any person connected with the proselyting societies. Go to all the schools in your parish, where the Tes-

tament is read, and forcibly expel every child of Catholic parents. Do it, Sir, in the presence of overseer, master, mistress, patron or patroness, no matter who he or she may be ; and bring me an account, this day fortnight, of the success of your exertions. You understand me, Sir ?”

“ Perfectly, my Lord,” said Mr. Moloney, rising, and taking his hat.

“ Sit still,” said the Bishop : “ I have something to say to you on another subject.”

He then addressed himself to Garraghan, who had hitherto stood unnoticed, near the door.

“ Pray, what have you to say respecting Mrs. Ireton’s school, lately opened at Knockacopple ?”

“ There are seven Protestant children in it, my Lord,” he answered, bowing down to the ground. “ None others.”

“ Then the people have attended to my injunctions ?”

“ All, entirely, my Lord. There never was a Catholic child in it, since the day it opened.”

“ Were there any attempts made to influence the parents ?”

“ A good deal of underhand work, my Lord, as I could understand. I knew there was some tampering going on, so I kep a good look out. For the first fortnight, I stood as good as two hours every morning at the cross roads, and turned back every child I suspected. Indeed they were not many, and they of the poorest—going for the sake of the clothes. But



one and all gave over, when they *seen* I wasn't to be disobeyed."

"Speak English, Sir," said the Bishop: "you should say *saw*."

"Saw," whispered poor Garraghan, quite overcome by this unexpected attack upon his parts of speech, and, in spite of his proximity to the Shannon blushing from ear to ear.

"You see, Mr. Moloney," continued the Bishop without noticing Redmond's confusion—"you see what can be done in the very teeth of such a determined reformer as that lady—really, Sir, you might take a lesson from your curate. But, Mr. Garraghan, am I rightly informed that you are the author of two letters signed Bernard, which have lately appeared in the ——— Journal?"

"I am, please your Lordship," replied Garraghan in that undefined tone, which might either be deprecatory, or self-satisfied, as occasion should require.

"Have you any intention of continuing the controversy, which your first letter has given rise to?"

"I have, my Lord, if it meets with your Lordship's approbation."

"My approbation, Sir, should have been sought before you entered the lists, and provoked an antagonist you are totally unequal to cope with. You are aware, I suppose, that it is Mr. Leighton who has answered you, under the signature of Augustine."

"So I have been told, my Lord."

"Then really, Sir, you rate yourself much higher than your intrinsic value, when you suppose yourself capable of encountering such an opponent. I will not deny that you possess a certain degree of cleverness ; or, if you choose it, talent. You may be useful, if kept in your place, which you have overstepped in the present instance. Your second letter is a complete failure. You have exposed yourself, and injured the cause you intended advocating. I shall endeavour to get you out of this scrape, as I fear I may have been the innocent cause of leading you into it, by appointing you one of the champions of the Church in the late discussion. But remember, Mr. Garraghan, you were put forward, not on account of your competency, but because I could not find another to take your place. On the whole, you answered my purpose tolerably well. Your deficiencies I was aware of, but your youth and inexperience pleaded your apology ; and we could say with perfect truth, that you acquitted yourself wonderfully—considering."

"That is exactly what I said to him half an hour ago, my Lord," said Moloney, brightening up, "when I thought he was a little proud of himself. I plainly told him he was only called in to stop a gap."

"Your allusion was certainly apt, Mr. Moloney," said the Bishop ; "and I regret exceedingly that the gap (as you call it) was made by your modesty, which deprived us of the powerful aid of your talents on the occasion."

"I remarked the very same thing to him, my Lord," cried Garraghan, in great glee: "this very morning, says I"—

"Silence, Sir!" said the Bishop sternly. "Your gratuitous remarks to myself or to Mr. Moloney are mistimed. You are too proud of yourself. You must be taught your proper level—Mr. Moloney, you are, I understand, acquainted with our new landlord, and have dined at the Castle more than once since his arrival?"

"Only once, my Lord, though I was asked a second time, but I had a child to christen the other side of the lake. I assure you the gentleman expresses himself very friendly to our interest, and was very sorry to be out, when your Lordship called at the Castle."

"He seems to be a well-meaning, cleverish kind of young man, does he not?"

"Oh! as well inclined, my Lord; as you could desire, and a staunch friend to poor Ireland."

"Talks a great deal of our hardships, and of ameliorating the condition of the peasantry?"

"Never opens his lips upon any other subject, my Lord."

"He has some intention of establishing schools on different parts of the estate; has he not?"

"So he tells me, my Lord, and they are all to be put under your Lordship's entire direction and controul."

"A very promising character, indeed," said his Lordship, "and one that may be useful, with proper management. If he runs restive, he must be got rid of. England is his proper element, after all. We have too many officiously interfering with us as it is. There is a young lady, too; is she as sanguine in her kind intentions towards us as her brother?"

"I can't make out what she is at all, my Lord. She is for all the world like one dropped out of the clouds, and, I fancy, wishes herself back again in her own country."

"It would be but charitable in us to forward the wishes of a stranger," said the Bishop, in a tone approaching to jocularly. Then quickly resuming his state manner, he continued. "I see no objection, Mr. Moloney, to your cultivating an intimacy with Mr. Eyrebury, if he covets it. As usual, you will repeat the subject of your conversations to me. You are, no doubt, perfectly aware, that you never consent to any interference with the education of the Catholic youth, without reference to me. Be as civil and obliging as possible, and you may appear anxious to forward all his benevolent plans, but remember—you possess no authority, but what is derived from me—as for you, Mr. Garraghan, keep out of his way entirely. If chance should ever throw you into company with him, endeavour to look modest, and hold your tongue, if possible. Then, Sir, without reference to him, I advise you to be circumspect in your conduct. There are eyes upon you, which.....

Fortunately for poor Redmond, the Bishop's harangue was cut short by a loud knocking at the hall-door, and the bouncing into the room of a bare headed, and bare legged girl, in the extremity of consternation.

"Oh! my Lord, my Lord!" cried the damsel, "If here isn't the new gentleman from Croom, and not a soul in the house to open the door but me, and am I in a condition?"

"Where is Mick, the blackguard?" exclaimed the Bishop, losing his dignity and accent in the alarm of the moment.

"He's away pounding John Dolan's pig," said the maid. "It gives us no pace, breaking into the garden; so he....."

"Send somebody after him in a minute," said the Bishop, pushing her out. "And do you hear, you, Garraghan, open the hall-door; and when you have shewn him in, be off with yourself. Moloney, stay where you are till he comes in, then you may go. Oh, man! leave brushing your hat with your sleeve, and look like a gentleman."

In the short space allowed him for such an undertaking, Father Dennis did his best, and succeeded tolerably well, during the half minute which elapsed between Mr. Eyrebury's entrance and his own departure, according to his superior's orders.

## CHAPTER III.

No two persons could be more pleased with each other than were Dr. M'Royster, titular Bishop of —, and Mr. Eyrebury, on their first interview. The Bishop threw off much of the stateliness he assumed with his clergy; retaining just sufficient to give his manner something of the appearance of dignity: at least it was a tolerable substitute for the thing itself, with the generality of people, who have no very distinct idea of what they mean, when they use the expression. Being an excellent mimic, he could with ease adopt the tone and manner of the few well-bred people he had occasionally associated with, till he had almost made them his own; and it was only when thrown off his guard by some sudden shock, that he could be surprised into his natural vulgarity. A very few minutes gave him a thorough insight into the character of his visiter; which, to say the truth, required no great penetration to fathom, being, whether as to faults or perfections, all on the surface. He saw his weak points, and turned all the battery of his cunning against them. He contrived to flatter him, while at the same time, he

impressed him with a sense of his own superiority—listened to him with apparent interest—was gratified to find that their opinions on most subjects coincided, and had an air of candour and honesty about him, which went home to the heart of the straight forward Englishman, and precluded the possibility of a suspicion, that it was all put on for the sole purpose of making a tool of him. What particularly pleased Mr. Eyrebury, was the good feeling with which he spoke of the different characters in the neighbourhood, some of whom, it was well known, were not in the habit of judging so favourably of him. He gave them credit for numberless good qualities; and if he glanced at an imperfection, it appeared to be forced from him by his strict regard to truth, rather than by any pleasure he had in their exposure. Even on the delicate subject of some late recantations, which had occurred in the neighbourhood, and which Mr. Eyrebury introduced, perhaps rather abruptly, he suffered no harsh expression to escape him, but spoke of them more in sorrow than in anger.

“You may see a specimen of the converts,” said he, “from the window. That person’s conversion made a very great sensation in the country.”

He pointed out a large virago-looking woman, at the opposite side of the street, whose voice was strained to the highest pitch, while she heaped unmeasured abuse upon two men, who seemed more amused than alarmed at her violence.

"She is a very noisy neighbour," he added, "and were it not for the circumstance of her recantation, I would have long since felt it my duty to present her as a nuisance, but my motives might be misrepresented, or I should rather say, misunderstood: so I have made up my mind to bear the annoyance with patience. A virtue, Mr. Eyrebury, which *we* are daily, and hourly, called to practice."

"But surely, on a representation being made to the Magistrates, they would use prompt measures, to rid you and the village of such an apparent nuisance?"

"One would suppose so, certainly," replied Dr. M'Royster, "but prejudice in high places runs high in her favour; and the current is perhaps equally strong against me. Mr. Leighton, who, deservedly indeed, possesses much influence, and with whom she is a first-rate favourite, can see no fault in her; and Mrs. Ireton, who has witnessed two or three such scenes as the present, speaks of her in terms of the highest approbation, and generally mentions her as the brand plucked from the burning."

"Is it possible?" asked Mr. Eyrebury, with unfeigned astonishment.

"Ah! my dear Sir!" sighed the Bishop, "You who allow your judgment fair play, can have little idea what havoc religious zeal makes, even in superior understandings. I really believe Mr. Leighton to be an amiable man. I know him to be a clever, a



very clever man ; yet he thinks it matter of high congratulation that this wretched woman should rank herself among his followers. I also know Mrs. Ireton to be a well-meaning woman, and so far intelligent, that he must be a shrewd fellow, who could cheat her of half a farthing, and who knows the value of money, so as to be very cautious in its expenditure ; yet my troublesome neighbour, Biddy Mulhaul, has contrived to impress her with so exalted an opinion of her piety, that she has almost unlimited credit on her Agent. I mean for comparatively small sums, though very considerable to a person in her situation."

Mr. Eyrebury was indignant at such perversion of common sense, and was anxious to clear himself, as Mick Dogherty, who was listening at the door, expressed it, from having act, or part in such mean doings. He assured Dr. M'Royster that he had no proselyting intentions : on the contrary, that he would discourage such a spirit to the utmost of his power. He thought it was of very little consequence what religion a man professed, provided he was a moral, upright, exemplary character ; and that he had remarked, when there was much profession of religion, there was in general a very slender proportion of the reality. To this last opinion Dr. M'Royster heartily assented ; and his visitor took leave with the most favourable impressions of Popery, and more than ever out of humour with his Agent, Mr. Goldtrap, who was one of the poor Bishop's bitterest opposers,

and had strenuously endeavoured to prejudice his employer against him.

Dr. M'Royster accompanied Mr. Eyrebury to the door, and had made his last and best bow in the style of Lord Eversham, the general object of imitation, at least in that particular, to all the half, and some of the whole gentry in the county; and was just preparing to catechize Mick, on the subject of the trespassing pig, when a hack jaunting-car, whose rattle had been distinctly heard for the last quarter of a mile, stopped before the door, from which stepped a short, thick-set, vulgar-looking man, wrapped up in a large drab-coloured great coat, with an enormous muffler of red worsted about his neck.

The Bishop's manners were again thrown out of their centre of gravity.

"What the—that is, what—what the plague brings you here to-day, Kit M'Royster, when you ought to be at the fair of Emlafad?"

"You may well ask that," replied Kit, sitting down heavily in the easy chair, and adding with a rueful shake of the head, while he slowly uncoiled the manifold rolls of his red neck cloth—"Oh man! man! I have news for you will make the two eyes start out of your head!"

"I know it all," said the Bishop, growing red with anger. "I warned you of it, and I will be no loser by your folly. I told you the Grahams were on their last legs, and you would take their Bill for all that money, in spite of my advice."

"No matter about their first or last legs," returned Kit. "And no matter if their whole breed, seed and generation never had a leg between them. The bill was a good one, and the money in my desk three days ago. Oh! if that was all, you might pocket the loss, and be thankful that no worse was before you."

"And what is before me? Out with it at once, and don't keep shaking your head, as if you got the palsy."

"I may well shake and tremble," said Kit, "and so will you too, when I come to".....

"Did ever the world see such a fellow!" exclaimed the Dignitary. "Am I to spend my breath telling you the same thing for ever? None of your preambles, but tell me in three words what is the matter."

"Oh! it isn't three words," groaned Kit, "nor three to the back of them, nor three hundred to the back of them again, could tell it. If I was speaking till to-morrow night, I could not.—Well, well, don't be in a passion. You want to know what is the matter? Why, then, your niece is the matter—Agnes Hannafie is the matter—your own sister's daughter is the matter!"

"Bad enough," said the Bishop, evidently relieved. "She's married, I suppose, to Kilbride? I wash my hands of her entirely: let her portion herself, since she married herself."

"Worse, worse, worse," again groaned Kit, and shaking his head most portentously.

"Fie on the nasty jade!" exclaimed the Bishop,

"she deserves to be carted through every market-town in Ireland. But is it for this you are neglecting the Fair, and letting my bullocks take what care they can of themselves, and be wasting my time and your own, sitting there, glowering at me, as if you had seen something worse than yourself? Can't you get them married up at once? And as for the seven hundred pounds I promised her, why, toss it to the fellow with herself, for he has us in his power now, and won't marry her, I suppose, without it."

"Well!" said Kit, "but you're wide of the mark! And I wonder you're so slow at guessing. Is it a trifle like that would keep me from looking after my own money's worth, to-day, not counting your share in it? Is it the likes of Bartley Kilbride, or what he could do, would take the sense and reason from me?—Didn't I tell you, how I'd make the two eyes start out of your head?"

"Do it, then, at once," cried his brother, losing all patience—"do it and be hanged to you—what is it you have to say about the girl?"

"This is what I have to say," replied Kit, making a violent effort to be calm, while he gasped for breath, and every limb quivered with agitation—"This is what I have to say—that Agnas Hannafie—she that I was so proud out of, and reared all as one as my own—she that you promised to make take her place with the first in the country—she—Oh! as sure as you are a blessed man, and a Bishop, she is

the biggest Protestant within the four walls of the world!!”

The Bishop was totally upset: accent, manner, attitude, which he had with difficulty kept under some little controul for the last quarter of an hour, became altogether unmanageable. He jumped a foot and a half from the floor, struck the table violently with his fist, and grinning in his brother's face, exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, “By this and by that, you are either mad or drunk, Kit M'Royster. If all the angels in heaven offered to swear to it, I wouldn't believe a word of your story.”

“I'm not mad,” replied Kit, with a good deal of spirit; “nor I'm not drunk, neither, though I often was, and so was yourself, too, if I would cast it in your teeth; but let that go: I say what's true, and what all the world will know to be true too soon.”

“Then at whose door will the shame and the curse lie, but at your own?” said the Bishop. “Fine care you took of your orphan niece; and I wonder how you have the assurance to look me in the face, and tell me of your doings!”

“Donat M'Royster,” cried Kit, indignantly, “you have no right to speak to me after that manner. I took better care of her nor yourself ever did; and I have the honor of our holy religion at heart full as much as ever you had, Bishop though you are. Was I a witch to know what she was turning in her mind? Could I see through stone walls in the dead hour of

night, and watch her reading the Testament?—Did you ever caution me again man, woman, or child, barring Kilbride himself; and I defy the world to say that he, or one belonging to him, ever darkened my door since; though the shop suffered by it, and Betty Dalton got plenty of custom for her tea and sugar, trash as they were?—What curse, or what shame will be upon me, more nor upon yourself? If I was at my dying hour, I could declare before all the Priests that ever said Mass, that I had no surmise of her destruction till seven o'clock yesterday evening, when my wife cotch her with the Testament; and one word brought on another, till out it all came at last. And did a wink of sleep ever go on my eyes through the live-long night?—Did a bit or sup go into my mouth since that hour?—Or did the shaking ever leave my hand, or the trembling stop from my heart?—Didn't I tear the hair from her head by handfuls?—Didn't I beat her till there was no life in her, and twisted her arm, so that it is well if she can use it the longest day she lives?—Will my wife ever do a ha'p'orth of good, after the shock she got? and will my poor childer ever raise their heads before the world? Oh! it was none of my doing—I'm innocent of that, and it's a shame for you to thrape up that much to me."

"Well, well, say no more about it," said the Bishop. "It's a bad business, no matter who is to blame. I hope you have not let her read her recan-

tation, however, as some of your town's people did?"

"Have I this thumb upon my hand to stop her windpipe with?" asked Kit, with a grim look, bringing his fist into contact with his brother's chin.

"You forget yourself, man, you forget yourself," said the Bishop, drawing himself up, and endeavouring to recollect himself. "You should not speak in that manner to me. We must have no violence. She will be brought about by proper management: leave that to me. But," relapsing again into his natural manner, "how in the name of all that's bad, did the thing come into her head at all?—How did the shadow of a Bible or Testament ever come under your roof?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said Kit, "if you'll only listen, and not rise my mind, by throwing blame upon me when I don't deserve it. She made no concealment of how she went on, last night, when it came upon us like a clap of thunder, though it was brewing in her mind for seven long months before. You know after we persuaded her to give up thinking of Bartley, and threatened to turn her out, without a coat to her back, or a penny in her pocket, you told us to try and keep her off thinking, by giving her any diversion that came in her way, till the match you had in your eye for her was ready—we done our best—my wife and I have nothing to answer for on that score—still she was low at times, and I wasn't sorry when old Pat Dinneny died, who was, you

know, long failing, for I guessed going to a pleasant wake would help to raise her spirits. My wife lent her her own new green shawl, that evening, and I made a gathering of a parcel of lively boys and girls, to set fun a-going. Who should come in just after us, but Bartley himself, who I thought was at his uncle's in the north? So all I had to do was to keep them asunder as well as I could, and I pinned him down in a minute to a jug of punch by my side in the parlour, while I winked to one or two of the boys to keep her in the corp-room, and to begin their fun at once. Happy I thought myself to have him so snug; and I kep him fast at the punch, and gave him plenty of it, knowing he liked it. Now, what could yourself do more for her soul and body? And if you was sitting where I was, making him drunk, to hinder bad doings, how could you guess what was going on in the corp-room, with the passage between us? When the young ones were sent in for sport, that long swaddler, the guager's son, who had pestered the dying man with his reading and his talk, must come to look after him when he was dead, and in his sleeveen way, asked leave to read a bit to them out of the book, that Pat, he said, was so fond of hearing when he was alive. Nobody had the spirit to turn him out, though little welcome any of them had for him: so he read, and talked, and preached, till they thought he never would have done. He might have gone on till morning, only Jem Mulva-



ney thought of himself to drop his pipe into a bundle of flax, in the corner where he was sitting. It was in a blaze to the rafters in a minute; and then, all was in an uproar till the fire was quenched, and the long swaddler thought it best to be off with himself. We had a fine laugh at Jem's trick, and enjoyed ourselves the remainder of the night in innocence and peace, for Bartley was fast asleep with all he drank—it was that reading done the business—the words went home to her heart, as she could tell me to my face, last night, and the very next day she had a Testament of her own, stole out of a heap of them, that lay time out of mind, with other rubbish, under the stairs in the back shop, after Father O'Rourke seized them from the scholars at Coolnabradish. He threw them to me for snuff, but I never used them, afraid of offending the Protestant customers, particularly ould Mrs. Donlevie, who, you know".....

"Go on with your story," cried the great man, pettishly, "and keep your remarks for some other time."

"I've no more story to tell," replied Kit, rather in a huff, "only that she confessed hiding it in a hole in the ceiling over her bed; and night, noon, and morning, she was reading it, when she was sure not to be seen. What she found in it, it's hard for me to say, for whatever other sin I have to answer for, I am free from that, of ever turning over the leaf of Bible or Testament, till last night, when I tore to flitters

the one my wife found with her, and burned every bit of it, even to the canvass cover."

"As yet, you have given me no reason for supposing she has left the church," said the Bishop. "Many good Catholics have looked into the Bible—rather fool-hardy, I confess—and after all, were not much the worse for it."

"I can give you both rhyme and reason," answered Kit, "if you want it. She said it herself, when we sifted her—and who is a better hand at that nor my wife?—At first she shuffled a little, but out it all came at last. Oh! if you heard her! She ridiculed the Priest for forgiving sin!—She did more—she said you couldn't do it!!!—She foreswore ever going to confession, or hearing mass!—She said, since it happened so, she was glad we found it out, her mind being unasy under concealment. She said so much, that I was forced to chastise her severely—all for her good, if she would think so."

"You say you never had a suspicion of her sentiments till last night!"

"Never, never, never. We thought all was going on fair and asy. She went reglar to her duty. Kilbride was out of the country, and she lost that sour look you know she often had in her sulks, when you ordered her to have done with him. Then, instead of lolloping out of the windy to look at the officers, or settling her hair all day at the glass, as she used to do, she was ready to help my wife with any little

turn about the house, and never gave me an unmannerly answer : nor had I ever to check her for rollicking with the shop-boys, or pelting them with sods of turf—things she was ever vexing me about before—sure, you noticed how genteel she was, not six weeks ago, when you slep at our house. Proud enough my wife and myself was of your commendation, little guessing it would be better if she was choked in the cradle.”

“ We must marry her to Kilbride,” said the Bishop, “ and the sooner it is done, the better. Send for him the minute you go home. Have O’Rourke there before him. Lay down the seven hundred pounds on the spot. You may say that I see her heart is set upon it, and that I would be loath to cross her fancy.”

“ You need pass no apology to him,” said Kit. “ He’ll be asking no questions if he gets the money and the girl. But—she won’t have him now—oh ! it’s true—you needn’t stare that way at me, I know what I am saying. I offered, last night, in your name, when I seen the destruction over her head, to give her to him, and to make her portion a thousand pounds. I might as well talk to that chimbley-piece. She stoutly said she would never marry a Roman, if he was covered with gold from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot.”

“ Send for Kilbride, as I desire you,” repeated the Bishop. “ Put seven hundred pounds before him, and let him manage the rest.”

"He's away off to Liverpool, with cattle," said his brother, "and he won't be back these two months, as I can hear. Besides, what use in sending for the boy, when she won't have him?"

"Enough of this for the present," said the Bishop, "I hear Mick coming in to lay the cloth. After dinner I will give you directions how to proceed in this abominable affair."

Mick made his appearance, with a table-cloth which had evidently seen much service since its last visit to the washing-tub, under his arm; one hand grasping two or three knives and forks, while the other contrived to hold a delft salt-cellar and mustard-pot, and two large beer-glasses.

"I'm glad to see you well, Master Kit," said he, stopping in the middle of the floor: "and how is the mistress, and the young ladies—not forgetting Master Donat, who I judge is a fine brave boy, by this time?"

"All well, Mick, I'm obliged to you," said Mr. M'Royster; "and I'm glad to see you keeping the good place I got you. And how is your woman and the childer?"

"Middling well, Sir, I thank you, considering it's a poor world for a man like me to rear a small family of seven childer: and," scratching his head with a fork, "my poor manes is out of the question to give them meat, drink, and clothes, and put shoes on my own feet, fit to come into my Lord's parlour."

"Troth, Mick," rejoined Mr. M'Royster, in a

condoling tone, "rich or poor, it's a quare world; and your betters, Mick, knows that to their cost, even when they have plenty in their pocket, and money in bank, to boot."

"Christopher," called the Bishop, in an authoritative voice, "come till I shew you the garden. A walk will refresh you after your long drive."

"Walking or driving," said Christopher, meekly putting on his hat, "is all alike for any good I'll get by them, with the load I have about my heart:" and turning about as he followed his brother, he added, ruefully nodding his head at the butler, "Oh! Mick! Mick! there's quarer things in the world nor you ever dreamt of, man!"

## CHAPTER IV.

We have before intimated that Mr. Eyrebury came to Ireland, with the laudable intention of promoting the welfare of the people among whom he had determined to fix his residence; and he lost no time in commencing his operations. Accordingly, half-a-dozen dilapidated cabins were seized upon, to be transformed into neat cottages, as patterns after which the tenants were to remodel their habitations. These, with the usual accompaniments of neat rustic paling, and a profusion of roses and honeysuckles in the fore-ground, were pronounced by Mr. Goldtrap, under whose direction they were planned, to be real English cottages—a subject on which he conceived himself to be a very competent judge, having, some years before, spent six weeks at Cheltenham, which he confessed had improved his mind as well as his body, by the new lights he had acquired. He had also, ever after, retained a certain portion of the English accent, which was remarked to be particularly strong when conversing with Miss Eyrebury. An unsightly building, planned by the late Mr. Dashenvelt, nobody could ever guess for what purpose,

and usually denominated, "the Square's Folly," was metamorphosed into a handsome school-house, where the rising generation was to be educated on a truly liberal plan, sketched out by Dr. M'Royster—a plan which was adapted to give general satisfaction both to Protestants and Roman Catholics, without interfering with the religious opinions of either. He granted ground for the site of a Popish Chapel, and subscribed fifty pounds towards its erection. He planned the draining of a bog, and a new line of road, and a savings bank, in which labourers, with large families, working for sixpence a day, might lay up the surplus of their earnings; and a manufactory for straw plat, to induce the women to cover their elf locks with decent bonnets. To insure popularity, he gave dinners, and accepted all invitations, and attended the petty sessions, and handed ladies to their carriages and jaunting-cars, and gave a house to the Methodist Preacher, and repaired the ball-room, and attended Mr. Leighton's Sunday evening lectures, and patronized a company of strolling players in Tubber Scannevitch, and talked, or rather tried to talk in their own style to the country people. But popularity did not keep pace with his good intentions, nor did success always crown his best endeavours to please. The six show cottages, when finished, could contain but six families, while there were thirty-four expectants, or claimants, all labourers employed in the garden or demesne, and all equally in want of

"any thing the master was willing to give:" consequently, in gratifying the fortunate half-dozen, he gave bitter offence to the disappointed twenty-eight, or, as Mr. Goldtrap called them, the minority. The school met with the unqualified approbation of Dr. M<sup>r</sup>Royster, but it pleased nobody else. Mr. Leighton objected to it from the first, for many reasons—the chief of which was, the exclusion of all religious instruction. The Protestants complained, with or without reason, that their children were neglected by the Roman master, and soon sent them back to the parochial school, which was well nigh emptied when the new one was opened. The Roman Catholics complained of every thing, because their children were not clothed; and Miss Winter denounced it as nothing more or less than a school for pickpockets, from the day her silver thimble was stolen, when she generously offered to teach the head class of girls to mark her pocket-handkerchiefs. The English cottagers also excused the manifold dilapidations, which soon appeared about their new dwellings, by laying the blame on the scholars, who were ever doing mischief when they passed the doors twice a day.

Then, his dinners, though faultless as to the mere eating and drinking, were not generally approved of. The company invited to Croom Castle was of too mixed a nature. Persons were seen there, and forced upon the acquaintance of the privileged class, who had never been admitted into good society before. A



jealousy was excited that he was intending to play the great man with his equals, if not his superiors ; and there was a general inclination among the gentlemen to keep him down. Nor did he stand on much better terms with the ladies, notwithstanding the favorable impression which his person, his manners, and his castle, might be supposed to make, at least on the younger part. The truth was this—Dr. M<sup>c</sup>Royster had, in a very early stage of their acquaintance, insinuated to him, in a way very flattering to his self-esteem, that he was the grand object of contention, the apple of discord, as he classically termed him, to all the young ladies in the county ; and that snares were laid for him, extending from Lady Catherine Forester, through all the gradations of Miss Ireton, the Misses Hackleshaw, the Misses Leighton, &c. &c. down even to poor, little, creeping Miss Quinsley, the school-mistress's daughter. This information, whether true or false, was believed to the letter by our hero, who instantly adopted the wisest measures against falling a victim to such a conspiracy. He, therefore, was as general as possible in his attentions, and if ever, in the gaiety of his heart, he swerved from the straight line of common-place civility, he remedied his mistake on the next interview, by a short-sighted salutation with his chin, which, (though we have been told it is the acme of courtesy among the fashionables of our sister country,) was thought downright impertinence by the ladies of his neighbourhood.

From the peasantry he gained his full share of flattery—a commodity of which they are not sparing, particularly when they see it taken in good part. He conceived he had acquired a perfect knowledge of their character, and that a joke, in season or out of season, was the high road to their affections. But we are free to confess, we have met with very few Englishmen, who understood the reality of the character of the Irish peasantry. They may be amused with the various inflexions of their sing-song brogue—they may have a perception of the native wit, which forces its way through bulls, and blunders, and mistakes, often made to serve a purpose foreign to the subject immediately before them—they may sometimes detect the latent meaning under the distant allusion—they may have a strong suspicion that more is meant than meets the ear, perhaps in the detail of the most apparently trifling circumstance; but it requires to be born and bred among them—it requires to see them at the wake, the patron, the station, the market, the election, the assizes—to pounce upon them in the unguarded moment of excitation—nay, we would go further, and say, it requires to have a certain portion of their own peculiarities of thought and feeling, to unravel the tangled clue of their character, and deal with them on terms of perfect equality. Now, Mr. Eyrebury was not aware, that while they laughed with him, they much oftener laughed at him, and were not unfrequently offended at the cari-


cature, attempted to be passed upon them as a true resemblance of themselves.

Miss Eyrebury had less pretensions of every kind than her brother. A common acquaintance would rank her among that pretty numerous class of young ladies, who are best described by negatives : viz.—not pretty, not ugly, not very agreeable, not absolutely the contrary, &c. &c. She, however, gained credit for being amiable, from the strong attachment shewn to her by her brother, and the enormous letters sent weekly, under Lord Eversham's franks, to her mother. Civil, well-dressed, and apparently anxious to please, the first impression was rather favourable ; but she soon, unconsciously, gave offence, by an unfortunate propensity, which she had in common with many of her fair country-women—that of wondering at every thing different from English customs and habits, and volunteering advice to remedy the manifold errors so apparent in every branch of Irish management. Thus, she wondered why Mr. John Beverley should keep so many servants, when gentlemen with double his fortune in England, contrived to do with half the number. She wondered why some of the nine young Messrs. Goldtrap were not bound to trades, as would be the inevitable lot of boys in their rank of life in England : and she wondered why Miss Leighton did not wear pattens, when walking through the muddy lane leading to her work-school, as every Rector's daughter in England would

do under the same circumstances. But the wonderment, which caused the most universal displeasure, was that directed against Mrs. Hackleshaw's pronunciation of the word *veil*, which she always spoke of as butcher's meat, calling it *veal*; which was the more extraordinary, the lady in question being niece to a Viscount, sister to a Baronet, and always moving in the best society. Through the instrumentality of Miss Winter, this remark was retailed to Mrs. Bennet the grocer, and through her, to the servants dealing at her shop, by whom it soon reached the drawing-rooms, or dressing-rooms of their mistresses, who, one and all, resented the attack upon poor Mrs. Hackleshaw, as coming with a peculiarly bad grace from one, who had been convicted by Murray's Grammar, and Walker's Dictionary, of sundry violations of the laws of the English language, when she desired the *winder* to be shut, or spoke of *Louiser* Leighton, or admired *wite lealock*, or ordered *biled* milk with coffee.

But, let truth do its office. Making allowances for these adventitious blemishes, which were not so much the faults of an individual, as the characteristic of a numerous class, Miss Eyrebury had good sense and sound principles. She possessed that happy constitution of mind, which, though it may not give an intuitive perception of what is right, contrives to make a good guess at it, and had firmness of resolution to act fully up to her conviction. Her judgment

of characters was seldom wrong, when time and opportunity were afforded her of studying them; and she had formed a pretty fair estimate of some of her brother's new associates, much below the standard at which he rated them. The first, and most influential, was Dr. M'Royster, the engine by which all the machinery of Croom Castle was kept in motion. Mr. Eyrebury saw no fault in him—the lady had discovered some, and suspected more—the fact was, Dr. M'Royster regarded her as inferior in intellect even to her brother, for whose understanding he had the most sovereign contempt. He saw in her only an uninteresting matter-of-fact girl—a mere chronicler of small beer, without sufficient character to be made a tool of, to forward his most petty design—and he left her in undisturbed possession of the narrow bounds, within which her few ideas could range; perfectly unconscious, that few as they might be, they had wandered as far as his own Right Reverend personage, and were all concentrated in endeavouring to penetrate the smooth surface of his manners, and to explore the real nature of what lay beneath. Her progress in this scrutiny was slow. It was sometimes difficult to follow him through the jesuitical labyrinth in which he ordinarily moved; but the pursuit was so unremittingly kept up, that every interview developed more and more of his real character, and each discovery necessarily lowered him a step in her estimation; while Mr. Leighton, against whom he



had managed to prejudice her brother, was rising rapidly in her good opinion.

"I see you are infected with the mania that rages in this neighbourhood," said Mr. Eyrebury, on one occasion, when she endeavoured to set Mr. Leighton's conduct in a favourable point of view. "You are becoming a Leightonite. And, now, Kate, my dear, tell me candidly what you see in this man to admire him so outrageously."

"My admiration cannot be said to be very extravagant," replied the lady, "as I only said he was a good and sensible man."

"Oh! I give him credit for as much goodness as you please—not exactly knowing what is meant by the term in the religious vocabulary; but as for sense, I deny the fact altogether. I deny that any man can be said to possess a particle of common sense, whose panacea for all the evils of Ireland, is—the Bible!!! Yet your sensible man—Mrs. Ireton's first-rate man, and Lady Eversham's right-hand man, gravely proposes the Bible as sufficient in itself, to remedy every thing that has gone wrong in our population! I assure you, I felt quite ashamed of him, the other day, when he exposed himself in this way before the English officers; and had not Goldtrap luckily got on his everlasting topic of Cheltenham, which gave another turn to the conversation, I know not how far he might have gone into similar absurdities. You cannot conceive," he added, seeing his sister seemed at

a loss for an answer, "how much Dr. M'Royster was amused when I told him the story. He was quite sorry that I had not asked him, by what chemical process the Bible was to be converted into bread and broad cloth, to feed and clothe our wretched peasantry."

"I doubt if Dr. M'Royster would have ventured to ask him that question, had he been present," said Miss Eyrebury, in her usual composed manner.

"Ventured!" repeated her brother, indignantly: "and pray, why not?"

"I cannot exactly tell, but I think so," she replied. "Mr. Leighton appears to me never to put forward an opinion, without being able to defend it. Dr. M'Royster, on the contrary, sometimes does assert a little too strongly, what he is not able to prove, except by a sneer, which, I perceive, is generally the most powerful part of his argument."

"You are far gone, Kate—you are certainly on the high road to the gas manufactory, as Dr. M'Royster calls the new-light system. But let us go back to Mr. Leighton's goodness. In what does it consist, except in preaching long sermons, which really, Kate, I am sure you do not understand; and praying in cabins; and collecting pence to convert the Hindoos, and Hottentots, and Jews; and giving dinners to religious lords and ladies; and speaking at Bible Society meetings; and proselyting the prisoners in the jail; and robbing the poor Roman Catholics, by forc-

ing Douay Testaments on them for payment? Or perhaps you may think it a high attainment in goodness, to denounce the ball-room, the theatre, and other places of innocent amusement, as the high road to perdition; and to condemn half the world, because they are not talking of religion night, noon, and morning, as he does? From the bottom of my heart, I pity the children of such over-righteous parents—particularly the girls. How must they long for the happy moment, when a husband releases them from such intolerable bondage?”

“I believe the young Leightons are very happy at home,” said Miss Eyrebury. “I know they are always cheerful; and I had it from *Louiser* herself, that she perfectly coincides with her father in his religious opinions; and also, that she would not partake of those amusements you mention, if she were perfectly independent.”

“And did you believe her?” asked the gentleman. “Did you believe she spoke in honesty and sincerity? Why, my dear Kate, that young lady, happy as she is at home, would gladly exchange it for another, where she knows she would not meet the godly exercises of the glebe—she would even exchange it for a barrack, and is at this moment making an attack upon fat Colonel Copperskittle, to have him in reserve, if her grand project should fail, which I am inclined to think may be the case. No, no; you may trust me, Kate, there is a little spice of hypocrisy in all the Leightons: indeed it is almost forced upon them by



the circumstances of the neighbourhood: you know, serious religion, as it is called, is the fashion here: it is the only passport for non-descripts into good society. Reprobates in our rank of life may contrive to do without it, but that is not the case with the Leightons."

"You forget," said Miss Eyrebury, "that Mr. Leighton's place in society does not depend on his religious sentiments, being a man of independent fortune, and high connections."

"Fashion is every thing," continued her brother, without noticing her remark, "as well in religion as in dress, as Dr. M'Royster shrewdly remarked to me, on a late occasion: 'Let my Lady Eversham,' said he, 'give a ball, or two or three balls, and let Mrs. Ireton order the 'School for Scandal' at the Theatre Royal, Tubber Scannevitch, and we should, ere long, find the religious thermometer at the glebe, fall, fall, fall, till it arrived at freezing point.'"

"The experiment remains to be tried," said the young lady; "and after all, it might not succeed. I have the authority of Mr. Goldtrap (no violent partizan of religion) against Dr. M'Royster, for stating that the gaieties of Eversham Hall, some years since, had no effect upon Mr. Leighton's conduct. If fashion has any thing to do with the religion of the neighbourhood, he was the leader. Lord and Lady Eversham were, I have heard, very gay people, before their acquaintance with him."

"And much credit he deserves for their reforma-

tion. They have absolutely the very stupidest house that ever poor mortal was condemned to twirl his thumbs in, for want of something to do: and I think much worse of him now than ever, since I know the fault lies with him. But I have another objection to him—his intolerable bigotry. Nothing gives him such savage pleasure, as when he succeeds, by any means, in making converts from the Church of Rome, even though all his proselytes, without one exception, are of the very worst description of character, both before and after their recantation.”

“I should like to hear Mr. Leighton’s own opinion on the subject of the reformation,” said Miss Eyrebury. “He is a candid man, whose judgment would not probably be much warped by prejudice.”

“You may satisfy yourself this moment,” replied her brother, looking out of the window, “for here he comes—candour, sense, piety, and all the cardinal virtues personified—attended by Goldtrap, whose unbiassed judgment, liberal education, and acknowledged candour, you can call to your aid, if you find Mr. Leighton’s flights beyond your comprehension.”

After the usual preliminary greetings, Mr. Eyrebury at once commenced an attack, which he had long meditated on Mr. Leighton, by mentioning the subject of conversation between him and his sister.

“I believe you are aware,” said he, “that I am no friend to the reformation, so called. I dislike the principle, and I more than dislike the results. It is

not, however, likely to do much harm. I fancy, by this time, you have discovered that it is a chimera. The excitement has subsided, and, as might be expected, the majority has returned to the bosom of the mother church, while the few that remain are of a class of persons not likely to do credit to any religion."

"Of the forty-seven, who at different times recanted in this parish," replied Mr. Leighton, "nine have relapsed to Popery. Perhaps about half that number are wavering, and may possibly fall away, but the majority is certainly still in our favour."

"But what do you say of their character—of their general conduct? My sister wishes to be informed particularly on those points."

"I can speak of them as favourably, as of any other like number of persons, taken indiscriminately from the crowd. They have not thrown off human nature, with Popery; and consequently an observer, on the watch to discover faults, may make out a pretty long catalogue, to prove they are not angels—a position, which we have never defended, either in the case of converts from Popery, or true-born Protestants."

"Then you confess, they are but a so-so set, take them all together?" said Mr. Eyrebury, in high good humour. "I hinted as much to my sister, just now, when she was a little incredulous. You will believe me again, Kate, I hope, without having recourse to *an oracle*."

"It needs no oracle, or fortune-teller," said Mr. Goldtrap, "to tell us, that no Papist could ever be a good Protestant—they haven't it in them. Let them pretend what they may, they'll die at last with the wafer in their mouth."

"You will remember, Miss Eyrebury," continued the Rector, "I have only confessed that they are not, as a body, *worse* than their neighbours. I have, moreover, to state, that, individuals among them, are not only respectable, but exemplary in their conduct."

"My acquaintance with them is certainly very limited," said Mr. Eyrebury, "and the specimen which has come under my observation, has not, I confess, prejudiced me much in favour of the body. But I should apologize for finding fault with a person, who, I understand, ranks high in your esteem."

"May I ask the name of my esteemed, though, I am sorry to hear, disreputable friend?"

"I forget her name," replied Mr. Eyrebury; "but she lives in Tubber Scannevitch. She is a tall, masculine woman, apparently easily irritated, with rather a high-toned voice."

"Biddy Mulhaul, to the life!" exclaimed Mr. Goldtrap. "The chapel has no loss of her, nor the church no gain. If she was in this parish, I would never put my foot inside the church, while she was allowed to shew her face among decent people."

"You have been misinformed," said Mr. Leighton, "as to the friendship said to exist between me and

Mrs. Mulhaul. Indeed I am ashamed to confess, that I feel a dislike to the poor woman, which I endeavour to repress, as unchristian, when I consider the great improvement in her general conduct, within the last year."

"Improvement! Why, my dear Sir, what must she have been, if, such as she is, there is an improvement in her conduct?"

"That is exactly the light in which I would ask you to look at those poor people, of whom you have heard so unfavourable a report. Before you condemn them as past hope, inquire what they were in times past. You have, no doubt, seen *my friend*, Mrs. Mulhaul, exhibit very violent passions, without being aware of the daily and hourly provocations she meets with, to irritate a temper naturally violent, and, till very lately, never under any restraint. She is the object of general persecution, which, I confess, she does not always bear with the spirit of a martyr. She is hated by the Roman Catholics for changing her religion, and proscribed by the Protestants for changing her course of life—at least, Mr. Goldtrap's objection appears to have no other foundation."

"All I say," said Mr. Goldtrap, "is this—that it is easy to be a saint if Biddy Mulhaul is one. Why, Miss Eyrebury, if you knew the woman! She was born bad—she earned a livelihood by keeping the worst house in the kingdom—she was drunk from sun-rise to sun-set—she was before me, and all the

magistrates in the county, a hundred times, for every misdemeanor in the calendar? And where was she converted?—In the jail!!”

“Leaving her saintship and the jail out of the question,” said Mr. Leighton, “it is but fair to add, that she is now sober, honest, and industrious. I do not excuse her ungovernable temper—I only say, she has abundant provocation. I do not bring her forward as a pattern of perfection; but I must be allowed to say, that a great change for the better has taken place in her.”

“A change, which could not possibly have been produced, had she remained in the corrupt Church of Rome?” asked Mr. Eyrebury, with one of Dr. M’Royster’s supercilious smiles.

“At least, it did not take place while she was a member of that communion,” replied Mr. Leighton.

“And how could it?” said Mr. Goldtrap, “when they can get absolution for any thing; and when one old score is wiped off, they have nothing to do but begin another, as fast as they can.”

“Have you as bad an opinion of the Roman Catholic religion, as Mr. Goldtrap?” inquired the lady.

“Much worse,” answered the Rector. “Mr. Goldtrap’s dislike originates in the mere circumstance of its not being Protestantism—my objection is founded on its demoralizing consequences. I have examined it in detail, and have long since arrived at the con-

clusion, that it is the source of all the evils, under which this unhappy country suffers."

"That is a heavy charge," said Miss Eyrebury.

"But not made upon slight grounds," returned Mr. Leighton. "Does Popery ever restrain vice?—Or supposing it endeavours to do so, has any restraint of its invention been effectual? The utmost we see it do, is to exact compensation, in proportion to the quantum of offence committed; but we in vain look for its effects in preventing the commission of crime. A dignitary may, now and then, write a sentimental pastoral, advising the people to be good; or a Priest thunder out a scolding from his altar, abusing them for being bad; but the coaxing and the scolding are equally disregarded. Yet the authority of the priesthood over their flock is unbounded—witness the blind submission with which they are obeyed in every instance, when they are in earnest, even when their commands are in direct opposition to the good feelings or wishes of the people. They can array the tenant against the landlord, though ruin stare him in the face—they can force them to rear their children in ignorance, when they are most anxious for education—they can persuade them to burn, or drown, or bury the Bible—in fact, they can keep them from all good; but if asked, why they do not exert their influence to repress the outrages against order and humanity, which are of daily occurrence, they must either confess, they have not the power, or that they

will not exert it : and in either case, such a system wants the essence of true religion, and must be productive of manifold evils."

"I cannot allow," said Mr. Eyrebury, looking grave, "that the Roman Catholic priesthood are averse to education : they only oppose it when made a cover for proselytism. By carefully avoiding all suspicion of that nature, I found no difficulty in gaining the full approbation of Dr. M'Royster, and his clergy, to my school."

"They have little to fear from the instruction imparted in a school conducted on the same principles with yours. The children may safely be permitted to learn to read, by a mere mechanical process, with which, the mind, properly speaking, has nothing to do. After their education is finished, the greater number will soon forget even the little they have been taught, while a few of the cleverest may hereafter turn their acquirements to account, by reading the newspapers to the politicians of the ale-house, or penning proclamations for the Captain Rock of the vicinity."

"You must not think me uncivil," said Mr. Eyrebury, "if I express the hope of your being a false prophet, and that the instruction afforded by my school, may not be altogether so unavailing, or so detrimental, as you imagine."

"It requires no prophetic inspiration," replied Mr. Leighton, "to pronounce upon the worthlessness



of a system, which has been long adopted, and in all cases failed. The hedge-schools afforded the same advantages as yours, with the exception of a little more order and regularity in externals; and such schools were numerously attended, and such instruction as they afforded, widely diffused. There is scarcely a labourer on your estate, who has not, in early youth, thumbed over his Reading made-Easy, or scrawled a copy on his knees; yet of what avail has all this learning been to them? It is a mistake to suppose that the Irish peasantry are totally destitute of the mere education of letters. I assure you, it obtains to a much greater extent among them, than with the same, or a higher class, in England."

"That I can vouch for," said Mr. Goldtrap. "I never was so surprised in my life, as to meet a very decent man, one day, when I was at Cheltenham, who did not know how to read."

"What system of instruction would you recommend?" asked Miss Eyrebury.

"A scriptural one. I have high authority for asserting, that the Scriptures are able to make wise unto salvation. Now, he that has learned that wisdom, has decidedly got the best education, and will manifest its excellency by its effects upon the life and conduct."

"Do you seriously maintain," inquired Mr. Eyrebury, "that the Bible, which is, I suppose, what you mean by the Scriptures, is, of itself sufficient to change the habits and feelings of our population?"

"I plead guilty to the charge of holding such an opinion," answered Mr. Leighton, "though I am sure I shall sink in your estimation by the avowal. But let us come to the point at once. There is confessedly a great evil to be remedied. Quacks of all kinds have been consulted, and their receipes have not succeeded. Now, supposing I am nothing but a quack, it is only fair to give my nostrum a trial with the others, when I come forward with as high pretensions. Open another school upon my plan, and let experience decide, who succeeds the best—Dr. M'Royster—no, I beg his pardon—Mr. Garraghan, with his whip, or myself, with the Bible."

"I am sure," said Mr. Eyrebury, "that Dr. M'Royster would permit the Bible to be read by the children, if he conceived such good effects would follow, as you expect."

"I am quite sure he would not. Popery is too cunning to let in the light of God's word upon its dark doings. No; we cannot expect the co-operation of its ministers in such a work: it must be carried on in the face of their determined opposition."

"'Tis a pity," said Mr. Eyrebury, sarcastically, "that our legislators are not enlightened upon this subject: a bill could so easily be passed to banish all the priests, pull down the chapels, and drive the Roman Catholics to church, at the point of the bayonet."

"Every Christian," replied the Rector, "would look upon the remedy as worse than the disease. Per-

secution is a weapon that invariably recoils upon him who wields it. 'They that use the sword, shall perish with the sword;' therefore I would dispense with it entirely."

"When I was at Cheltenham".....

"Goldtrap," cried Mr. Eyrebury, throwing open the door in a great hurry, "Cheltenham itself could not produce a finer rib of beef than waits in the next room for our luncheon;" and following his visitors, he repeated to himself, "What a lucky thought, to stop both their mouths at once."

## CHAPTER V.

THE next morning Miss Winter was at her lady's bed's side half an hour before her usual time for rising, and in a voice tremulous from agitation, besought her to get out of bed as quickly as possible, or the probability was, that she would be murdered before she knew where she was.

"What is the matter, Winter?" cried the lady, scarcely less agitated than her maid.

"It is the most dreadful place, Ma'am, nobody's life is safe for one single minute. If you do not persuade Mr. Eyrebury to take us to England this very day, Ma'am, I shall certainly die with pure terror."

"What has happened?" again asked her mistress. But it was long before poor Miss Winter could arrange her thoughts, so as to give a coherent account of the cause of her fright. At length, after much difficulty, she understood that an old man and woman, who lived on the borders of the great Bog of Moyal-lart, had been robbed and murdered the preceding night.

"Mr. Lewis, the new steward, has just come from the house," continued the waiting-maid, "and a bar-

barous story he has to tell about hammers, and pitchforks, and blood sticking to his shoes. The poor old creatures had saved twenty-eight shillings, to buy coffins; and the horrid wretches would not let them die quietly, but murdered them for those few shillings."

"Has my brother been made acquainted with this?" asked the lady.

"Yes, Ma'am, and he is dressing as fast as possible to go with Mr. Goldtrap to take the old woman's examinations; for she is not quite dead, though they thought she was: and she told Mr. Lewis, that she could swear to the man who gave her the first blow with the hammer, though his face was blackened. Think of that, Ma'am!—Such wicked wretches! I would rather die a thousand deaths, than be murdered by a man with a black face. I should positively die with fright, before he could kill me."

"It is altogether a very dreadful circumstance, indeed," said Miss Eyrebury, "and I hope the murderers may be brought to justice."

"Justice!" exclaimed Miss Winter, "I would give them no justice. I would hang them all; particularly the horrid fellow with the hammer. Why Ma'am, I have seen the man. Philip is almost certain that he spoke to me one day in the Beech walk. If he is not hanged at once, I will leave Ireland, no matter who stays in it: for I could not remain in a country, where murderers may walk about in broad day, and may talk to any body they please."

Here Miss Winter was interrupted by a message from Mr. Eyrebury to his sister, telling her not to wait breakfast ; and soon after, she saw him ride from the door, accompanied by Mr. Goldtrap.

"This is the first outrage of the kind," said the Agent, as they approached the house where the murder was committed, "that has taken place, for upwards of a year and a half : and as it is a bad precedent, it ought to be put down at once. I am right glad you are so willing to stir in the business, because the people will see that you do not encourage such doings. They are ripe enough for mischief, without having your countenance to put them up to it."

"What do you mean by my giving encouragement to robbery and murder ?" asked his employer, indignantly.

"I said no such thing" answered Goldtrap. "I only meant that they might think you would favor them through thick and thin. You know you always lean to their side, in any little matter that comes before you as a magistrate."

"I lean to no side, but that of impartial justice ; and I shall steadily pursue that line of conduct, without caring what opinion may be formed of my motives."

"There's no knowing what the lower orders will think, when they once begin," said the Agent—"But" suddenly reining in his horse, and pointing to a young man, who came from the cabin, and rode off in an

opposite direction, "after all, we are too late. Oh! what a murder it was, you would wait to shave. Don't you see that no razor went on my chin this morning?"

"Is the woman dead?" inquired Mr. Eyrebury, wondering by what means he had obtained his information.

"Dead or alive, its' no matter now—Didn't you see Garraghan, the young Priest, go out of the house, this minute? He has given her her lesson, and not one word of truth will we get out of her lips."

"Goldtrap," said Mr. Eyrebury, "I am really surprised and shocked at your bigotry. Can you for a moment suppose that a minister of religion would dictate untruths to a dying creature?"

"We'll see, we'll see," cried the Agent, hurrying into the cabin, where a scene, truly shocking, presented itself to their view. The body of the murdered man lay in all its ghastliness, in one corner of the room, while the woman, still alive but scarcely human in appearance, from wounds and bruises, occupied the other.

"Mrs. Fannin," cried Mr. Goldtrap, addressing the poor object, "I am sorry you should receive such treatment in a Christian country: and I hope you'll recover yet, to see the villians swing for last night's work."

"I'm obliged to your honour," said she, speaking difficulty, "you were always a tender gentle-

man—but it's all over with me in this world—I'll not live out to see the blessed sun go down this evening."

"You couldn't give a guess to any of the ruffians that murdered you? Could you, Mrs. Fannin?"

"How could I, Sir? when their faces were all as black as that hat upon your head."

"I thought you said, that in spite of his disguise, you knew it was Pat M'Govran that gave you the first blow?"

"Och! Mr. Goldtrap dear!" said an old woman, who was sitting by the bed, "Don't disturb the dying creature now, when her senses is gone entirely. She said to myself this minute, when her head was clear, that she never laid eyes upon one of them, to her knowledge, before. She says she is sure it was a pedlar from Munster, with his gang, and nobody from about the place at all, at all."

"Hold your tongue, Molly Egan," cried Mr. Goldtrap, angrily, "and keep your prate, till it's wanted. Tell me, Mrs. Fannin, didn't you say, it was Pat M'Govran gave you the first blow?"

"What is he saying?" asked the dying woman.

Mr. Goldtrap again repeated his question.

"No," said she, after a long pause. "I never said it. Whoever was in it, Pat M'Govran was not there at all."

"Lewis, come forward," cried Mr. Goldtrap to the Steward, who had just entered the house. "Did this woman accuse Pat M'Govran by name, when you were here this morning?"



"She did, Sir," replied the steward. "She said she knew him from the first: and made certain sure of him, when she saw he wanted one of his front teeth, which was more plainer from the blackness of his face. Him in the long frize coat, heard her, as well as me," pointing to a man, who was sneaking out of the door.

"Stop Sir," said Mr. Eyrebury. "Repeat to us what this woman said, respecting the dreadful transaction of last night."

"Plase your honour, Sir," says the man, scratching his head, "all the world knows, that I am ever a little dull of hearing at this time of year. I got it blasting the rocks at Cullaghmore. Mr. Goldtrap, you yourself knows how bad I was, and so does the mistress: for many's the cure she sent me, though, small blame to her, little good they done me; and it's my opinion that I'm past cure, out and out."

"Paddy Burn," said Mr. Goldtrap, "I'll make you hear and speak too. Look me in the face, Sir—Am I a man to be trifled with?—I'll make you jump, you rascal, if you venture to play your tricks with me—speak out, this minute, before your landlord here, and tell us what Biddy Fannin said about M'Govran."

"There was some mention of Pat, sure," said Burn. "But whether, it was Mr. Lewis put it into her head, or whether it was her own consate entirely, or whether she said, he had a tooth like the one that Tom Savage knocked out of Pat's mouth, the day of *the scrimmage* at the fair of Ballynagratty, I disre-

member quite. But Biddy," turning to the dying woman, "sure, yourself knows what you said better nor me, who, all the world knows, left my hearing among the rocks at Cullaghmore, seven long years ago. Speak out dear, and tell the gentlemen what you said to Mr. Lewis, when he talked about Pat, and how asy it was to know his tooth that he lost at Ballynagratty."

"If I said any thing again Pat M'Govran, it was a lie," said she. "I didn't understand the English gentleman's English, so I answered maybe astray, striving to please him—but, once for all, Pat had no hand in it, from first to last, and let him get no trouble for me, or the poor carcase there. And now, if yees have any pity, let me die in quietness. I've made my peace with God and man—the holy ointment is on me, and I'll not open my lips again, let who will question me."

"Keep up to that, Biddy dear," said Mrs. Egan. "If you answer them that don't know the meaning of your words, you might falsify the innocent—and innocent the boy is to my own knowledge—hadn't I him before my eyes the live long night, at Mr. O'Brien's wake? and did he stir a step from it, till the morning light was in the sky? And could he be all the way from Lisahuddart to rob and murder, between that, and the time when the screech was through the country? God forgive them that would lay blood to the door of the innocent!"

"'Pon my word, Sir," said Lewis, addressing his master, "I have spoken nothing but the truth. This poor creature declared she was ready to swear home to Pat M'Govran—and that man, who was not in the least deaf at the time, said that he would not put it past him. Those were his very words, whatever he meant by them."

"Sure, I would'nt put it past any body, to do a bad turn," said Paddy Burn, "if I thought they went about killing and murdering people in the dead hour of the night; and if I thought Pat was so foolish a boy as that, why the worst word in my mouth wouldn't be bad enough for him."

"There is no use in staying here," said Mr. Goldtrap; "they are all in a story; but we'll get at the truth, in spite of them and their advisers. I have a little business at home, before the Coroner comes, which will be at two o'clock. Where is the Constable?—Phillips, don't lose sight of Paddy Burn and Molly Egan, till I come back—Lewis, you must be forthcoming too—Mr. Eyrebury, what will you do with yourself till the inquest sits?"

"I shall ride to Tubber Scannevitch. Dr. M'Royster may give advice which will be useful to us in this business."

"Oh! that you had more sense, and I more money," muttered the Agent to himself, as he mounted his horse, "and it's hard to say, which is more wanting to both of us!"

Dr. M'Royster gave as much advice as our hero could possibly require. M'Govran, he said, was, unfortunately, unpopular with many of the gentry, particularly with Mr. Goldtrap, who had a grudge of long standing against him, for cutting timber on the Croom Estate, during the life of old Mr. Dashenvelt. He had, besides, offended Mr. Leighton, by objecting to a Scripture Reader, or some such person, interfering with the religion of one of his relations; and he feared that former misdemeanours might influence the judgment of the Magistrates, in the present case. For his own part, he could not believe the man guilty, except upon the clearest evidence; for though a wild, and in some respects, a failing character, he had many excellent traits; and he had reason for thinking him a very humane man. He sincerely hoped, that all who were engaged in this investigation, would divest themselves of prejudice; impartially weighing every circumstance, as well in favor of, as against the individual under suspicion.

"I merely throw out these hints, my dear Sir, that you may not prejudge his case, as others, it is to be feared, have done already. *You*, I feel assured, will act up to the spirit of our excellent law, which presumes the innocence of the accused, till guilt is clearly brought home. Short a time as you have been among us, Mr. Eyrebury, you must see that *we* are a proscribed race—any report to our disadvantage, generally, or individually, gains rapid credit—

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Our religion is supposed to afford sufficient ground to believe the very worst of our intentions or practices. But, in common candour, may it not be allowed, that even a poor *benighted* Roman Catholic, might cut down a tree, who would yet shudder at the thought of raising his hand against the life of a fellow creature? Might not the same person, in the excitation of the moment, use violent language to an unauthorized stroller, who was tampering with the religion of his family, and yet, not commit murder in cold blood?"

Then, as to the poor woman, her recognition of the murderer, seemed to him, to be absolutely dictated by the vague guesses or cross-questionings of those persons, who had first seen her after the dreadful occurrence, when coherency could not be expected. Such evidence, under such circumstances, could not, he conceived, have any weight with an honest jury, even if she had not so positively denied it, when her mind was calmed by the influence of religion. Paddy Burn's testimony must go for nothing: for between deafness and natural imbecility of mind, he was an incompetent witness—a clever cross-examination might make the poor man say and unsay in the same breath, without the slightest intention to deceive. Mary Egan was a sensible woman, and the person most likely to interpret the ravings of the sufferer, for ravings they must be called, in the situation to which she was reduced.

More puzzled than enlightened by his visit, Mr.

Eyrebury rode back to Moyallart, as the Coroner's Inquest was about to sit. He learned from his Agent, that the woman had died immediately after they left the house, and that four men, including M'Govran, were in custody, under suspicious appearances.

"We will find it hard to come to the bottom of it," he added, "for all heads and hands are at work to screen M'Govran. Garraghan, the young priest, is his cousin; and he has been galloping about, since day-break, teaching the people to prove an alibi, or any thing else, that is not the truth."

"Goldtrap," said Mr. Eyrebury, "I perceive you have already condemned this man, in your own mind. You forget, that in the true spirit of our excellent laws, we should presume him innocent, till convicted by a jury."

"What matter about me, or my opinion," replied the Agent. "I am neither judge nor jury. But he will have law enough, and swearing enough, and juries enough, and let him make the most of them."

We shall not detail all the proceedings of the inquest, but merely give an outline of some of the evidence for and against M'Govran.

His manner was cool and collected; sometimes bordering on the jocular, particularly when questioned by Mr. Goldtrap, whom he repeatedly reminded of his threat to hang or transport him, on the first opportunity: and it was only when his eyes met those of one of the prisoners, a lad of eighteen, who

wept bitterly during the whole of the examination, that he betrayed the slightest agitation of countenance or manner.

He accounted for the remains of some black mixture, under the hair about his forehead, by supposing that when he was dropping asleep at the wake, the girls had smutted his face, as they had done to others. The spots upon his waistcoat, were nothing but soot-droppings from the rafters of the room where he slept; and even if they were blood, they might as well belong to the pig he had killed three days ago, as to a Christian. For his part, he didn't know the differ between blood, if there was any. Maybe Mr. Goldtrap could know by the taste or the smell, as he sarved his time to the trade in the Rebellion, as he heard, whipping and scourging all the poor people that came in his way. The shirt and stockings which he wore the night before, he couldn't find in the morning, and he never troubled himself about axing after them, guessing that his sister took them to wash again the funeral, that he might be as decent as another. In the end, he confidently appealed to the whole country to account for every moment of his time, from the hour he dropped the loy, the evening before, till that blessed minute, when he was standing there.

"Mrs. Egan swore that she left him in the corpse-house at two o'clock in the morning, when she went home. The reason she was sure of the hour, was,

that as she passed John Mitchel's door, she heard the clock strike, and that she stopped to count it.

John Mitchel, after sundry prevarications, was obliged to admit, that his clock hadn't struck a stroke, or moved a hand, for more nor three weeks before, when his young son pulled it down on the top of his head, and smashed it to pieces.

Mrs. Egan then thought, that it might be a singing in her head, that she took for Mitchel's clock. Any how, she was positive it was two o'clock; for she remarked, she ever got a trimbling all over her, at that time of night, when she sot up; and the trimbling was on her, when she looked over at Pat, as she crossed the door.

Miles Frayne had walked to the four roads with him, when they left the wake together, and to the best of his knowledge, it was after two o'clock—it might be three—it might be earlier, or it might be later: God help him, he never had a watch. What good would it do to the like of him, who would know the hour as well without it. It was drawing towards morning—that he knew, at any rate.

A man, with a watch, had seen M'Govran and the young prisoner, Slattery, whispering together at ten, by his watch, but he missed them the whole night after. To the best of his belief, they were only in the other room—why he thought so, was, that they could be no where else. He had no favor, nor no affection to M'Govran, but he thought he wouldn't lead a gossoon like Jem Slattery into bad parables.



Here the lad broke out into a violent passion of grief, and earnestly addressing M'Govran, said, "Oh! Pat, Pat, sure you won't be my destruction!—Was I in it at all?—Did I".....

"Never mind them," interrupted the other, "They'll not swear away our lives yet, let our enemies try as they may. Wait till your mother and credible people belonging to us both, will give their evidence; and don't be cast down, Jem, and give a handle to them that's thirsting for our blood, because we won't deny our God. Oh! if we had a Testament in our pocket, and went again our clargy, it isn't here we would be standing now."

Marcia Ratigan, sister to M'Govran, accompanied her brother to the wake, and never took her eyes off him, as long as she stayed. He was sitting by James Slattery, and made no freedom with the girls, who were blackening the faces of the men, with soot from down the chimbley. She couldn't give a guess at the time she went home. Never knew one hour from another, day or night, unless somebody told her. Left Pat after her, but it wasn't passing half an hour, when he was in the house with her, and went to his bed, like another man. Nobody could leave the house unknownst to her, as she never closed an eye, with a troublesome child. She washed his shirt and stockings, to have them ready for the funeral, though not a want they wanted it, only he was ever particular about a funeral. The hammer was locked up in the chest for long enough, till that morning, when she

looked it out, to drive a nail into the cogglesome stool; and it fell into the wash-tub, which was the reason it was wet, when the constable found it in the turf-stack—likely, one of the childer put it there—nobody that hasn't childer, knows what they will do betimes.

Lewis, though repeatedly pressed by his master, as to the possibility of his unintentionally dictating the accusation of M'Govran to the dying woman, persisted in his first story: and his evidence was corroborated by a young girl, who declared, that Mrs. Fannin had repeatedly called him her murderer, before the steward was sent for.

"Oh! that flogs all!" cried M'Govran. "Is the life of a man to be put into the hands of the like of Mary Carson?—a fondling, and a parisheen!—Won't the word of the dying be taken, before her oath, who would swear any thing she was put up to, by them that has been plotting my death this many a day?"

Paddy Burn was a long time before he could hear, and longer before he could remember more than that there was some mintion, sure enough, of Pat, between Mr. Lewis and Biddy. At length, however, he admitted, that up to the time of Father Redmond's coming, she was romancing about Pat and the hammer; but after she made her pace with God, her mind was wonderfully brought about, and she cleared the boy quite entirely, "as the gentlemen there hard better nor me, who all the world knows, never was the same

man, since that unlucky job at Cullaghmore, that took the sense, as well as the hearing, out of me."

We give this as a specimen of the anxiety generally shewn by the lower orders to defeat the ends of justice. But the testimony against the prisoners was stronger than any adduced in their favor ; and they were committed to jail under a military guard, there being a manifest intention on the part of the peasantry, to rescue them.

On their trial at the next assizes, the guilt of M'Govran, and the two elder prisoners, was fully proved, and sentence of death accordingly passed upon them. It appeared in evidence, that James Slattery had been induced to accompany them, under the idea, that it was a mere frolic, to frighten the old couple out of some of their money. He had not entered the house, and on discovering what was transacting within, had run a considerable distance across the bog, calling for help. The murderers had great difficulty in overtaking him ; and in fear of immediate death from their hands, he had bound himself by a solemn oath to secrecy.

Dr. M'Royster interested himself to have the sentence changed to transportation ; and the foundation of a coolness was laid between him and Mr. Eyrebury, by the latter refusing to sign the memorial in their favor. His benevolent intentions were, however, frustrated by the obstinacy of men in power, who could see no redeeming circumstance in the case

of the men under condemnation, to warrant a departure from the strict course of justice. They accordingly suffered the extreme penalty of the law, to the last loudly declaring their innocence.

"Boys," cried M'Govran, to the multitudes assembled in front of the jail, while the rope was fastening round his neck, "Boys, I'm an innocent man, I die; for my religion and my country."

The night after the execution, a paper was left on the window-stool of Lewis' room, warning him, that the fellow of the hammer of Moyallart, was hanging over his head, and would do his business, if he did not fly the country forthwith, and take himself and his lingo back to the heathenish place he came from. The steward, however, set the hammer at defiance, and kept his ground uninjured. Mary Carson soon after disappeared, nobody could tell how, where, or when; and the Slatteries, branded with the name of informers, and followed by the curses of the whole population, sought an asylum from persecution in America.

## CHAPTER VI.

WE must request our readers to go back with us to the day after the Coroner's Inquest at Moyallart, when Miss Winter's fears had so far subsided, by the committal of M'Govran and his associates to jail, that she requested permission from her mistress to accompany Mrs. Bennet to the funeral of old Mr. O'Brien, which was to take place early in the evening.

"Mrs. Bennet says, ma'am, that the old church-yard is a curious old place, and the well stuck all over with rags, and people kneeling about it, praying to the rags. She has offered me a seat on her own jaunting-car, and will leave me at home quite safe, if you, ma'am, have no objection."

"I have no objection," said Miss Eyrebury; "but I do not understand what pleasure you can expect by going on such an excursion."

"I never thought of pleasure, ma'am, one way or the other; but Mrs. Bennet says it will be expected that some one of the family would go to the funeral. It is the custom, ma'am, in Ireland; and indeed, as I said to Mrs. Bennet, it would be well for the people if they had not worse customs."

"Are you not afraid to trust yourself in the mob that will be assembled on this occasion?" asked her mistress.

"Mrs. Bennet, ma'am, says there will not be the least danger. Every respectable person is going. Besides, ma'am, Mr. Price, Mrs. Bennet's nephew, will drive the car; and he told me, that if he only whistled, he could collect a hundred Orangemen to protect me in a minute. He is an Orangeman himself, ma'am, and a very fine young man. He has lately opened that handsome new shop at the corner of the main street, and he expects all the Protestants will deal with him. So, if you please, ma'am, I will step down to the gate, where Mrs. Bennet is waiting for my answer, and I will tell her that you have no objection to my going on her jaunting-car."

"You have got a great deal of courage, Winter, within those few hours. Yesterday you were afraid to walk in the shrubbery."

"Mrs. Bennet, ma'am, laughed at me when I told her of my terror, and advised me to conquer it, by taking a little society, now and then, as loneliness only increased it. This was my great reason for asking your permission to go to the funeral this evening."

Permission being granted, Miss Winter joined Mrs. Bennet's tea-table, about five o'clock in the afternoon, in a slight degree of perturbation, when she saw the numbers of idle people lounging up and down the street, and the immense crowd of noisy

men, women, and children, assembled at Mr. O'Brien's door, exactly opposite Mrs. Bennet's house ; but being repeatedly assured by Mr. Price of her safety, while under his protection, she suffered herself to enjoy, with much satisfaction, the society of all the Bennets, and all the Prices, who were purposely invited to meet her.

In a short time after her arrival, Dr. M'Royster, attended by six priests, from the neighbouring parishes, who had been engaged to sing a mass for the repose of the dead man's soul, left the house, and proceeding smartly through the lane opened for them by the crowd, mounted their horses, and rode briskly away, without much appearance of having been employed in any very serious occupation.

"Let me walk on that blessed ground," cried a woman, elbowing her way, till she stood in the path by which the Bishop and his clergy had taken their departure. "I wouldn't desire better nor to folly in the track of them all my life, being sure that every step I was taking would bring me nearer and nearer heaven."

"I never doubted you, Nelly Grimes," said a young man, "but you'd like to go to heaven the laziest way you could."

"Take care you ever get there yourself, Andy Britton," said Mrs. Grimes, in great wrath. "It's well seen upon you, the larning you got at the glabe, since you went to be a gardiner there."

"What a power of money it costs Mrs. O'Brien,"

said a lame man, leaning against a stone that jettied out of the wall—"guineas a piece to six Priests, and I'll be bound, the Bishop wasn't behoulden to two. Then she promises as much for the month's-mind, and all out of her own pocket. Not one belonging to him would she let help her with a penny."

"Why then, it was a dasent turn of her," said a man with a pipe in his mouth. "The Priest's dues costs a man plenty for himself and his family, without having others to look to."

"You'll not get off so asy, boys," cried Andrew Britton. "Mr. Moloney is to be satisfied yet; and he's too considerate to look for money from the widdy, seeing all the trouble she is in. But in spite of all that the Bishop and the Priests did for poor Mr. O'Brien's soul, you'll see not an inch will Father Dennis let him stir out of Purgatory, till you all put your hands in your pockets to help him."

At that moment a voice roared from the door, "What are you all about there? Will you keep the funeral till dark night? Don't you know the offering is begun?"

The crowd was instantly in motion, many running towards the house, but more sheltering themselves from notice under a high wall, or hurrying down the road in the direction the funeral was to take.

"Won't you go into the house, Dick?" said Andy, turning to the lame man.

"How could I ever go up that big step?" answered



the other—"Why do'nt yourself go, that has the use of your two legs?"

"Where are you going, Paddy?" called out the indefatigable Andy after another tall, elderly man, with his trustee thrown, cloak-fashion, over his shoulders, and who was hurrying fast to turn the corner, "Ant you going to make your offering? you that was uncle's son to the man that is dead."

"Sorrah hear can I hear a word you say, Andy," replied he with the trustee, proceeding rapidly all the time. "I'm just going a bit of the road before the throng—my head gets woful bad in a throng, ever since that unlucky blasting at Cullaghmore, seven years ago, that all the world knows, left me the man I am."

Andrew followed the offerers into Mrs. O'Brien's parlour, where Father Moloney had taken his stand behind a table, holding a book in his hand, from which he read at intervals, while each person, on his entrance, placed some money on the table. The offerers came in very slowly, but the hall was crammed to suffocation. Mr. Moloney read and paused, and read and paused again. An odd straggler forced his way, now and then, into the room, and having made his offering, stopped in the door-way, or joined a party in a corner, who were watching with great curiosity the amount of each person's contribution, but nobody appeared to give the slightest attention to the Mass read by the Priest.

Father Dennis's patience was at length exhausted.

"What's the matter with you," cried he, "that you keep stopping the way there? Don't I see plenty of dasent people, out of the window, that can't come in, and some blood relations of the man that is gone, who would be glad to give a help to his poor soul, now that he wants it? Out into the streets, every one of you, or I'll not let the corpse stir a step till twelve o'clock to-night. Leave the door-way, you, Andy Britton, you gave nothing yourself, and will you hinder them that is willing, like Ody Dillon there behind you. You're welcome Ody—let the man pass, I say—Ody, I knew you wouldn't be the last—it doesn't belong to one of your family to be backward, when a poor soul, with some of your blood in his body, is in pain.—Take up that six-pence Gilbert Foy.—I'll never let it be said that Tom O'Brien was behoulden to your six-penny worth of good will—you ought to be ashamed of yourself, a man of your substance!—If others are as great naggers when you die, how will you ever get out of Purgatory?—Do you think I'll give myself trouble about you, when you shew no tenderness to others?—Well—you may leave the shilling, though it's over little for one of your sort to come down with—Mrs. Halfpenny, how is your son? I wish all had your spirit, Mrs. Halfpenny. You have made good friends for yourself in the next world, and that's saying more than I'll say for others—Thady Foioque, it's seldom I see the co-

lour of your money, but better late than never, man, I'll hope you'll mend Thady, and be more reglar in your duties—Sally Bennison, you needn't be reckon-ing out your halfpence, as if they were drops of your heart's blood, lay them there in a lump, and let them come on, that's charitable to the dead—Hah! Bartley! was it from the sun, or the moon you dropped? I'm proud to see you any how, if it was only to teach a set of spalpeens here, what's becoming on a solemn occasion like this—Oh, Bartly Kilbride! what are you about, boy?—It's a pound note you'll put down in place of that half-a-crown—you can well do that, and more. Sure I know what's before you, as well as yourself. You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, and that falls to the lot of few. Search his pocket, Mat Carney, and see if he has the fellow of that two and sixpence in it—Bad luck to them that wouldn't let it be the ould two and eight pence half-penny, robbing and destroying the poor for nothing."

Again there was a cessation, and again Father Dennis had recourse to his book. Another pause—no one stirred. "Is there no one has Christian charity in his heart? Is the world gone to the bad entirely? Do you all love your money better nor the soul of your old neighbour, Tom O'Brien, that is groaning this minute, and is wondering at you."

"Oh! please your Reverence," said a man from the corner, "There is no use in keeping the corpse any longer. The people's wore our, and tired out;

and if you don't give us leave to go, Mrs. Carthy and her two cars says they must be off. They can wait no longer, and the mistress would be outrageous, if the genteel people wasn't all in it."

"Besides," said Andy Britton, from his station in the door way, "if all the money the bishop and the other gentlemen got, is no use to poor Mr. O'Brien, what good would our little halfpence do to his soul, wherever it is: so it's all a folly, boys, for poor men like us, to be throwing away our hard earnings for nothing."

"Andy, I'll have my eye upon you," said the priest. "You always had too much gab, and the place you got lately hasn't mended you. I'll have you on your knees yet, and may-be you'll have to pawn that watch in your fob, before I'll hear a word of your confession."

"When I come to your knee, it will be time enough to consider what your Reverence will do to me," answered Andrew, drily.

"Do you hear the fellow?" exclaimed Mr. Moloney. "If it wasn't out of respect to the corpse without there, I'd horsewhip you within an inch of your life. Brady, you may be off to the church-yard now.—Tell the boy to bring round my horse.—Oh!" added he, sweeping the money off the table into his pocket, "Isn't this a fine put off for a man like me, that has to divide with Garraghan, and to give to others besides!"

The funeral soon left the house. Immediately after the coffin, which was borne on men's shoulders, Mrs. Carthy's two jaunting-cars, carrying nineteen, little and big, including Mrs. O'Brien and her three daughters, took precedence. Then followed Mrs. Bennet's equipage, driven by Mr. Price, and a motley collection of old gigs, low-backed cars, and single horses, and double horses, and treble horses, that is, horses carrying one, two, or three persons, brought up the rear. The cavalcade contrived to preserve some order throughout, but the pedestrians observed no regularity in the procession, being jumbled together, as chance or inclination brought them in contact. One party gained head a considerable distance before the main body; another was left far behind. Some made short cuts through the fields; others held fast by the cars, and pertinaciously kept pace with them, whether they were driven fast or slow. All were in their best dresses. Old men, with long frieze coats, and yellow wigs. Old women, in bright scarlet cloaks, with a silk handkerchief tied over the dowd. Young men, with stout oak, or black-thorn sticks in their hands, prepared for a fray, if the faction of the Devlins would say an unmannerly word to one belonging to an O'Brien. Young women, frilled and flounced in white muslin gowns, with artificial flowers in their bonnets. Others, bareheaded, a new petticoat about their shoulders, pressed into service, to do the duty of a mantle on that and similar occasions;

while an innumerable multitude of little bare-legged boys and girls scampered, and capered about in all directions, every moment in imminent danger of being run over by the cars, or trampled under the horses feet. No system of grief or seriousness was visible on any countenance, if we except the widow, and her immediate family, with now and then, a melancholy shake of the head, or a clasping of the hands, from Mrs. Carthy, when, at intervals, the funeral cry was raised; and even those who were most vociferous in their lamentations, regained their wonted composure, the moment the last note died away, chatting and laughing merrily with their neighbours, till the signal was given by the chief keener, Mrs. Grimes, when they again mechanically resumed the cry of sorrow.

At length after many interruptions from restive horses, and mischances to the tackling of the various vehicles, the procession reached the church-yard of Ballindona. Instantly, every grave was taken possession of by groups of women, who kneeling round them, began beating their breasts, clapping their hands, and screaming to the utmost pitch of their voices. The scene and scenery, were altogether of the wildest description; and it took all Mr. Price's rhetoric, to persuade Miss Winter that she was not alarmed. We must tell to the credit of her self-possession, that, though the words, Hottentots wild Indians and Savages, were repeatedly on the tip of her

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tongue, yet they were gulped down, for fear of giving offence; and she confessed to Mr. Price that she was not half so much afraid of Ireland, or the Irish, now, as she was on her first arrival.

The screaming was kept up, with little intermission, during the time the grave was digging: the women seeming to vie with each other, who should shout the loudest and the longest. The men took no part in their obstreperous grief. Those who were not immediately engaged about the burial, were employed, either in attending to their horses, or talking together, in parties through the church-yard: except that here and there, might be seen one standing or kneeling by a grave, his hat and stick laid on the ground beside him, with his hands clasped and his lips moving quickly, not in the least disturbed in his devotions, by the din and uproar around him.

When the grave was filled up and sodded, and the widow, and her daughters persuaded by the good natured Mrs. Carthy, and other friends, to return home, pipes and tobacco, and bread and whiskey were distributed in great abundance; and many of the mourners began to regale themselves, in high merriment, over the graves, which but a moment before, had been wet with their tears.

"That's the second glass you got, Paddy," shouted out Andrew Britton, "and it wasn't intended for you, but for Mick Martin, that hasn't got a drop yet. It's a shame for you to take more nor falls to your share."

"Wasn't it well I bethought of myself?" said Paddy, wiping his mouth. "I owe a prayer or two to the soul of my wife's aunt, and if I wasn't forgetting it entirely! Boys, don't all of ye go without me. I'll have it over in no time. Och! the memory and all was left after me, among them wary rocks at Cullaghmore, seven long years ago!"

"Why don't you go, and get something after your long walk, Mary!" asked Andrew, turning to a woman, who remained still sitting on a grave, and in whose countenance the deepest woe was pictured, "You'll get no good, sitting so long on the damp grass, and you but a failing woman."

"There's no place on the face of the world, I care to be in, but this spot," she replied. "Sure here lies all that was left to me in my desolation. When he was killed beyant the sea, and I was left alone with her on my breast, I had something to look at, to keep my heart from breaking. Didn't she grow up, to be a comfort to me? and didn't she die after all? and isn't she buried there for ever out of my sight? and what have I now to look at, but my own sorrow? and what airt can I turn to, but sorrow walks beside me, and lies down with me, and rises with me, and is all as one as myself?"

"Ah! Mary dear! There's one airt you might turn to, and your grief wouldn't be half so bitter. Why don't you look to Him that died upon the cross? Sure he that gave your child, and he that took her



away, could give comfort to your heart, if you brought your trouble to him, and looked to him for help."

"I do'n't know what you mean," said she, with a bewildered look. "But," rising to go away, "I can't stay here for ever, and it's hard to drag myself from it. Och! There's no comfort for me in heaven, or in the world, and where to turn to, I don't know—God help me!"

"God help you!" repeated Andrew, fervently, "and God help them that keeps the light of the word of the blessed and Holy One from you!"

## CHAPTER VII.

THE crowd had gradually dispersed by the various roads and lanes, branching off from Ballindona, and Andrew Britton, who was one of the last to leave the church-yard, was proceeding homeward, at a quick pace, when a voice behind him called out, "Andy, boy!—blessings on you! stop and let me go a piece of the road with you; for I can't keep up with the rest: and since the accident that happened at Moyallart, I don't like to be on the road, in a lonesome place, by myself."

It was the lame man, mentioned in the preceding chapter, who had contrived to walk three miles to the funeral, in spite of his infirmity, out of compliment, as he told Andrew, to Tom O'Brien's father, who was dead thirty-three years last Candlemas.

"That bothered Paddy Burn," he continued, "wouldn't hear me, when I axed him to wait for me—he never hears any thing he don't like."

"Never heed him," said Andrew: "I'll leave you within a stone's throw of your own cabin. Tell me, Dick, who is that strange girl that passed now on Mrs. Bennet's jaunting-car?"

"She belongs to the lady at Croom. She does nothing but comb her mistress's hair, as I can understand, and is twice as grand as herself. Ned Price making up to her; and a lucky boy he'll be to get her for she has two hundred pounds, in bank notes, to her portion."

"Wheugh!" whistled Andy, incredulously. "Much of that I believe. A servant girl have all that money? Why, man, there's ladies in the country holds the heads high, that hasn't the half of it."

"What I tell you is true," replied Dick. "Mr Eyrebury himself said it, when he was axed by Mr Goldtrap, who was out of-the-way surprised at it like yourself. It was no wonder to a man, the like of me that has travelled, and knows that England isn't Ireland. I seen the differ myself, the summer I went over to look after my brother."

"I had often thoughts of going there," said Andrew; "and now will you tell me what sort of a place is it?"

"Why, as for that, there's a power of money in it; and that's saying the best of it, for there never was so heathenish a place. When my poor brother was a-dying, there couldn't be got a priest within forty miles, and he had to go off like a dog. It's that like me bare and naked, many's the long day, with all the money I had to give to Father Moloney, to do something for his poor soul. But times is better in it now I hear. Our holy religion is prospering there, as

is in all the world—and so it ought, as you know, Andy.”

“That’s not what I want to know at all. Can’t you tell us how a man is to get his living?”

“Bad enough, Andy. You might have your pockets stuffed with gold, and you couldn’t get a dacent praty if you was dying for one: and what’s of them is counted out to you like apples, if you ax to buy them. Then, the bacon isn’t bacon at all—it’s white pork without the smell of the turf upon it; and after all they’re so ravenous after it, that they think nothing of ating it raw, like a set of East or West Indians. Then, as for a glass of whiskey—oh! there’s no use in saying any thing about that—you might walk till you was wore to a thread, before you could get one drop.”

“That’s saying little for it, indeed, I only wonder how so many is fond of going there, and settling themselves in it, when they can.”

“Aye, and leaving it too, for better living in Ireland, when it comes across them,” replied Dick. “Why didn’t he at Croom stay where he was, if England is better nor Ireland?”

“Oh! man, an estate is an estate any where. It’s well for the country that one of his sort came into it—a gentleman that gives work to the poor, and spends his money in the place. I don’t know him at all, but he bears a good character with the people.”

“He has good advisers,” said Dick. “He’s said

and led, all out, by the Bishop, who advises him : his own good, and for others' good."

"The Bishop knows what he is about," remarked his companion.

"And why not?" asked the other, sharply. "He could he fail of knowing what every body ought to about—a blessed man like him.—I'm only sorry that trouble would ever offer to come nigh him."

"Little pity I have for him if he lets it," said Andy—"one that has only to read a mass, and he can turn the world head over heels. But what trouble it makes so bold with him?"

"Andy, if you wouldn't be talking in that foolish way you have, I didn't care if I made you sensible. But mind you, and don't be rattling it off your tongue to every body you meet. I wouldn't like my own name nor poor Mick Dogherty's neither, to be brought in question."

"Never fear, Dick: you'll get into no scrape with me, I warrant you."

"Well, then, it's all about Miss Hannafie, his sister's daughter, that he gave a fine education to, and spared no expense to dress her, and rear her, and give her the best of every thing. He was more like a father to her nor any thing else. He has a mint of money, and it was never rightly known, whether he leave it all to her, or divide with his brother's son that was called after him. Any how, she'd have good sacks and ropes by him, as the saying is, if a

minded the good rearing she got. Now, Andy, what must she do, but cast her eyes upon a lame schoolmaster, (I don't reflect upon him for being lame—why would I, seeing—no matter about it—many a good man meets with misfortune,) and nothing would do, but marry him, and folly him to the church, for he is a Protestant—just as if there wasn't a Christian in the world!"

"When did she marry him, Dick?"

"She isn't married at all, nor won't, if stone walls and spanshills will keep her from him. The minute her uncle, that keeps the big shop, in Speddonsbridge, found it out, he whips her off to her father's people in Tipperary, where she kicked up a fine dust, and they don't know what to do with her, she is so headstrong. Mick Dogherty says the Bishop is fairly wore away fretting, and not a week passes but his brother comes with a new story about her. Mick could know more, only they go into the back room to talk; so it's but an odd word he can catch, now and then."

"I thought it was young Kilbride of the Crosses, they were keeping her from?" said Andrew.

"That's an old story, Andy. He was no match for her, so they wouldn't listen to him: but it's my belief they'd now be glad to give her to him, or any other dasent Christian boy, to keep her from the schoolmaster and the church. Any way, she's a sore cross to her people, with the way she gets on."

"Why don't she run off with her bachelor, and

marry him out of the face?" inquired Andy. "That would set her own mind, and their mind, at rest for ever after."

"There's not one of them," said Dick, "that wouldn't break their hearts if she was to do such a thing. And how would she lift up her head ever after with that sin over her?"

"What would ail her?" replied Andrew. "Sure if any body has a right to commit sin, and think little about it, it's the like of her, that has a Bishop to her uncle—a man that can forgive anything, by proper submission, and paying the costs.—I suppose he might do it for a trifle for her, or may be never ask a penny since he's so fond of her."

"Andy, it's a burning shame to hear you talk after that fashion. Do you know what sin is at all, man, to make so light of it?"

"I do well," answered his companion, seriously; "and I don't make light of it. It's them that offers to forgive sin for money, makes light of it."

"And who can forgive us if they can't?—and if you had any sin upon you, where would you go for pardon if it wasn't to them?"

"I'd go," replied Andrew, "to the great God, and I'd confess it to him, and I'd ask forgiveness for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ; and I have his own word for it, that he'll pardon me without money, or money's worth. Why, man, if it wasn't for that, all the sin I have upon me would crush me down to the ground, it is so heavy."

"Well, I never thought so bad of you before. I always counted you a dasent, quite boy, no worse nor myself or another; and it's a poor thing to hear your father's son have that story to tell of himself."

"I don't want to make myself better, nor worse, nor my neighbours," said Andrew. "I only mean that I am a great sinner: I can't move hand or foot without sin—I can't think without sin—it's always in my heart, and this very minute it's busy with me, though I'm doing all I can to keep it down."

His companion stopped in trembling alarm.

"Andy," said he, "you wouldn't be after harming a poor afflicted man, that has no chance for his life, if you go to crassness with me: and what would you get by it, after all?—for by this blessed stick in my hand there's not a halfpenny about me, if you was to burn me alive. Och! och! wasn't I the unlucky man, to want you for a comrade? Och! if I thought you was near so bad, would I have axed your company down this lonesome lane, in the dusk of the evening?"

"Come along, and don't be making me angry with your nonsense," said Andrew, "What would I get by misusing you? Come along, I say. I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, for all the ground the moon is shining on; nor would I let another do it, if I could help it. It's you that ought to be ashamed, romancing in that way, when I only said, I was'nt one bit worse nor yourself."

"Troth, and bad enough you'd make me, by your



own account," said the lame man, recovering his courage by degrees, "and little I'm obliged to you for my character. I'm proud it's what nobody else would say of me, seeing I can defy the world to lay sin at my door."

"You're not in earnest, Dick. You know well enough what you are."

"And what am I? What sort of a brute baste would you make me? Tell me any one sin I ever committed since I was born?"

"I'll tell you more," answered his companion. "I'll tell you that if your sins were turned into straws, they'd thatch all the cabins in the three parishes—if they were melted into drops of water, they'd drown the church steeple."

They had now turned into the high road, and Dick was preparing himself to rebut this heavy charge, with a considerable degree of spirit, when a man on horseback called out, "Is that Dick Frayne I see limping before me?"

"I'm proud to see your Reverence well," said Frayne, taking off his hat, as Father Garraghan rode up.

"Where was your son, all yesterday?" inquired the Priest, without noticing his salutation.

"Oh! sure your Reverence knows he was clearing Pat M'Govran before the Inquest, though others' words was taken before his, which was no blame to him."

"What did he do with the cock I trusted him to carry home last Sunday evening, after the cock-fight at Braggleswood?" asked Redmond.

"It is safe, Sir, and tended by Miles, and my woman, as if it was one of the childer. I never see a finer bird, and it does your Reverence a dale of credit."

"Mind what I say to you," said the Priest. "Let Miles bring that cock home to me by day light in the morning, and if I find it a feather the worse by him, it will be the sorest job he ever done in his life."

"Never doubt it, your Reverence. Miles is as fond of it as if it was a Christian; and you'll say yourself when you see it, that it is only the better for stopping with him. But, Mr. Garraghan, here's a fellow has been abusing me for the worst under the sun, and putting more sin on me nor all the priests in Ireland could take off in Midsummer's day; and what will I say to him, to stop his mouth from belying me to the world?"

"What business," asked Father Redmond, "has the like of you to be talking of sin? Leave that to your betters, and them that knows about it. If I hear any more such discourse from any of my flock, I'll call your names in the chapel, and give you a handling you won't forget soon."

"I never meddled with it before," said Dick, "and wouldn't now, only Andy begun it, and kep praching away like any minister, till I was in such a trembling

that if you was to examine my side, I'm certain sure it's black and blue, with all the thumps my heart gave again it."

"Mr. Merry-Andrew," said the Priest, "for that is your nickname, "I'll stop your preaching. Never trust me, but you'll rue some of your speeches. And you, you old fool," turning to Dick, "mind your own business. Go to the cock-fight to-morrow, and behave like another, as you ought. Mind that Miles is with me as early as ever he can."

Andrew and his companion walked on for some minutes in silence, after Mr. Garraghan had galloped off, when Dick, at length, pointing to a woman, who was walking at a quick pace before them, asked, "Do you know who goes there, taking her evening's walk? She's like an owl, afraid to show her face in the day-light."

Before Andrew could reply, three or four children, rushing from a cabin on the road-side, set up a loud shout, and began to sing in chorus, a wretched poetical composition, to a popular tune, purporting to be the confession of one who had sold herself to the devil, for the sake of eating meat on Fridays.

"They're a fine set of childer, Mrs. Grimes," said Dick to the mother, who was peeping through the half-closed door. "My blessing be'on them, but they soon larned that song!—Ah! he that wrote it has a strong lodging to-night; but he'll have a laugh at his enemies yet, I hope."

"Whisht, you noisy pack!" said the mother, "and come in here to your beds. If she turns upon yees, it's not this wake bit of a door would keep her out, once she claps her shoulder to it. She's a terrible woman, Mr. Frayne, when she's vexed."

The object of the serenade, however, walked on, without noticing the shout or the song, when a coarse voice from behind a hedge on the opposite side of the road, roared lustily out another stanza to the same tune. The poetry was not of a higher description than that chaunted by the children, but the sentiments were gross to the lowest blackguardism. The aim of the unseen songster was accomplished. The woman suddenly stopped, and picking up a stone from the road, had raised her arm to fling it in the direction of the voice, behind the hedge.

"Drop that stone, Biddy, I tell you," said Andrew, running up to her, and holding her arm, "Will you bring more trouble on yourself, by fighting and rising an uproar on the high road? What harm will their songs do you, if they were singing till their throats were dry?"

"Can't they let me walk the roads in peace," said she. "Sure if I was a mad dog, I couldn't get worse usage."

"If they won't let you alone, do you let them alone; and they'll soon be tired when they see it don't vex you."

"It's asy to talk, Andy Britton; but you don't

know what it is to have every one's tongue let loose upon you—to have all the bad in your heart kep ever alive, with the unmannerly scornings I get from old and young."

"Take it asy, Biddy, take it asy, and it will be better for you. Don't you know you oughtn't to offend God, because others has no manners."

"It's a pity," said Dick, who had by this time overtaken them—"it's a pity, Mrs. Mulhaul, that you don't folly the lady's advice, she gave you when you were leaving the jail last time—not that I heard her—never, I'm proud to say, having put my foot inside it, nor never will, I hope, though there's some thinks me bad enough for that or a worse place. But didn't Mrs. Ireton bid you think of a text out of the Testament she gave you, when any body riz your mind, and that *that* would settle it in no time."

"Maybe I folly that advice more nor you judge, Dick Frayne. If I didn't think of that book, and if I didn't call to mind some of His words that speaks in it, what would ever hinder me from doing hurt to them, that won't let me have the peace of the dumb brute, that grazes by the road-side? What stopped me, this minute, from wishing harm, or doing harm to them unlucky childer, that Nelly Grimes set upon me, when the bad prayer was striving to rise to my mouth, and my feet was turning, whether I would or no, to revenge myself on them?—What stopped me, but the thought of Him, who bore the jibes and the

scornings of wicked men, when all the time He was innocent, and didn't deserve the treatment? I had consideration to give one look to Him, and then one look to myself, so it quieted me; and I was trying to raise my heart in a word of prayer for them and for myself while their scoff was ringing in my ears."

"It was a good prayer, I'm sure," said Frayne. "It soon put a stone into your hand, to brain the poor boy, whoever he was, that was only divarting himself, singing an innocent song behind the hedge there."

"How do you know any thing about praying?" asked Andrew, "who never said a prayer in your life, if it wasn't a curse, or a bad wish for yourself or others—now, Biddy, let me just ask you, since it pleased you to leave the Romans, why don't you leave off some of their ways?—Why don't you mind what the Book of the Holy One bids you, that is, to bless them that curse you?"

"Andy Britton, I do it often, you may believe me, I do. You don't know all I hear. Sure they can tell that tries me every hour, how I pass by many a thing, would rise a storm, long ago, they'd be glad to run from."

"If you had stuck by the chapel, you would have shunned all this," said Andrew; "and seeing all the ill will you got by so doing, it's likely you may take a thought one of these days, may be, and go back to your duty again?"

"Do, Biddy, girl," said Frayne, eagerly; "take his advice, and make your soul, that you thought little about when you left the true church, to please them that lets you break your back, carrying about sand to sell to all the dirty shoe-boys and kitchen-girls in the place. Not a soul will open their lips to offend you, once you make up with the Priest. And if you are afraid of Father Moloney horse-whipping you, before he takes your submission, I'll answer for him, he won't lift a hand to you. I'll go to him myself, and others will go to him, and we'll never leave flattering him, till he promises to put nothing on you, but prayers, and stations to Ballindona."

"Are you in earnest?" said she to Andrew.

"Is it your advice to me, to go back to the chapel?"

"Why," said Andrew, "advising is one thing, and just talking to pass away the time, is another. It came into my head, that you were bad enough off in this world, and that you might like to get a lift, by plasing the neighbours."

"And to be sure it would plase us all, well," said Dick. "You know, Biddy, you was ever a fractious woman—now I don't want to offend you—I'm only going to speak for your good.—Well—you were always a little fractious; and sure enough you often let them into your house that was no credit to you; and sometimes you got a hard word from one or two cantankerous people; and, to tell no lie, you gave as good as you got. But didn't you live in credibility?"

and wasn't I always civil to you, and others too, that wished to have no orations? Wouldn't the childer run away, and hide themselves, the minute your tongue was heard? Well, go back to the religion you was born in, and that you lived in, and that you ought to die in, and you'll get the same respect you ever did before, and we'll all quash the songs, and the flings, that vexes you."

"And give up your Testament," added Andrew, "and don't believe one word of what God says in his own book, but take whatever the Priest is pleased to give you; and leave Parson Rainsworth, and his lecture at Philip Holmes's, to-morrow evening; and be after Mr. Garraghan to the cock-fight at Braggleswood. It's a pleasant walk, and will do you good, soul and body. Dick Frayne, here, will be proud to keep you company; and you can call on Nelly Grimes, and her ballad-singers, as you are on the way."

"Whatever you mean," said Mrs. Mulhaul, "I'll stay by the people that fears God, though some of them is jealous of me. I spent fifty-nine years among the others, and in all that time, I never heard a word from one of them about religion that had truth upon the face of it. The Priests didn't give me encouragement in my sin: they often threatened, and scolded, and fought me hard; and when I wouldn't please them by giving over my wicked ways, they left me there to go from bad to worse. I believe they would have made me better, if they could,



but they didn't know the way. Did they ever tell me of the love of God?—Did they ever tell me, that he sent his Son to die for sinners?—Did they ever tell me to look to him, and to pray to God in his name? No; but others did, and shewed me God's hand-writing for it; and a hope was planted in my heart, where nothing ever grew before, but dread and awfulness: and for his sake, I gave up all I could of sin, and denied to stretch out my hand for its poor wages. Och! I can't get sin out of my heart. I have the will to do what I ought, but the power is far from me. Sin often gets the better of me, in spite of myself, as it did now, when you stopped me doing what I would be sorry for the minute after."

"That's the story the best has to tell, as well as you, Biddy," said Andrew. "You have no worse a heart to give you uneasiness, nor this man, or myself; and if" .....

"I'll make a short cut, by this gap," said Dick, hopping into the ditch, and clambering up the other side, "though I ought to be loath to quit such good company. But I was ever a man that kep myself from sin; and, by your own account, you two have so much of it about yees, that it's best to keep a distance with you."

"Good night, Dick," said Andrew; "and I hope you'll meet no worse at the cock-fight to-morrow."

"You may as well be off too," said Mrs. Mulhaul. "The less you are seen with such as me, the better."

There's talk about you in the country, from the way you have of speaking; and if you ever quit the Romans, it would do you no credit to have it said that I had any hand in it."

"If I ever quit them," he replied, "it's little I care what they say. I'm not one to be cowed by a word or a knock; and it's hard to say what a man may do, when he gets strength and courage, from Him that is able to give it. I have a heedless way with me, but there's more thought in my heart, nor many guesses, Biddy. All is not cleared up to my mind yet, so it's no wonder if I'm doubtful by times. Say nothing about it to the neighbours, and never even it to me again; for all the talk of man won't move me. It's One far above them can do any thing with me. Good night to you, Biddy, and God's blessing be with you. Take care of yourself, girl, and don't be offending Him, only to gratify his enemies."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Eyrebury's refusal to apply to Government in behalf of M'Govran and his associates, was resented by Dr. M'Royster, as an affront to himself. Naturally of an imperious spirit, he could ill brook contradiction, particularly from one, of whose understanding he had so humble an opinion, and over whom, he had conceived his influence to be unbounded; and while smarting under annoyances of a private nature, he had manifested a degree of petulance and irritation, for which Mr. Eyrebury was totally unprepared. He was balancing in his own mind, whether he should be offended in his turn at the manifest attempt to dictate to him, when Mr. Goldtrap's unmeasured abuse of the Bishop, determined him to put the most favourable construction upon his conduct; and he found an excuse for his waywardness, in the benevolence, which, in the present instance, had blinded his better judgment.

Mr. Goldtrap had never been a favourite with his employer. As a man of business, he was faultless; but he was noisy, vulgar and dictatorial, always attempting to play the great man; and was so repul-

sively familiar, that Mr. Eyrebury had from the commencement of their acquaintance felt an invincible propensity to act in direct opposition to him. Dr. M'Royster had taken advantage of this antipathy to gain favours for one or two of the tenants, who had deservedly incurred the displeasure of the Agent; and just before the affair of Moyallart, he had been straining every nerve in behalf of a certain Gilbert Foy, who, in the usual petitioning phraseology of the Irish, *expected* a small abatement of rent, in consideration of sundry improvements in his house and farm which the late landlord had promised to allow for. Mr. Goldtrap resisted the claim—denied the improvements—denied the promise, and advised, or rather insisted that Mr. Eyrebury should make no abatement. Dr. M'Royster could not specify the improvements, but he was aware that Foy had expended a considerable sum on the farm, and he had always understood that a promise has been made, of precisely what nature or extent he could not venture to say. Mr. Goldtrap protested that Gilbert Foy was an ar-rant old rogue, and an ill-conducted fellow. Dr. M'Royster represented him as an honest, industrious, and respectable man. Many considerations weighed with Mr. Eyrebury to lean in this one instance to the opinion of his Agent; but when, in addition to his other misdemeanours, he mentioned that Foy was married to Dr. M'Royster's own first cousin, he thought he had discovered the true cause of his dis-

like to the man, and therefore resolved to examine minutely into the circumstances of the case, and to fulfil the *expectation*, if there was any plea for it.

With a good deal of magnanimity, he chose the time for carrying his design into effect, when Dr. M'Royster was in his very worst humour, having, in the course of ten days, refused three invitations to Croom Castle, without qualifying his refusal by any of the civil lies, thought to be so essential to the well-being of society. Accordingly, on the fair-day of Derryvannan, when he was pretty sure of not being joined by Mr. Goldtrap on the way, he proceeded to inspect the premises of Dunamoyle, accompanied by his sister.

It was an old-fashioned house, sadly gone to decay, but still exhibiting some marks of having been, at one period, inhabited by persons in a superior rank of life to its present possessors. It stood in a square court, enclosed by high walls. In front were the remains of two handsome piers, one of them still surmounted by an eagle with out-stretched wings. Though the court was tolerably large, yet from the gate-way (for there was no gate) to the hall-door, there was scarcely space for a car to pass, and this passage thickly covered with straw, which, when sufficiently rotted, was thrown upon the huge dunghill, that completely filled up one side ; while a range of turf-stacks occupied the other.

The arrival of the lady and gentleman caused no

little bustle. Turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, pigs and calves, poured in rapid succession from the open hall-door, being pushed, and pelted, and scolded out by a young girl, assisted by two ragged boys ; while behind them appeared Mrs. Foy, in a lavender poplin, fashionable lace cap, and a white pocket-handkerchief in her hand, who with many apologies for their finding the place in so unready a condition, ushered them into the parlour ; first screaming to the maid, and half-a-dozen other persons in the kitchen, to go look for their master, as fast as their legs could carry them.

The interior was of a piece with the outside. The room into which they were shown, was large, dark, and low. The paper, which had once been handsome, was torn off in many places, and the walls ornamented with pictures of saints in flaring colours, some fastened with a pin, others pasted, without any attempt at order or arrangement. A small oval looking-glass, covered with cobwebs and peacocks feathers, occupied a conspicuous situation ; and the never-to-be-dispensed-with corner cupboard displayed a motley collection of jugs, mugs, glasses, and mustard-pots. A number of large, ricketty, mahogany chairs, with here and there an old brass nail, and a remnant of the horse-hair covering still remaining, were ranged close to the wall. The floor, uncarpeted, and in a state such as might be expected from the entrance, particularly as mats or scrapers were luxuries not

thought of at Dunamoyle. The marble chimney-piece was tottering to its fall, and the half of the hearth-stone, of the same materials, had disappeared. In striking contrast to all this dirt and disorder, Mrs. Foy, in her lavender poplin and lace cap, took her place at a mahogany table, thickly smeared with bee's-wax, on which was placed a tea-tray, resplendent with scarlet and gold, containing cups and saucers of various colours, shapes and sizes, a small silver cream-ewer, a portly metal tea-pot, and two bowls, well filled with white and brown (or as Mr. Goldtrap called it, *soft*) sugar.

The lady of the mansion was evidently much embarrassed by the visit; and her embarrassment produced the opposite effect from that generally experienced on similar occasions; for, instead of being awkwardly silent, she talked at random, and that so incessantly, that Mr. Eyrebury could with difficulty obtain a hearing, to inform her of the purport of his visit.

"I am sorry you had the trouble of coming after him," said she. "He could have explained it all to you at Croom, just as well. He stepped out the minute after he took his dinner; and where he went, I know no more than your baste there without. He may be ever so far off, only I don't think he is. He'll be positively back in a minute, though he sometimes saunters about, till one is wary expecting him. Would you, dear," speaking to a sickly-looking girl,

who was sitting in the parlour—"would you step into your room, and watch him out of the windy, and shout to him the minute you see him."

"You forget," replied the young person, "that there is no view from my window, the garden-wall rises so high, exactly in front."

"But the passage between—he's ever up and down that passage. There's no place so likely for him to be in as that passage. Be quick, or you may lose him, and call to me the minute you see him."

The girl left the room, and Mrs. Foy continued, "He'll be for ever obliged to you, Sir, for coming after him, and I wouldn't wonder if he took sick with the disappointment, when he misses you." Then calling to the maid, who was seen entering the hall-door, "Augusteen, did you see the master yet?"

"No," answered Augusteen, not in the most respectful tone. "It would be hard to see any one, who is two miles the other side of Crookmore by this time."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Eyrebury, "in the absence of your husband, you could point out some of those improvements, for which he expects a reduction of rent."

"Improvements, Sir!—there's more of them nor I can remember in a hurry. Oh! if you had seen the place when we come to it, seventeen years ago. He had to pull down three bed-rooms at the back, that was no use at all, and a brew-house, and ever so



many things of that kind. He had to reclaim better nor two acres of a garden, that was out-of-the-way for a man like him. Then the place was crammed up with hedges, and big holly trees, that kep the air from blowing: and there was a gravel walk, for as good as a half a mile, round a scrubbery; and it cost him handfuls to get shut of them, and make the place any way dasent."

"I had been led to suppose," said the landlord, "that he had built a range of offices?"

"He built, Sir, till he was tired. I could shew you a shed for the cows, that cost him what he couldn't well spare, and costs him expense every year with thatching it: and he was talking of building a barn; for the old one fell in last year, with the rain that rotted the timber. There was no keeping it out, though he often stuffed straw into the holes where the slates blew off. It was a bad take for him: it racked him quite, and took all our little substance improving it. I'm quite ashamed, Sir, to keep you waiting, and no sign of my man coming at all. Augusteen M'Manus—do you hear, Augusteen? Run, like a good girl, to the lime-kiln, and if you see any body coming, tell them the master isn't in the place, and that the quality from Croom is here looking for him, and that there is time enough for any thing they want—and to wait a little.—He'll break his heart, I know, to think how he had the bad luck to be out of the way, when you had the trouble of

coming so far.—But, maybe, Miss,” addressing Miss Eyrebury, “you’ll take something after your ride?—I forgot my manners, thinking of Gibby’s ill luck, Augusteen, an’t you gone yet?—Didn’t you hear me, girl?—I’ll get you a glass of wine, Miss, and a bit of bread and butter, in one minute.”

Miss Eyrebury politely declined taking any refreshment; and her brother, who saw that the poor lady’s agitation was momentarily increasing to a most distressing degree, took leave, saying he would take another opportunity of talking to her husband on the subject of the improvements.

When they were fairly out of sight, Mrs. Foy vented her wrath upon Augusteen, and the rest of her household, who had slunk into the kitchen by the back door, the moment the gentlefolk had taken their departure, for not giving her notice of their approach, that she might have slipped out of the way. The servants bore the scolding with great unconcern, as a matter of too frequent occurrence to be much moved by it. No one made an apology, or thought of replying, except Augusteen, who, swinging off a large pot of potatoes from the fire, with a pair of pot-hooks, remarked, that she never set up for having more than two eyes, and if people could get girls with three or four, she was ready to give up her place to them that very minute. It was no inheritance to be troubling one’s self about it.

The mistress, perfectly aware of the oratorical pow-

ers of her maid, if she was once set a-going, did not condescend to notice her soliloquy, but returned to the parlour, where she sat recovering herself for some minutes, before she relieved the young person, still on the watch at the back window.

"You may come out now," said she. "They are gone, and we can have the place to ourselves again. Wasn't it lucky you took my advice, and dressed yourself? I told you there was no knowing who might call, and take a cup of tea, after the fair. Though we live in a quiet place, there's many coming and going."

"Do you expect any one this evening?" asked the girl, with an anxious expression.

"There's no knowing," replied the elderly lady, "who may pop in. You see the Croom people came, without me expecting them; and others may do the same, so it's as good to be ready. But we have an hour to ourselves before any body will come, and I want to have a little chat with you now, not having a spare minute since you come last night. First of all, I must say, how obliged I am to you, for coming at the first asking, and so is Gibby, who was as willing to have you as myself."

"I was glad to come," said the other, "you wrote so friendly; and I have not been used to get a word of kindness lately from my nearest friend."

"I couldn't be other nor kind to your mother's daughter," said Mrs. Foy, putting her white pocket

handkerchief to her eyes. "Wasn't she my own first cousin, that I loved the best in the world? and didn't I close her eyes, and promised to look after her only child? It was she made the fine ending, heavens be her bed! And what trouble and sorrow must she feel now? when she knows what a hand you've gone and made of yourself!"

"Remember," said the young person, mildly, "that you promised, if I came to you, never to mention that to me."

"I'm not going to say one word about it; but I can't help grieving when I think of your mother's soul—what a way it is in. I'll only ask you, Agnes dear, after all you have gone through, is your mind still steady to keep by the Protestants, and to leave the church in which all your forefathers lived and died?"

"Yes," answered Agnes, "and if more is put upon me, I must go through with it. I could not change my mind, if they killed me."

Mrs. Foy crossed herself, and was unable to speak for some seconds. At length she said, "Well, I promised to say nothing about it, and I'll keep my word. Oh! isn't your mother a happy woman to be dead before she lived to see this day! But now; that your friends have cast you off, what will you do to live?—You couldn't earn your bread by your needle?"

"No; I never knew any thing of sewing, except working my sampler, long ago; and besides, this arm is almost useless to me. I have recommendations to

some ladies in Dublin, who will get me into a place, where young women are taught to be schoolmistresses, and I hope to support myself in that way when I learn the method."

"A schoolmistress!" exclaimed Mrs. Foy—"with the fine edication you got, to turn schoolmistress!—Oh! Agnes, what have you brought yourself to?—you that was at a dancing school, and can draw as beautiful pictures as any of them on the wall, and can play tunes on the piana, and do every thing that is genteel—would you disgrace yourself, and all belonging to you, by turning schoolmistress? It would be something if you went tutoress into a lord's family; but to larn a parcel of dirty brats! Oh! I never thought half so bad of the Protestants before, if that's all they'll do for you, after ruining yourself to please them!"

"Indeed, Mrs. Foy, I'm not fitted for a high station—I know nothing. The schooling I got was not of much use to me. Many poor Sunday school children can read and spell better than I do."

"Not at all—not at all. It's the Protestants put that into your head to make their gains of you. You spell beautifully. I remarked how some of your words was spelt, just as I put them down in my letter—and I'd be glad to know who got better learning nor myself. Oh!—your poor mother!—and that holy man, the Bishop! Well, well. Now, supposing your health fails you, (and you are looking bad enough, I can tell you) what will you do then?"

"I don't know: I can only trust to him, for whom I have borne the loss of all things, to support me, if health, and friends, and all go."

"Oh! Agnes! Agnes! what have you reduced yourself to, to have no better hope before you!—You that might never be under a compliment to this world, or the next, for a living, if you had only minded yourself.—It's your mother I'm fretting about—she that was a woman—well—but you never said a word to me about the schoolmaster you liked in Tipperary. Was it he put you up to larn his trade?"

"I never heard of such a person," said Agnes. "They wanted me to marry two or three men that I never saw; and I believe there was a plan to let me be carried off in the night. Oh! Mrs. Foy, I was cruelly treated by my father's people, and by others before I was sent to them."

"Well, dear, it was all done for your good, and one can't be angry with them that only wishes for one's good. I was as bad as another, when I heard of the fashion you was follying. I cried night and day, always reflecting upon your mother. But after I heard they were going to crossness with you, and that you was getting into fits and convulsions, and spitting blood, and losing your health, I wouldn't be put off, but kep pestering the Bishop till he allowed me to write to you about coming here, and just to try what letting you alone entirely would do. I would, says I to him, walk on my bare knees from this to Jamaica, if it

would bring her back to the true church, but if she won't be advised, the misfortune is all her own, and we oughtn't to put more on her."

"I'm thankful to you, Mrs. Foy," said the poor girl, wiping away the tears which fell fast upon her lap, "all I wanted from any of my people was to cast me in peace upon the world, if they wouldn't tolerate me in their company, after they knew my mind was changed—but they would not.—I was watched, and dogged, and locked up—I was cursed, and beat, and frightened out of my senses—I had words put into my mouth, which I never said; and things laid to my charge, that I would not take the world to do. For the last five months, I can safely say, that I never stretched myself upon a bed, that I didn't wish it was my coffin; and in that time, I never saw the face that didn't frown upon me, but yours."

"It's all over now, dear: so keep up your spirits, and be what you used to be before them notions came into your head. If it wasn't for them, you would never be the trembling, shaking poor creature that you are. Sure I remember when your aunt and uncle would be afraid to open their lips to you, from the tearing passions you would be in. However, I'm proud there's no truth in the schoolmaster, with his lame leg, as they'd have us believe. And then, there is another will dance for joy, when he hears how you haven't forgot the words that passed between you."

"If you mean Mr. Kilbride," said Agnes, "he is nothing to me now. He would be sorry to be put in mind of me, when I am without a penny, or a friend in the world."

"No such thing at all," replied Mrs. Foy, "It isn't passing three days that he told me with his own lips, how he would marry you, if you hadn't a shoe to your foot."

Agnes trembled with agitation.

"They told me," said she, "that he was far away in England, matching himself with a girl there—they told me, he would not return to this country any more. Oh! am I never to hear a word of truth again!—Oh! Mrs. Foy, sure you who say you had such a love for my mother, will not join in persecuting her poor child!"

"What a way you are in, and all for nothing at all," said Mrs. Foy, crossly. "None of your people was ever given to tell lies; and if they said he was in England, they said true; for the boy was there, and only come back about a week ago. It's a pity of him, so it is, the way he is in. The first place he called to was this house; and for a full hour he did nothing but talk of you, and said you was book sworn to him; and that all the uncles and bishops wouldn't keep you from him, when he had your own consent. And what would you have me to do to a genteel young man, who was only praising my first cousin's daughter? Sure I wasn't your enemy, if I didn't behave



unmannerly to him, what I couldn't do to a cat or dog, if they spoke to me in civility."

"I never was book-sworn to him—I never said more than that I was willing to marry him, if my uncles thought well of it: but I could not say that now. If they all gave their consent, he never could be more to me than he is at present."

"Poor young man!" ejaculated Mrs. Foy, "He deserves a milder word nor that from you; for he dotes upon the very ground you walk on. Poor boy! I wish he took the girl was offered him in England, with fifteen hundred pounds to her portion, and leave you to any limping fellow you might cast an eye upon, since that is your fancy."

"Do you think he will come here while I am in the place?" asked Agnes, pale as death. "Have you any reason to expect him here this evening?"

"How do I know who will be here, or who won't be here? There's many coming and going. Gibby may bring home any body to his own house he pleases, without asking leave from them that has no business to meddle with what don't belong to them. And, supposing young Mr. Kilbride might drop in by accident, what harm will it do any of us to be civil and agreeable? How was I to guess you'd take umbrage at him, when it isn't a year and a half all out, that you was running into his mouth, and breaking the hearts of the tender people that had the rearing of you, you was so set upon him."

"I was foolish—I know I was. I confessed to you, that I would have married him then ; but they made me promise against his company, and put a curse upon me, if I thought of him any more. Since then, my own mind is changed—more changed than you would believe,—and it would be sin in me to marry Mr. Kilbride now."

There's no knowing you girls," said Mrs. Foy, laughing immoderately. "Never believe me, if I didn't think you misliked the boy, and scouted him for love of another—but I see how it is plain. Oh! Agnes dear, if there's nothing stands between you and Bartley, barring sin, the business is soon settled. Never heed the promises or the curses—you'll soon be cleared from all that. I'd make the country too hot for the Bishop, great a man as he is, if he left you under any disparagement, after marrying a responsible young man out of my house. Well to be sure! I'm as glad as if I found a ten pound bank note, that your mind is still steady to him that's true to you. It's a long time since I was at a wedding, and my name is not Anastasia Foy, if it won't be a merry one."

"Oh! Mrs. Foy!" said Agnes, taking her hand, and weeping bitterly, "don't be angry with me ; but I have met with such usage, and so many traps have been laid for me, that I am easily frightened, and I don't know who to trust. Sure you won't deceive me, for I put confidence in you by coming to you, when the magistrate who took me from my cousin's house,

had provided a decent lodging for me, where I was safe from persecution till I was well enough to go to Dublin, under the guard of them who would take care of me. Your letter was so kind, and so friendly in its wording, that it went home to my heart; and though I hadn't seen you from the time I was a child, still I preferred being a while with one of my own, than living upon the bounty of strangers altogether. I was warned that mischief might befall me through your means; but I read your letter again and again, and I thought you could not mean it. So, here I am in your power, and if you fail me, why God protect me, and forgive you!—Who is that?" cried she, screaming with terror, and pointing to a man, who that moment rode into the court.

"They had a heavy handful of you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Foy, holding her down on the chair, "if this was the way you got on with them in Tipperary. Sit quiet there, and don't make a show of yourself and me to the gentleman. It's only young Father Garraghan, Mr. Moloney's Curate, that sometimes calls in to take a cup of tea, or a glass of punch. He's a heavenly-minded young man, and one that won't say a word to you, good or bad, if you make no disturbance. Oh! you'll not go into your room—I'll lock the door.—Nobody in my house will be hiding in holes and corners, as if they was frightful at their own shadow. Don't disgrace me, and the people you come of by any of your Protestant tricks. Stop your trembling and

quaking, and look like a Christian, not like a stray gander. There's nothing meant, but only for your good."

The Priest now entered the room, and before the first civilities between him and Mrs. Foy were over, the man of the house came in, followed by Mr. Bartholomew Kilbride.

## CHAPTER IX.

The meeting between Miss Hannafie and her quondam lover, was less agitating to both parties, at least outwardly, than might have been expected from the previous scene. In fact, the poor girl was, at times, almost insensible to what was passing round her ; and was only saved from falling into hysterics through fear of Mrs. Foy, who scowled at her, from time to time, with a look that took away her breathing ; while Mr. Kilbride sought relief from the awkwardness of his situation, in attempting to hang his hat over the looking-glass, and then officiously interfering with Augusteen about handing the tea kettle, to the imminent peril of Mrs. Foy's lavender poplin. The lady of the house was, also, not quite at ease. She travelled from the tea-table to the cupboard, and back again ; first, for a knife, then, for another, then, for a plate, and so on, for the bread, butter, &c. &c. talking to herself, or joking with the priest, or ordering her husband, or apologizing for the kettle to Kilbride. During tea-time, she recovered herself so far as to be able to give an account of the pleasant visit she had from the Eyreburys, and how civil he was, and how willing to consi-

der the heavy expenses of the take, and to allow for the improvements. "The sister," she continued, "is but a mean-looking body, in spite of her beautiful habit and fine gold chain. She sot staring about her as if the room had seven heads, and when I offered her a glass of wine, you would think it was poison I wanted to give her, she got up in such a hurry, saying she never drunk wine of a morning, and it growing dark at the time. She has the name of being near, and I'm sure she deserves it; for, all the time he was talking so gen'rous, not a word of encouragement did he get from her, though he kep looking at her the whole time."

Mrs. Foy had all the conversation to herself; for except a forced laugh, or an attempt at a witticism, now and then from Father Redmond, the rest of the party scarcely articulated. Mr. Foy was at best a man of few words. He had a sullen, reserved look, and his naturally dark brow became darker and darker, as the evening advanced. Mr. Kilbride, when not busied with the tea-kettle, drank cup after cup, to the sum of eight, and demolished thick slices of bread and butter in the same proportion, evidently more for the sake of employment, than from keenness of appetite. Agnes mechanically took what was set before her, without raising her eyes, or appearing conscious of the presence of an individual, unless when roused by a question from Mrs. Foy, who had dismissed the fawning manner she at first adopted, and spoke in a

loud tone of authority. The tea-kettle was at length drained of its last drop—Augusteen summoned to clear the table, and Bartley again fidgetted about, to assist the maid, though repeatedly besought by the mistress not to bother himself, but to let the girl, who hadn't half work to do, ready the place by herself.

When Augusteen had finally made her exit, an awkward silence ensued, which not even Mrs. Foy seemed to have courage to break. A sort of dumb show communication, carried on through the medium of winks and nods, commenced between her and the priest, which was kept up for some minutes, till the lady and gentleman seemed to comprehend each other perfectly.

"Gibby," said she to her husband, "why don't you look out the deck of cards in the drawer? Mr. Garraghan likes a game of five-and-forty; and we'll all take a hand to keep up our spirits; for whatever is come over us, we are as bad company as ever I'd wish to see."

"Have you no better entertainment for a young couple, but a game of cards?" asked the priest, in a sportive tone. "I thought, Mrs. Foy, you of all others would do as you'd be done by."

"Oh! as to things of that matter," answered the lady in the same tone, "I leave them to gentlemen of your cloth to settle. I was doing my best just before you come in, and, to my mind, there's no delay, if your Reverence would do the job at once."

"I'm always ready to do good to my neighbours,"

said his Reverence ; " and what could I do better, nor make two people happy, when all they want is to have a few words read over them. So there's no time to be lost, since all parties is agreed."

He looked at Kilbride, who had been crossing and re-crossing his legs, for the last quarter of an hour ; and now began to tug at his pocket for his handkerchief, but without venturing either to look at Agnes, or to speak, though pushed and pinched by Gilbert, who sat next to him.

" Why, Mr. Kilbride," continued Garraghan, " you're over modest : or is it an English fashion you learned in your travels, and that you want to bring up among us, to make the lady speak first ? But I won't allow it at all. We are all true Irish here, and I won't let Miss Hannafie open her lips in your favour till you draw it from her yourself."

" Miss Hannafie knows long ago," said Bartley, sheepishly, " that she has my good wish ; and I had reason to think once that I had hers too."

" And so you have," cried Mrs. Foy. " She told me this minute, that she was forced to swear again you by her uncle Kit, while all the time she was positive to have her own way ; and I like her spirit, and so I'll say to the first in the family. Now, you Mr. Garraghan, knows how asy it will be to make her people agreeable ; so it's a pity to be losing time, when there is nothing to hinder them being married this minute. Father Redmond, blessings on you for coming



here this evening, without me expecting you, or guessing what would turn out. It's a joyful hour to me, that loved her mother better, as I often told him, nor Gibby himself. But, Mr. Kilbride, sure you ought to welcome her in a more friendly way, when she come so far to meet you. Mr. Garraghan knows that us ladies always expects a little civility from our bachelor."

Bartley, thus encouraged, hastily wiped his mouth with his pocket handkerchief, which had been on hard duty all the evening, and was advancing to salute Agnes, when she stood up.

"Mr. Kilbride," said she, "don't you see that these people are making their own amusement out of us? and though you may have spirits to join in their sport, I have not. Since we last met, my health has left me quite; and you can see that I am a poor object, fitter for my grave than for merry-making."

Kilbride drew back.

"Look at the fellow!" said the Priest, with a horse-laugh. "When she got up to meet him half way, he lets her stand there ashamed of herself before us all."

"Troth, Mr. Kilbride," said Mrs. Foy, when she saw him still hesitating, "you are the most backward man I ever see, considering the encouragement you got."

Agnes, who had resumed her seat, again rose, and retreated behind the chair, as Kilbride was pushed towards her by Gibby.

“I would fain believe,” said she, “that you are only in jest, though it would not be a friendly turn in any one here, to find their pleasure in laughing at the like of me, whose heart is cast down with sickness and sorrow ;—but if you are in earnest, it is only taking trouble to no end. Neither one nor other would thank you for meddling. Perhaps you, Mr. Kilbride, don’t know that times are altered with me, since our acquaintance first began. Then I had the name of a fortune, and expectations besides—now, I am dependant upon the charity of strangers, till I am put in a way to earn my bread by my own labour ; and no chance of things being ever better with me in this world.”

“Miss Hannafie,” said Garraghan, “you are not fair to your uncle, the Bishop, when you talk after that manner. Your friends, and he in particular, were willing to be what they always were to you, till you chose to go among strangers, of your own accord : and even after vexing them as you have done, my Lord, the Bishop, can’t bear to be at strife with you, and he is willing to give you to Mr. Kilbride, since you are bent upon the match. Moreover, to prove how you wrong him—instead of the seven hundred pounds he promised you, on the day of your marriage, he has passed his bond for twelve hundred, to be paid down the minute my hand-writing certifies that you are married to this gentleman.”

“He’s a heavenly man—I’ll say that for him, though

he is my own first cousin," cried Mrs. Foy. "And, Agnes dear, what a proud woman you are, to have such a look out before you!"

"You know, Miss Hannafie, you'll have to confess to me, before I tie the knot," said the Priest, in a merry voice. "I'll not keep you long, nor be over particular with you or the groom, seeing it's getting late. It's all a matter of form, so you needn't be frightened."

"You can go into that room," said Mrs. Foy. "Here is the key; and, Mr. Garraghan dear, don't be too grave and serious on a joyful occasion. You are a man that loves a little innocence and merriment in your heart; so let us have it all done, as soon and as pleasantly as it can."

Agnes's breathing grew short and quick. She made two or three attempts to speak, but no sound would come from her white and quivering lips. She at length sat down, the picture of misery and helplessness.

"Lean on me, Agnes dear," said Mrs. Foy, in a wheedling voice, "and don't be terrorized at confessing to Father Redmond, he being a stranger. Try to walk, and you'll soon get over the tremor. I remember, and you remember too, Gibby, that I was twice as bad when I was going to be married."

Agnes shrunk from the officious kindness of her hostess; and after gazing at every face in the room, as if hoping to see a relenting expression in any of

them, she hastily approached Kilbride, and taking him by the arm, said, "You once had some regard for me—that is, you said you had; and I now ask you to protect me from the wickedness that is plotting against me in this house."

"I can stand it no longer," exclaimed Mrs. Foy, "to be made a fool of, at this rate. What brought you to this house, only to throw yourself in the way of this gentleman? What made you tell me, not passing three hours ago, that you still had the same mind for him you ever had?"

"Indeed, Mr. Kilbride," said Agnes, still clinging to him, "I thought you were in another country. If I knew you were here, I would have run to the world's end sooner than meet you. Oh! don't be displeased, for I wish you well—I wish you happy—and I am grateful in my heart for your looking after me in my poverty and discredit—but I couldn't marry you. There is a wall between us, that no living hand can pull down. We have not the same hope for another world—we do not worship the same God—I have renounced the religion in which I was reared, and which you think the only true one. If we were married, how could you be happy, if you thought I was going wrong? And oh! Mr. Kilbride, I would be miserable—aye, more miserable than I am this moment, when I am afraid to raise my eyes from the floor; for the more I loved you, the bitterer I would be mourning over your lost soul."

"That bangs all I ever heard," said the Priest. "I was told she was only wanting to be a Protestant, but by her own account she is a downright atheist. Why she says she don't worship God!!"

"No, no, Sir; I did not say that—I do worship the God of the Bible. All I mean is, that since I read his word, I found you were all wrong, and I could not trust my soul among you."

"Stop her mouth," cried Mrs. Foy, "and don't let her bring a curse on my house with her wicked Protestant words. If she got the treatment she deserves, it isn't married, but canonized, she ought to be. She's the very moral of her mother before her, who was the terriblest woman, only that she never turned Protestant."

"What's to be done with her?" asked Gilbert Foy, in his drawling, discordant voice, which sounded in Agnes's ears like her death-knell.

"There's no doubt about it," answered Redmond. "It is the duty of you, Mr. Kilbride, to save this unfortunate girl from destruction—it's your duty, as a good Christian, to reclaim her to her proper senses, and if it can't be done by fair means, it shall by foul—mind what I'm saying, Miss Hannafie—I have authority from your uncle, the Bishop, to marry you this night to Mr. Kilbride there; and if you don't consent, I'll do it against your will, and take all the responsibility on myself."

"What will become of me?" cried Agnes, press-

ing her hand hard against her forehead. "If my mind leaves me, what will become of me? But, while I have my senses, let me warn you," addressing herself to Kilbride, "not to do, by wicked advice, what would bow you down to the ground with shame and confusion ever after. Look at me—I have no father or mother to make my complaint to—I have no home to give me a welcome—I am a poor, desolate, stupified creature, that has been hunted into the snare, when I thought I was running away from it. The confusion of my mind, and the terror in my heart, have taken from me the trust I often had in Him that is unseen. There is darkness over me for the next world, as well as for this; and I am this minute the wofullest thing that walks upon the earth. I know my death is not far off. Every day there is a failing at my heart, that must soon wear me out; but I may still have a little glimpse of peace, as I used to have, after the sorest trial, if you leave my senses with me. *You* once would not say against my word, if it was ever so foolish; and don't be worse to me now, when I see no help but in you. All I ask is, that you will bid them open that door, and let me out in the darkness, to make my own way in the world; and I will bless you, and bless them, and never reflect upon you to your miscredit, or blame you to God or man."

"We have all been in the wrong box, I see," said Garraghan, in a hurry, lest Kilbride should speak.

"We are fools not to know that young girls won't speak their minds freely before company. She's coming round, only for bashfulness; and if they are five minutes alone together, he'll persuade her sooner nor if we were talking till dooms-day. Out with you, Gibby. That face you have on you is enough to hinder her from saying any thing that is pleasant. Mrs. Foy, we'll all step into the kitchen for a little, and let them settle it between themselves."

The trio left the room immediately, and Bartley, relieved by their absence, began to speak at once without embarrassment.

"Miss Agnes, I can't make out the way you go on. When you were in credit and grandeur you gave me a hearing, and were well inclined to me, when your friends were not for it; and now, when every body's come round to be agreeable, you have a manner as if I was as bad as the worst."

"You know, Mr. Kilbride, that it was all over between us long ago. When my uncles threatened to take their friendship from me, and showed me anger and ill will for your sake, (though nothing like what came upon me afterwards,) I was persuaded to give you up—and I may say to you now, it was long before I would give the promise—you were willing, too, to have it stop, and left the country, satisfied in your own mind, I suppose, that it was better we should be strangers to one another."

"I only quit the place to put them off their guard,"

answered Bartley. "I never lost sight of you, or thought of any one else, if that rises your mind against me : and there must be something of that in it, or you wouldn't stand out against their good wishes to me now."

"They have no good wishes, either for you or for me, Mr. Kilbride. They would move the world to make me go back to their religion ; and if they did not think you were the likeliest to bring that about, they would have pitched upon another in preference to you—but, it cannot be—indeed it cannot. There's more against it than all this world can remove. The word of God desires me not to join myself to you ; and let what will befall me, I cannot go beyond it."

"It never was any thing good put it into your mind to break your promise with me," said Bartley. "I believe well some swaddling fellow has been filling your head with fancies, putting between us for his own ends."

"No, Bartley, I never spoke to a Protestant, man or woman, about what was passing in my mind, being shut up from the sight of any, but them they chose to bring into my company. I found it out for myself, in the book where God tells his people how they ought to serve him. I struggled hard to think it was not meant for me ; for—why need I repeat it again—I was not willing to give you up, when man bid me, or when God bid me. But the light would not be kept out, and I saw clearly it was His will that we should be divided."



"I'll never meddle with your religion, Agnes. Listen to me"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"you had better marry me: it's the only way to escape persecution. If you don't, there's worse prepared for you. You are in the hands of devils, that would put up a man to any thing; for they offer money that is hard to resist, when one knows the value of it. The whole country is in a cabal with them; and you can no more escape them, than the tethered sheep can graze at liberty. With me you will be free as air. Your fortune once paid, I'll join you in laughing at them. I'll drive you to the church in your own car, the Sunday after: or if you are fearful of their faction, I'll take you to live in England, where you can chuse out of a hundred religions the one you like best. Why, I'm only a Roman on the outside. I keep it up just not to get the ill will of them that would injure me. I care little for any religion, not seeing what good it does; and I'd join which I got most by."

"Bartley, every word you say, tells more and more against it. If my mind was wavering before, (and it was not,) what you have now said, would part us, without any other reason; though the worst they could do, would stare me in the face. Don't lend yourself to be the tool of them who are only laughing at your simpleness, and would cheat you in the end. Don't *you* make my lot more sorrowful than it is; and, for the sake of pity, leave it to others to harrass me, if nothing else will satisfy them. I thank

you over and over again for your friendliness and good wishes to me, Mr. Kilbride ; and while I live, let that be long or short, I will think of you with kindness, and pray for your good in this world and the next."

"You'll get no more trouble by me, Miss Agnes ; and all I hope is, that you may be quit of it from others. I never meant any thing but in friendship, and I was prepared to expect the same thing from you. But let that pass, with the rest. I don't want to leave you in unkindness, since you speak so obliging ; so, just give me your hand in token of friendship, at parting—I'll never ask more from you the longest hour I have to live."

The door flew open, and Mrs. Foy entered clapping her hands with joy. "I knew," she cried "that all that was wanting, was to know one another's mind ; and I'm proud to see that you won't let a little jealousy put between you—Mr. Garraghan, you may come in now. The business is settled. They have got their own consents, and there is no hindrance in life."

"No such thing at all," said Bartley pettishly, "you may just at once give over your intendings. You knew her mind was not set on me, but quite the contrary ; and what use is your good will, when she tells me to the face she won't have me ? So I'll stay no longer among you to be only made a laughing stock for you all."

"By all the books that ever was shut and opened"

said Mrs. Foy, pulling him back, as he turned to leave the room, "she told me this very night that she'd marry you in spite of the world. The only draw back was, a report about a girl in England, that she stomached at. She said she would shew you an altered countenance to the very last, to try whether you was true hearted, and had spirit to bear a little fractiousness, when it was all out of love. She can't deny it—she, standing there. And though she may still go through, with her jealousies, and headstrongness; taking after her mother, that was the same, out and out, to the day of her death; do you think I would tell a lie before a holy man like Mr. Garraghan?"

"Two minutes reading from me," said the Priest, "will put into your pocket twelve hundred pounds. Wait till to-morrow, and you may wait long enough, till it is offered to you again."

"There will be no waiting," cried Mrs. Foy, "it must, and it shall be done this minute. None of your tricks in my house," looking furiously at Agnes. "I will do you goodness again your will—I have vowed that your soul won't be lost—I have laid a curse upon myself, that I'll see you safe with a Christian husband—I promised the Bishop to have it done, no matter how it was done—Mr. Garraghan, his orders is upon you too, and you're over slow in obeying them."

Agnes again appealed to Kilbride. "Their wickedness," said she, "must stop, if you deny to join

them in it. Your word is passed to me ; and sure, you won't go back of it ?"

"I didn't speak before," said Gilbert, coming forward, "but now I'll speak to some purpose. Come along here," dragging her by the arm, which had been dislocated under the gentle correction of her uncle Kit ; and adding with a tremendous oath, "If the sun doesn't rise upon you to-morrow, as Bartley Kilbride's wife, you will only have it to shine upon your corpse."

"You've made a corpse of her already, you brute!" exclaimed Bartley, as the poor girl, groaning with pain and terror, fell fainting to the ground.

"It's nothing but by way of a faint," said Mrs. Foy, "she'll come to in no time, if I had a little water to sprinkle on her face."

"Augusteen, you, girl, without there !" roared Kilbride, running into the kitchen, "Augusteen M'Manus ! some water in a hurry !" Then seizing a large can, he returned, followed by the maid, who raised Agnes in her arms, and began chafing her temples.

"You see what you have done," said Bartley, turning to the Priest.

"We're gone too far, to draw back now," rejoined the other, hastily taking a book from his pocket, and throwing a broad, coloured ribbon over his shoulders ; "I'll marry you at once, while she can make no resistance. If it don't satisfy her to-morrow, you can get it done over again."

"You have the heart of a flint-stone," cried Bartley, in dismay. "Why, the girl may be dying this minute!"

"Tut, man! you're a fool, and something beyant that, if I would say what. It's all a piece of acting. She'll think ten times more of you for shewing yourself a boy of sperrit. Many a hearty laugh you'll have together for this night's frolic. Twelve hundred pounds now, and more after, will make all right in the end, even supposing there is a little wrangling in the beginning."

The love of money was rapidly closing all the avenues to Kilbride's better feelings. He stuttered, and drew back—looked at Agnes, and then at the Priest—advanced again, and again retreated.

"Oh! if I an't ashamed of you!" cried Mrs. Foy, with a look of scorn. "You well deserve the treatment you'll get, when all the girls in the country will teach the dogs to bark at you for a dunce, as you walk along the road."

"I've too great a wish for him to let that be the case," said Garraghan. "Stand there, man, and take some money in your hand. The mistress will lend you the ring, and answer for her. Why, it's as good a marriage as the one I had to do for a dummy, last week."

Gilbert and his wife laid fast hold upon Kilbride, and the priest began reading as fast as his breath would permit.

"Drop that book, Redmond Garraghan!" cried Augusteen M'Manus, springing from the ground, and giving it such a slap, as sent it flying from his hand to the other end of the room. "If you go on with one word more of your gibberish, you'll swing as high as your uncle's son, Pat M'Govran, did, three weeks ago."

Consternation and rage were strongly depicted on every countenance. Gilbert absolutely gnashed at her with his ogre's teeth, and raised his brawny arm to fell her to the ground.

"Don't lift a hand to me, at your peril," said Augusteen, looking at him undauntedly. "If I give but one screech, there's them about the house will be in upon you, in spite of bolt or window-bar, before you can double the blow; and then the county jail will be your lodging, before the clouds grows red in the sky."

The Priest was the first to recover himself, so as to be able to speak with a degree of calmness.

"I wonder, Augusteen, how you an't ashamed to speak after that outrageous manner, before your master and mistress, not considering me, your guide and your teacher!"

"And where would you guide if I was to folly you? And what would you teach but what it's as well not to larn? It's you ought to be ashamed to look me in the face—me, who could bring that again you, would make the blood run cold to hear. And

don't think, if big Gilbert there was to kill me on the spot, there would be no one living then to strike a terror into your black heart. No, Redmond. The story isn't locked up from the ears of the world, in confession to a Priest: it got wind, and it lies in a quarter you little dream of, safe in Protestant keeping. If any ill chance happens to me for a year and a day after I'm seen in your company, it will all come out. Your own hand-writing is in black and white again you, to tell the world what you are; and there's proofs behind, to make what's sure, surer—so, be off with yourself. Take that poor cat's paw with you, and give an advice to the two beside you, to let this night pass over, without plotting harm to the poor orphan they want to murder out of the world, for the glory of God, I suppose."

Mrs. Foy was struggling hard between rage and alarm—the latter, however, predominated. "Augusteen, I ever knew you had a bad tongue," said she; "but I didn't think your mind was that evil, as to cast up murder and foolishness to them that was only funning a little with a young couple, about an innocent joke, to pass away the time."

"Have done with your jokes," answered the maid, "or I may begin to joke too: and if I once get into the sperrit of it, I may go on till I twist hemp enough for all your necks, and that would be a joke worth a hundred of yours put together."

Mrs. Foy's agitation again set her tongue running,

without well knowing what she said. Have you no work to do in the kitchen, but you must take your seat in the parlour, Augusteen M'Manus? And will you be mistress and maid too, when you won't let me sprinkle a drop of water on my own blood relation, that fainted when she was tired out laughing at the fun of my man?—Gibby, you was always over-boisterous in your play—I often said so.—Agnes, dear, come to yourself, like a good girl. Sure, you won't think so bad of a little joke, as to get into fits and convulsions?—Sure, you wouldn't think that me, who loved your mother before all, would hurt a hair of your head, dear?"

"You had better never heed her," said Augusteen, "till the place is cleared, so that she can draw her breath. Mr. Garraghan, it's best for you not to be too long going. People may be wondering what keeps you, and if they walked in to us, and catechized us, there's no knowing what I might say in my fright. Go straight down the road: nobody will molest you, if you keep company with Mr. Kilbride; for then they'll give a guess that no harm's done. I took an oath, and I'll keep it—only if there's wickedness going on, I might be tempted to break it."

The Priest and the poor craven bridegroom followed her advice.

"That Augusteen M'Manus," said the former, as they walked to the stable, "is little short of a devil incarnate. She had a sister worse nor herself, that



died last year. Them two would swear away the life of a man as soon as I would throw this saddle over my horse. I didn't judge it proper to say much to her now, but I'll have her on her marrow bones yet."

"Now, Miss," said Augusteen to Agnes, "they are gone, and you may get a little heart. I'll carry you into the room, and sit up with you all night; so don't be unasy."

"I can't believe a word spoken in this house," said Agnes, trying to totter to the door. "If you mean truth and honesty, let me leave it at once."

"The longer you stay in it, the more lies you'll hear—that's certain sure," answered the maid. "But you'll be safe in it for this night, if it was thatched with lies. I'm as good to you as a guard of soldiers. I sent off the Priest and the bachelor, and I know what will keep the people of Dunamoyle at a distance too."

"What do you know?" began the mistress; but, restraining herself, she turned to Agnes, and said, "I'll never forgive myself, nor Gibby neither, for carrying the joke so far, and your sperrits so weak. A little rest will do you good, dear; and I'll make Augusteen sleep in the room with you, to take off the nerves."

"Mrs. Foy," said Agnes, looking at her with doubt and dismay, "after what has happened can I believe you?"

The lady instantly raised her hands and eyes, and

began a solemn appeal to heaven, for the rectitude of her intentions.

"Don't swear," shrieked Agnes, relapsing into hysterics—"They all swore, and they all called God to witness, when they were preparing one snare after another for me."

"Och! och!" cried Augusteen; "and is there none above to take the orphan's part? Miss, I don't want you to believe me—only this once—for I can tell lies to serve a turn, as well as another; but I'm speaking truth now, from the bottom of my heart; and trust me, before harm happens to you this night, they'll swim in my blood. Come, Miss—them that follies us will get a welcome they won't like."

"Maybe you'd take a drop of wine, or a glass of punch, or something, dear, after your sickness?" said Mrs. Foy, as the maid half carried Agnes into the bed-room; but the good-natured offer never reached her ear, being drowned in the noise made by Augusteen locking the door, and pulling a heavy oaken chest against it.

"I only do this to satisfy your mind," said she to Agnes, "for there's not a bit of fear they'll come nigh us. They'll lie down more in dread nor you will, helpless as you are. When there's guilt in the breast, cowardliness won't be kept out at times, though the boldest sperrit keeps the door. If it wasn't for that, would they be so ready daunted, when I said there was somebody outside on the watch?"

“ And was there no one who could hear your cries, as you said ?” asked Agnes.

“ Not one—Who could be there that wouldn’t be as bad as themselves ? And they might have guessed as much, only for the terror that got the better of them. Two polis men passed the door about two hours before, and they stopped to ask about a stray sheep. That put it in my head ; for Gilbert was unasy to know what they said, and I wouldn’t tell him, just not to satisfy him. Since I was the hoith of my knee, I have lived among them that had no fear of God or man—them who would as soon do harm as good—and I often remarked, that the man who wouldn’t wink an eye when he stretched a poor Christian to roast upon the fire, would tremble at the sound of a withered leaf fluttering from the tree, if it came upon him by surprise, when he had mischief in his mind. Now try to get a little sleep, and don’t talk to me, for I’ll have to sit thinking here what I can do for you to-morrow, to get you out of the grip of the blood-hounds you threw yourself among.

## CHAPTER X.

ON the ensuing morning, Mr. Goldtrap was at Croom Castle at an early hour, and was closetted with Mr. Eyrebury for a considerable time. While waiting for them to join her at the breakfast-table, Miss Eyrebury had been giving some directions to her maid; and as the latter was about to leave the room, she added, "I forgot to mention, what I am sure will give you much pleasure to hear. My brother means to take us to England early next month: his stay will be short; but I shall not return with him, unless my mother can be prevailed upon to accompany us, which is not probable."

"I'm afraid not, Ma'am," sighed Miss Winter, by no means in such extasies with the intelligence, as her mistress expected. "It is a pity, after spending the worst part of the year here, to go away when the weather is becoming so delightful. I shall be quite sorry to leave all the beautiful crocusses, and the school, and the young plantation on the hill."

Miss Eyrebury looked surprised. The maid blushed, and added, speaking somewhat confusedly, "One ought to be glad, certainly, to see one's own country,

which is the only country where people know how to live as they ought ; and I did not expect to be sorry for leaving Ireland. It is a great pity that the people are not a little more clean, and a little more honest, and a little more sober, and a little better every way, which is all they want to make them quite like ourselves. Besides, Ma'am"—stopping a little to think of some other cause of regret—"I never saw such a clergyman as Mr. Leighton. Till I heard him preach, I had no idea of my own religion ; and I don't think I shall ever bear to listen to old Mr. Goodenough again."

"Winter," said the lady, "I hope you are not a hypocrite. No person can value Mr. Leighton's instructions more than myself ; for I was ignorant of the nature of true religion as you could possibly be, before I became acquainted with him : but I cannot help thinking, there is something more than your partiality to crocusses and Mr. Leighton, which makes you regret leaving Ireland."

"As to partiality, Ma'am, I have no partiality—indeed, I should be very sorry to have any partiality, if you did not approve of it. I always said, that I would not do any thing to disoblige you ; and that I would not, for any consideration, leave you unprovided, as long as you remained in this country."

"Then you do not mean to return with me to England?"

"Mrs. Bennet, Ma'am, says, that the house, which

is very nicely papered, and furnished quite genteel, will be positively destroyed by those common Irish servants, unless somebody who knows what is right and proper shall take care of it. The shop takes up all his time, and he is quite uncomfortable. If it was not for Mrs. Bennet, who contrives to manage a little for him, he told me he would be obliged to give up housekeeping; or perhaps, take his friends' advice, and marry some person that he did not care for; which you know, Ma'am, would be unpleasant and disagreeable."

"Who is this person," asked her mistress, "for whose comfort you are so much interested?"

"I assure you, ma'am, I am not interested; though a poor girl, who has but two hundred pounds, might be interested. Mrs. Bennet can vouch for me, that I never spoke of my own interest. He was the first to mention any thing about it, and offered very fair, and very genteel, of his own accord."

"Who is the gentleman?" again inquired Miss Eyrebury.

"You know Mrs. Bennet, Ma'am—Mr. Price is her nephew. He is a very respectable young man, and an Orangeman. He keeps that handsome new shop in the main street, and has a very profitable farm under Mr. Eyrebury. He is cousin to Mr. Goldtrap, with other genteel connections; and he will sell his horse, having but little time for riding,

and will buy a steady, quiet one, for the jaunting-car which he bespoke last week in Dublin."

"If you have not finally settled this matter," said her mistress, "will you allow me to mention it to my brother, that he may make inquiries respecting the character and circumstances of the young man?"

"There is nothing settled, Ma'am. I positively refused to leave you while you remained in Ireland, I said to Mrs. Bennet—but, Ma'am, I hear the gentlemen coming—I am very much obliged to you, Ma'am, and Mr. Eyrebury; and Mrs. Bennet will be so glad to hear that I have your approbation."

Miss Winter disappeared as the gentlemen entered the room—Mr. Goldtrap, with a face of great importance, and his accent particularly English—Mr. Eyrebury, also, looking wise and disconcerted. He made one or two efforts to be unconstrained, while collecting the materials for a plentiful breakfast before him, till at length he abruptly addressed his Agent.

"Goldtrap, the more I think of your story, the more improbable it appears. It borders so much upon the romantic, that one would suppose you were detailing the story of the last novel you read, rather than a circumstance of real occurrence in the nineteenth century."

"I never read a novel in any century, past, present or to come," said Mr. Goldtrap, somewhat offended. "I leave that to them who have nothing

better to do: nor have I any relish for romancing. If any body wants to hear such things, Bishop M'Royster is the man for them; and I believe his biggest lie would go down with some people, sooner than the noon-day truth from others."

"Supposing," said Mr. Eyrebury, "the fact to be possible, or probable, yet you must pardon me if I be a little incredulous; particularly when I consider the source from whence you derive your information."

"I am sure of my information, and I will act upon it too," replied the Agent. "I came here as a matter of civility to tell you what villainy there was among your tenants, hoping you would exert yourself to put it down; but I am a Magistrate, and I can do my duty single handed; and I will do it, no matter who likes or dislikes it."

Miss Eyrebury, who feared from the irritability apparent in both gentlemen, that the conversation might lead to unpleasant consequences, if pursued without interruption, engaged Mr. Goldtrap in giving her, as he protested, a full and true account of the cause of the difference in opinion between him and her brother. It related to the events of the preceding evening, at Dunamoyle, which he detailed most fully, and with less deviation from truth than might be expected in this instance, when the story had passed through two or three persons before it reached him. Besides what is already known to our readers, he added, that Miss Hannafie was to be re-



moved in the course of that day, or most probably the night, to a mad-house, or a nunnery, or some such place, where she would be made to die a Papist, if she could not be persuaded to live one.

"Kate, you need not look so shocked," said Mr. Eyrebury to his sister, "Do you suppose I could be unconcerned if I believed that such atrocities were committing in my neighbourhood?—Ask him how he has obtained his information; and I think you will agree with me as to the propriety of making some further inquiries, before I subject myself to ridicule by interfering in so foolish a business."

"Miss Eyrebury, it's as true as you are sitting there," said Mr. Goldtrap. "The story came from the best place in the country to hear what is going on—from Corny Mahony's forge—Corny is half brother to Dogherty, the fellow that lives with Bishop M'Royster; and he was at the forge this morning before day light, crammed with news, when Mr. Leighton's plough-horses were brought to be shod. It seems his custom is to listen at the door when any one is with his master; and so, last night he heard Redmond Garraghan giving an account to his superior, of how their scheme failed about Miss Hannafie. He was in such a hurry to unload himself of his news, and they were all so curious to hear, that they never remembered themselves of Mr. Leighton's gardiner, who came with the horses, and who has a bad name among them, for not being over-fond of the Priests.

He was on the watch for me the moment I put my foot outside the door; and I arranged my plans in a moment. I perched my fifth boy, Forester, in the big pear-tree in the garden, with a spy-glass, so that nobody can come in, or go out of Dunamoyle, without his knowledge. I sent off his two brothers, Tom and Hackleshaw, with their guns, into the stone park, to watch on that quarter, as if they were shooting rabbits: the police are on the look out towards Ballindona, and I have a dozen stout Protestant boys scattered about in every direction, who are all drawing round Dunamoyle, without being suspected. The Foyes and their coadjutors, must deal with the black art, and make themselves invisible, if they can spirit her away without my knowledge, after all my precautions."

"In the mean time, how do you intend to proceed," inquired the lady.

"Easy enough, Miss. I am on my way to Dunamoyle now—I thought Mr. Eyrebury would like to go too, or I should have been there long ago—I will just civilly order that hang-dog Gilbert, to let me have an interview with Miss Hannafie. If he refuses, the police will be at my heels to search every hole and corner till I find her: if she is not forthcoming, every mother's son of them, Mrs. Foy and all, will be off to jail; and let me see the Magistrate will dare to take bail, when murder is sworn home against them."

This was said with something of an air of defiance, which caused the colour to mount high in Mr. Eyrebury's cheeks, when the conversation was again happily interrupted by the sudden entrance of Miss Winter, in one of her most violent fits of alarm.

"The rebellion is begun, Sir," said she, catching Mr. Eyrebury by the arm, and drawing him towards the window. "Look, Sir, there are thousands coming with drums beating, and trumpets sounding; and we shall all be murdered in a moment, unless you send to Lisahuddart for the Orangemen to protect us."

"Miss Winter, you are a goose," said Mr. Goldtrap, hurrying to the window. "Who ever heard of a rebellion beginning in broad day light? Don't be alarmed Miss Eyrebury. It must be a fox that has got into the demesne, and Lewis has raised the country to shoot him."

Miss Eyrebury, not without some alarm, drew towards the window, and perceived a large body of labourers running from the field in which they had been working, towards a sunk fence, separating the lawn from the deer-park; and far off in the opposite direction came another party, shouting and making all kinds of signals. In a few seconds the Messrs. Hackleshaw, and Tom Goldtrap were seen descending from the young plantation, with the speed of greyhounds, evidently aiming to hinder the junction of the two parties; while spurring his horse to full

speed, and at intervals giving a loud blast with his bugle, Forester Goldtrap cleared hedge and ditch, as he rapidly advanced to support his brothers.

"There's my boys for you!!" cried the delighted father. "I would not exchange them for as many king's sons, with crowns and sceptres on their heads. But there's too many odds against the lads, with all their spirit; so," running out of the room, and calling to the servants, as he passed through the hall, "John, Philip, Edward, arm yourselves, boys, with whatever you can lay your hands on, and be after me in no time."

Mr. Eyrebury quickly followed, attended by Philip, the Irish footman, who laid hold of one of the hall chairs, being the weapon nearest to hand; while the English servants ran up and down, calling for guns, pistols, and swords; wasting their time, as Mr. Goldtrap complained afterwards, when the poker or gridiron would have served the purpose equally well, if not better.

Miss Eyrebury still continued at the window, watching with a good deal of anxiety the motions of the various groups, and individuals, pouring in on every side. Whether they were friends or foes, or what object they had in view, it was impossible to guess, as they all ran promiscuously towards one part of the sunk fence, without any apparent cause to attract them to that spot in particular. The party from the field were fast nearing the desired goal, and one

man, who had outstripped his companions some dozen yards, was making a spring to clear the fence, when his foot was caught by a young girl, who, that moment scrambled up the opposite side, and he measured his full length upon the ground, where he lay motionless, stunned by the violence of the fall. The damsel lost no time in parleying with the others, but attacked them with large stones from the lining of the fence, and kept them at bay, till the young Goldtraps, who cheered her as they approached, came up to her assistance. The lads immediately stopped, and pointed their fowling pieces, one, towards the assailants from the field; the other, in the direction of those hurrying through the deer-park. This manoeuvre had the desired effect. Many of the most advanced on both sides took to their heels—the others only ducked their heads, and retreating a few paces, stopped, as if to consider whether they should run away, or manfully face the danger. The girl took advantage of this pause to adjust her hair, which had fallen about her shoulders, and then disappeared in the sunk fence, having first filled her apron with stones, to be prepared for another encounter.

In the mean time, the party from the castle had arrived at the scene of action; and being joined by Forester Goldtrap, with his bugle, and three police men well armed—Miss Winter, who was stationed at the window by her mistress, and had been ejaculating and screaming, according to the various movements

of those out of doors, began to pluck up a little courage, and to recover the free use of her tongue; sometimes addressing Miss Eyrebury, and then calling to the kitchen-maid, who, in the topsy turvy commotion, had taken possession of the window of Miss Eyrebury's dressing-room, immediately over head.

"Whatever it is, Ma'am, I think it is not a rebellion; for you see they are all civil to Mr. Eyrebury; and nobody, I believe, is civil in a rebellion. Olivia, can you hear what Mr. Forester is saying to his father? Don't you wonder Ma'am, why Mr. Hackleshaw still keeps his gun presented at the people in the deer-park; and why he will not let that tall man come near him?—Olivia, who is that young man talking over the fence to Mr. Tom; and what can they be all pointing at?—Dear me!—Look at Mr. Eyrebury, Ma'am—he has leaped down—I wonder why he would not stay at this side, where the people are quiet. Why are they all crowding about Mr. Goldtrap, Olivia?—I know, Ma'am, he is scolding, by the way he turns round so quickly—they are running again—they are all jumping over. There go the police—what are the police doing now, Olivia?—If they fire, I shall drop down dead—is it a rebellion, do you think, Olivia?—Oh! Olivia, Olivia, why can't you tell me what they are about?—That great tree hides them from my view, and if I do not see or hear, I shall faint—Ma'am, I am sure it is a rebellion—Olivia, I wish you would say so at once, if it is a rebellion, that I may know what to do."

"Not at all, Miss," screamed Olivia. "It's only a trifle, as well as I see. The neighbours is just murdering other, about something; and the gentlemen will settle them all in a hurry. What can they be at at all?—I never see any thing I couldn't give a guess to afore. Any how, since big Gilbert from Dunamoyle is foremost, it's asy to know there's mischief brewing—Oh! the villain! if he hasn't jumped upon Master Hackleshaw, and is twisting the gun out of his hand—Shoot him, shoot him, Master Tom—Well, only see that!—If the master hasn't pulled down Master Tom's arm: and look at them poliss there, taking the gun from the young gentleman, instead of helping him—A purty set you are, with your caps and green jackets—What business has the like of you to be making peace, like gentlemen, when you are paid well for fighting?—More power to your elbow, Master Forester!—Two of the Moyallart boys is down with one swing of his blowing-horn. Oh! of all the people in the world, who is there but Nelly Grimes, in the very thick of them, and Andy Britton shoving her back from the ditch!—What are you about, Andy? Maybe the woman wants to get out of the fray, and what are you pushing her back into it again for?—Bothered Paddy Burn is down on his two knees to Master Tom—ah! he'll make you hear, I warrant you—Oh! murder! murder!—Mr. Goldtrap is tumbled into the gripe, and he is killed and destroyed. He'll never eat bit or sup again, poor gentleman, and his long family!—No;

there he is on his feet, as well as ever, driving all before him with his whip—there is that cracked-looking girl again, with her hair roving about her shoulders—who is she at all?—and what is she saying to the master? Oh!—what will I do?—Gilbert Foy has got the gun from Master Hackleshaw—he'll be the death of that girl—run, run for your life!—Stand behind the master, and he can't shoot you—Oh!—Philip Ray, Philip Ray!—There he has smashed the beautiful new hall chair, on big Gilbert's head. You'll lose your place, Philip, for that blow; and how could the boy help it?—Well done, Sergeant Lennon!—He has Gilbert under him—kick away, Gilbert, you have met with your match at last. It's only now the sport is beginning. Miss Winter, it would be worth your while to be up here—you never seen such fun—the master is doing his best to stop them; and Mr. Goldtrap is leathering right and left; but sorrah mind they mind them. Fight away, boys!—It's worth walking twenty miles to see the like of this—Oh! if my aunt Molly was here, it's she'd be in her element—the Kellies is keeping up the fight now—they're mad at the usage big Gilbert is getting, he being one of them by the mother's side. If they could master Larry Kelly, the day would be their own—they're at him now—down with him, Andy—oh! Andy, have you nothing to fight with, but the leg of the new hall chair?—It never can be mended if you lose that leg; and poor Philip will have no



one to plead for him. The Kellies is flagging—Larry is quiet enough at last—Master Tom has him by one arm, and Andy has a fast grip of the other. Well to be sure!—I never see such a set—the half of them is snaking away—all the gentlemen is making speeches, and Nelly Grimes is making a speech—Ah! what hand had she in it, that Mr. Goldtrap won't listen to her, but gives her up to the poliss? What business had you there at all, Nelly; you, that has a small family of your own to look after? Well, but the master is a fine man!—See how they talk to him with their bare heads, and will do just what he bids them. Oh! Mr. Lewis, you are too late; and so are you John; and so are you too, Edward—the fight is over without you. It would be well for poor Philip if he had lead in his heels, like you. There is nothing worth looking at now, Miss Winter—Mr. Lewis is ordering the boys back to their work; and Master Forester is shewing the rest the way out of the green gate, not to be climbing the wall, as they did before. Well for you, boys, not to be made prisoners, like Gilbert and Larry, and that foolish woman, Nelly Grimes—Miss Winter, can you guess what keeps the master and the others running in and out of the ditch? I'm stretched out of the windy the whole length of my body, and I can see nothing—the half of them is upon the top, and the rest below, and they are at an amplush, if one can judge by them all talking together—Oh! that chair!—I knew it

would come again you, Philip—and now, will any one say, the boy was to blame?—The master is shaking his head at it—sure enough, it is a pity if it could be helped; but what use is Tim Graydon, with all his tools, if he can't mend it; that is, if Andy Britton didn't make away with the leg—I can take my oath I seen it in his hand, when he made at Larry. Master Forester is taking Philip's part—do you see how he makes the master sensible that it can be mended?—Do you see how he sits down on it, and shakes himself about, to shew that all is right, barring the leg? I'll never hear a word said again you, Master Forester, while I live, for your goodness to a poor boy, that has nothing but his living to get his bread by—Oh! Miss Winter, what's come over the master, that he's carrying the chair into the gripe?—Do you see how they are stretching over the top, and Master Hackleshaw has taken the black silk handkercher from round his neck, and gave it to some one below.—I hear every word they say, plain, but I can't hear what they are talking about.—Oh! Miss Winter, Miss Winter!—Do you see the top of the chair coming up, up, up, and them stretching to catch it?—Oh! Miss Winter, if there isn't a corpse upon it—a dead corpse, all in white, with a red cloak!—It's the girl made all the uproar—no, it isn't—there she is, pulled up by Mr. Price from Lisahuddart.”

“What did you say about Mr. Price, Olivia?” cried Miss Winter.—“Who was pulling about Mr. Price?—Why don't you answer, girl!”

But Olivia had left the window, and was fast tumbling down stairs, to meet the procession moving up the avenue ; and Miss Eyrebury and her maid hastened into the hall, anxious for some explanation of this extraordinary scene.

## CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Goltrap, talking loud, and flourishing his whip, led the way up the high steps of the hall-door, followed by two of his sons, carrying Agnes Hannafie on the unfortunate hall-chair, supported on either side by Mr. Price and Augusteen M'Manus. Then, came Mr. Eyrebury, surrounded by a number of men, all talking together. Next, a police constable, half comforting, half scolding Mrs. Grimes, who alternately coaxed and threatened. After them, the other prisoners—Gilbert, grim and sulky—Larry, voluble and good humoured; and lastly, a mob of men and women, who would force their way into the hall, contrary to the expostulations of Lewis. One must go in, as he would be wanted to explain it to the gentlemen—another had poor Mr. Foy's stick—another was first cousin to Sergeant Lennon; and another, and another had equally good reasons not to be shut out, till at length all gained entrance.

"I am almost as ignorant of the cause of this commotion as you are, Kate," said Mr. Eyrebury, in reply to his sister's inquiries, "for, all are so eager to talk, that it is impossible to hear three words in con-

nection. I can merely tell you, that I found this young woman, who, it appears, is the heroine of Goldtrap's romance, (a true one, I fear,) fainting in the sunk-fence, and that I suppose she is the object of contention."

"Wasn't I right to be on my sharps, Miss Eyrebury?" said Mr. Goldtrap. "If I had been shilly shally, and delicate about giving offence to ruffians and Jesuits, Mr. Foy might have been laughing at us in his sleeve, instead of getting his due, as he shall get it, or my name is not Robert."

"Mr. Eyrebury," said Gilbert, "I know where to look for justice and redress, if you don't give it to me, which is what I expect from a gentleman like you. Is a man of my substance to be treated like a common sheep-stealer, when I was only looking after my property, that was robbed from me by them two vagrants of women there?"

"If you lost nothing only by us, you're safe enough," quietly remarked Augusteen, as she arranged Agnes's dress, who was gazing vacantly at the people collected round her.

"They robbed me, Sir," repeated Gilbert: "they are notorious robbers, one and the other. Why did they lock up my wife?—And why did they climb the haggard-gate, and skulk under walls and ditches, with cloaks about their heads, if they hadn't bad doings between them?—And am I to be killed and murdered, and dragged about by poliss-men, only for looking after my own?"

"Plase your honor," said Augusteen, "you wouldn't hear a word of truth out of that man's mouth, if you listened to him for a quarter: but I'll tell you all about it, without fear or favor. It was convanient for Miss Hannafie to quit big Gilbert's place, as soon and as private as she could—for what rason, he may give a guess at himself. So I watched my time, when he went to the field, and she was in the dairy, spilling up the milk, to turn the key in the door upon her; knowing she might screech her life out, before any one could hear her, if it wasn't old Rose Reily, who was sitting in the kitchen, and wouldn't know if you fired a gun over her shoulder. It was Rose's cloak I flung over Miss Hannafie, and we stole behind the hedge, till we crossed the Banshee's Hollow; and then we were making the best of our way under shelter of the hill, on towards Parson Leighton's, where she had a fancy to go, when that woman there, that they call Nelly, got a glimpse of her white gound, and set up the shout after us. 'It's to Croom we must go now,' says I; so I dragged her over the park wall, and we scrambled through the whins and briars, till we come close to the ditch; and then it was she fell into the fit, seeing Gilbert and his pack running and hallooing us. I couldn't carry her up the ungainly face of it, it was so high and steep, and I had nothing to do but pelt them with stones, to keep them off as well as I could. Your honour knows all the rest—it's truth I tell, and if you take his word,

after—why—what can I do? She's desolate and persecuted, and has no man to make her moan to; but there's justice beyant the sky, and it will fall on the hard-hearted sooner or later."

"I'll take nobody's word," said Mr. Goldtrap—"I'll have you all upon your oaths. Push over that table, Edward—now run for a prayer-book. Where is that Tim Graydon? Tim, have you a bit of chalk about you?—Puh! man, down with you to the workshop and bring me a piece in a minute. I want to make a cross on the prayer-book, Miss Eyrebury—they'd all swear false without it—there's no coming up to their tricks. Forester, push over that chair for Mr. Eyrebury. Miss Winter you need not be afraid, I'll not damage the book at all; the chalk will rub off without leaving a mark. Now, clear the way there. Miss Hannafie, take the book in your hand—'You shall true answer make'—why, child, you are to hold the book, and kiss it when I bid you, and then you are to give your testimony; and then I will commit Gilbert to jail and have a warrant after his wife, and others who it is as good not to name, for fear they'd say I was prompting you—so now—'you shall true answer.'"—

"Sir," said Agnes, pushing away the book, "I would not swear away the life of my worst enemy: as it is, I have more put on me than I am well able to bear; and what would become of me, if I had blood upon my head besides?"

“There’s no fear of hanging them, Miss Hannafie—I know well what you have to say—I know all about last night; and the worst that can come of it is transportation; may be, not even that. They may get off with a little confinement; and if the Judge does his duty, a turn at the treadmill into the bargain.”

“I do not wish to harm them, Sir, at all. I have seen so much trouble myself, that I could not have the heart to put any of it in the way of others. If Mr. Foy is a prisoner here, on my account, you may let him go free, for I wish no ill to him, and I will do him none.”

“What’s come over you, girl? Don’t you know they want to put you into a mad-house, or send you to Spain to a foreign nunnery?”

She looked alarmed for a moment, but soon recovered her composure. “They may have bad thoughts in their mind towards me, and God forgive them if they have; but that is no reason why I should follow their example. It don’t belong to one poor sinner to requite evil to another. The word of the Wise and the Just says, “Avenge not yourselves, I will repay, saith the Lord.” Then, Sir, I could not speak of their doings, without exposing others, who for many a long year acted a parent’s part by me, when I was poor and fatherless; and though they have changed to me, and though—no matter—I will never turn upon them, and bring the scorn of the



world to their door. Sir, my mind is weak, and I am ashamed to be made a gaze and a show of in this manner, and if you please, Sir, I would rather have no more said about me. If you can protect me for a few days, till I am free from them all, I will thank you, Sir, from my heart; and I hope there may be no more trouble to any person on my account."

"Now, Miss Hannafie, only consider".....

"Goldtrap," interrupted Mr. Eyrebury, "I cannot allow you to press this subject further.—Miss Hannafie, I respect your motives, and you may rest assured of protection while you remain in the country."

"Did the world ever see such folly!" exclaimed Mr. Goldtrap. "But, Foy, I have not done with you yet. Stand out here, my girl," beckoning to Augusteen. "We sha'nt have such qualms of conscience from you, to judge by the way you carried yourself this morning. What have you to say about this fellow going to shoot you, just now?"

"There isn't a bigger villain in the world nor big Gilbert himself," answered Augusteen, with great composure. "He'd do worse nor shoot me, and think little about it; but I have nothing to say again him. But if Miss Hannafie calls on me to speak, I'll speak; and if she holds her tongue, I'll hold mine, seeing it's her business, and nobody elses. They well deserve to be gibbeted for the treatment they gave her; but they never molested me, and I'll not put myself in their power again to let them do it, for I know they would."

"Hackleshaw—where are you, Hackleshaw? I'll take your examinations against this man for an assault, if nobody else will swear against him. There are plenty of witnesses to prove the fact. Such a fellow must not be let loose upon the country, and no notice taken of his tricks. Take the book, Hackleshaw."

"It was no assault, Sir," said Hackleshaw; "it was rather a wrestling match. At all events, he's punished enough, as far as I am concerned. I fancy he'll have a swimming in his head for some time, from the touch I gave him with the butt-end of my gun."

"Mr. Eyrebury," called out Gilbert, "I take you to witness what that young sprig says. He assaulted and battered me, by his own confession. Now, Sir, I insist upon my examinations been taken again him, and moreover, again my servant girl for robbery."

"Leave the house, Sir, this moment," said Mr. Eyrebury, indignantly—"If you venture to speak again in such a manner, I shall think it my duty to insist upon this lady deposing to the occurrences of yesterday evening; and you are aware that they cannot bear the light."

"And what will you do with me, please your honour?" asked Larry Kelly, as Foy left the house, muttering vengeance against all present—"What had I to do in it more nor Gilbert, who is got off scot free?"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Larry! always the first in a row.

I'll make an example of you, Larry, if it was only for your own good.—Andy Britton, come out here—I saw this fellow mauling you at a fine rate; and now is your time to have justice.”

“Ah! botheration, girl! Let me go I tell you,” cried Andy, who was in the middle of the crowd at the end of the hall. “Don't you hear the gentleman calling me? What do I know about any body's leg or foot? It was well for me I had a leg of my own to stand on with the randling I got.”

“Mr. Goldtrap,” vociferated the kitchen-maid bursting through the crowd, and running up to the table, “I'll take twenty book oaths that I seen that leg in his hand as good as ever it was, barring just where it was cracked across at first.”

“Whose leg?—What leg?” asked the Magistrate in amazement.

“The beautiful new hall chair, Sir, that big Gilbert from Dunamoyle broke with his head. Andy Britton there is at the bottom of the leg, if he'd confess it; and Tim says he'll glue it on, so that you wouldn't know a haporth was the matter with it.”

“Stand by Olivia Bochagan—I can't hear that trial now—You are as great a fool, Olivia, as I'd wish to see. Andy, don't be keeping me here all day, but out with your complaint against Larry Kelly at once.”

“What complaint have I again you, Larry?” asked Andy; “for you have a right to know better nor me, being taller, and able to see what was doing, when I

wasn't. Was it you gave me the bang upon the left shoulder, when I had my knee upon your breast?"

"Well now, if you was to pison me, Andy," replied Larry, "I couldn't be sure of any thing. All I know is, that every body bet me, and I bet every body. I can tell you I'd have made a good fight of it yet, only Master Tom pinned me behind, and let you murder me as well as you could."

"And didn't I often warn you?" said Andy, "that you'll ever have the worst in a fight, you are so headstrong and heedless. If you had only"——

"Stop your prate between you both," cried the Magistrate. "You are enough to make a man lose his temper. You have escaped for this time, Larry Kelly; but I hope you'll soon give me an opportunity of sending you to jail, where you ought to be long ago, only I'm too mild with you. Set off with yourself, and thank your stars you are not on your way to Botany Bay by this time—Sergeant Lennon, walk over Mrs. Grimes here, if you please—Nelly, I can manage your business myself, without asking any one to assist me. I heard you with my own ears encouraging Gilbert Foy to shoot that harum-scarum looking girl, which any jury would find manslaughter against you. It will go hard with you, let me tell you; but to show that I will do nothing hand over head, I am willing to hear what you have to say before I commit you."

"As I'm a living woman, Master Robert, dear!

I don't know what I said, nor what I done; and you won't punish me for being out of my senses, and breaking my heart about my beautiful boy, that is dead, and murdered, and stiff, and cold, by this time, for any thing I know."

"Oh! you unnatural woman! did you bring your child into such bad work at his age? Where is the boy? Why don't some of you fly for Dr. Beggs, and be-whipped to you?"

"If your honour and worship would only hear me out—my mother, heavens be her bed! is, you know, dead these nine years last harvest. She left it on me in her dying hour, to do a Station for her at the Seven Churches, below Corrighbrannagan, wanst in every year. Oh! the neighbours can tell how I kep my promise; doing more for her, nor any body would do for twenty mothers. Well, I was preparing for my duty last week; and Jemmy seeing that I was wake, and how I got a plurisy the last time, would go in my place, whether I would or no. His father and myself was proud, I won't deny it, to see him so given to his religion; and we let him go with our blessing, and seventeen pence in his pocket, besides a little lock of male, to bear his charges. He's away now going on eight days, and the eyes is dropping out of my head with crying, afraid some of the pilgrims would put him out of the way, for the sake of the little penny he had about him. I was only watching the day light, to be up and after him, when a

message come from Mrs. Foy, ordering me up to Dunamoyle, to stay all the day, because she wanted me to——she wanted me——what did she want me for?——O! it was about flax, I think they said, only I disremember what it was, and——

“What has all this to do with your shooting the girl?” demanded Mr. Goldtrap impatiently, “I may as well commit you at once, for you are only wasting my time like the rest of them.”

“Master Robert, Sir, just hear me out, and you’ll see I’m innocent.—Where was I?—It was about Mrs. Foy. Well, she being a good warrant to be friendly to me, I wouldn’t refuse her. My man went after Jemmy, and I only waited to give the childer their breakfast, when I goes for Dunamoyle, without saying a word to man or beast; and I was just turning by the park wall, when who should I see but her. I never seen her before, but I knew it was she by what Mrs. Foy sent in her message—No: it wasn’t Mrs. Foy, it was my own mind tould it to me. So, hearing from the neighbours how she was follying fashions of her own, I thought it wasn’t lucky to meet her; and I thought it looked bad for Jemmy; and I shouted, and shouted, without knowing I was shouting; and then Mr. Foy and the boys come running; and then I run with them; and I said what they said, and I don’t know what I said, and.....

“You need say no more,” said the Magistrate, quietly dipping his pen in the ink. “You will know what you are saying on your trial, I hope.”

"What would I be tried for, Mr. Goldtrap? Is it for being foolish about my child, that is lost, and starved, and perished? What malice had I to Miss Hannafie, if she turned Protestant a hundred times? Isn't it by Protestants we get our living? and I'd as soon do a turn for one of them, as I would for a Roman. Oh! dear Mr. Goldtrap, don't send me to jail, where one belonging to me never was. I never coveted grandeur, nor goodness—all I want is to live and die in peace and decency, if they'll let me."

"Why don't you beg her off, you blockhead?" whispered the Magistrate to his son, who was leaning over the back of his chair.

Hackleshaw took the hint.

"Sir, I hope you will forgive her this time, for I see she is very much alarmed at the idea of going to jail. I am sure she is heartily sorry for the event of this skirmish, and would not have taken part in it could she have guessed how it would end."

"I'll go bail for her, Sir," said Sergeant Lennon, seeing a relenting in the Magistrate's eye, "that she'll not be before you in a hurry, if you let her off this once."

"I'm too easy," said Mr. Goldtrap, "and you all know how to play upon me: however, since you say, Hackleshaw, that she is sorry, I'll be persuaded. Get a-gone, you terrible woman, and dream of the gallows till you are frightened into good behaviour."

"The thing that terrified me most of all, Olivia dear," said Mrs. Grimes to the kitchen-maid, who

accompanied her down the steps, "was having *that one* before my eyes. I looked that the roof would fall a-top of us, when the like of her got liberty to throw venom off her tongue again good Christians, that was doing all for the honor and glory of our religion. If we had but one two hours to ourselves after I got to Dunamoyle, they might have looked for her, and be never the wiser for the search. As for that Augusteen, may the grass never grow green under her feet! She'll not have a castle always over her head. Remember I tell you that, Olivia."

"They havn't it in them," growled Mr. Goldtrap, in an under tone to his son Forester, who had been whispering to him for some time. "I tell you their hearts an't as big as a child's fist. When I was at Cheltenham I saw enough of English niggardliness, to guess it won't come into their heads. No, I tell you, I won't demean myself, nor her neither, by asking a compliment. I'll get it better done without them."

Then rising and approaching Agnes, he said, "I'm glad to be of service to you, Miss Hannafie; and while I have this arm on my body, no one shall look crooked at you. I am only sorry that I can't take you home at once to my own house, as Mrs. Goldtrap and my daughters are taking their pleasure for a month in Dublin; and I know well what your smooth uncle, Bishop M'Royster would have against us all, if you were to go to a house full of men, and no wo-



man to keep you company. But, there is a better house than mine you will be welcome to. I'll ride this minute to Shanganar, and Mrs. Ireton's coach will be sent for you; and she will be glad to show you kindness, as long as you want it. She has a real Irish heart, and a spirit that makes her always do what is generous, though she is a little over-religious. If you are able to walk down to the gate-house, and sit there till the coach comes, I'll leave plenty to guard you; for you'll get your death sitting in this perishing hall—and Tom—you are the nimblest—run home like any thing, and bring a bottle of wine; and make her take two or three glasses; for the creature has hardly any life in her."

"If the young lady would like it," said Andrew Britton, "she can go to the Glebe. The master will be proud, I know, to give her shelter. I'll be bound, before you think I'm there, Miss Louisa or the mistress will be here in the carriage, to bring her home."

"Or if that's too far," added Mr. Price, "for you to go in your low condition, Miss Hannafie, my aunt will send her jaunting car in a minute; and she'll be as kind to you as your own mother. You may stay with her all your life, if you please, and welcome; and who will dare to say a word to you, when you are in the thick of all the Protestants in Lisahuddart?"

While these hospitable invitations were pouring in

upon Agnes, Miss Winter had drawn her mistress aside, to inform her of a communication just made to her by Mr. Price.

"He says, Ma'am, that the whole country will be scandalized if Mr. Eyrebury does not ask her to remain here for a day or two, since she threw herself upon his protection. He says that Lady Eversham, and Lady Catherine, and my Lord himself will wonder; and Mrs. Ireton will never stop wondering and talking; and every body will talk. You know, Ma'am, they have odd customs in this country; and one of them is to take any body into one's house, if they have no house of their own to go to—so Mr. Price says, Ma'am, and he knows—in England it is different; where there are work houses, and parishes, and overseers, and all kinds of civilization; so that nobody is a trouble to any body."

Miss Eyrebury promptly communicated the substance of this harangue to her brother, who, vexed with himself that he had not thought of it before, immediately addressed Agnes, and with the kindest manner, in true Irish phrase, and a considerable degree of Irish feeling, intreated her to make Croom Castle her home as long as it suited her convenience: in which invitation Miss Eyrebury so cordially joined, at the same time offering her arm to lead her to the drawing-room, that Mr. Goldtrap recovered his good humour in a moment."

"It is too good an offer to be refused, Miss Han-

nafie, particularly as you do not seem very well able to go through more fatigue this morning—ah! you are indeed to be pitied—I often heard of slow poison; but the best, to my mind, is persecution, to judge by it's effects on you. Why, I remember seeing you last year; and you were a healthy, rosy looking girl, full of life and spirits; and I leave it to all present, if Bishop M'Royster's, and Mrs. Foy's regimens haven't made you another guess sort of person at this time. The worst I wish them is to be served the same sauce themselves, before they are many years older."

"As seemingly you are with friends now, Miss," said Augusteen, "I may as well leave you, being no use that I can see; and if any of the gentlemen would only send one or two with me to put me a piece of the road, out of the place, I'd be for ever obliged to them. The country isn't safe for me; the people's minds is so through-other about you; so I'll quit it at once; and some of you can take back her cloak to poor Rose, and tell her she may keep the little things I left behind me, which isn't worth looking after."

Agnes took her hand.

"It goes to my heart," said she, "to let you leave me without the power of showing you how grateful I am, except by words that are of no value, when I owe more than my life to you. And what is better to me than all, is, that I do not see how I can ever promise more, being as poor as yourself, and more helpless.

But if I live, and the world goes better with me than I expect, and if ever I have any thing that I can call my own, supposing it even comes by charity, I will divide with you to the last, and that joyfully. Then, Augusteen, won't I hear about you ; and won't I see you to thank you over and over again, and never stop thanking you for the pity you shewed me, when I was wofully in need of it ?

" Oh ! Miss," replied Augusteen, trying to speak cheerfully, " never heed me ; I'll get on well enough. Since I was ten years old I had to forage for myself ; and though often cast among worse nor the people of Dunamoyle, (if there's worse under the sun,) yet I kep myself to myself, earning my bread, and never knowing much hardship in the way of want. Keep up a good heart, Miss, for yourself. What's to fear but you'll see better days, and be happy like the rest of the world ? And to be sure you'll hear about me. I'll not lose sight of you if I can—no, I wont," she added, with a sudden burst of feeling, as she brushed away the tears with her hair, " for you'll soon want a friend's hand over you. Don't I see death staring through your eyes, and marking every feature of your face, to know you at once when he comes to look for you ? And will I leave you to strangers and foreigners that won't know how to feel for you ; seeing they are not of your own people, and have other ways with them besides ours ?"

Agnes still held her hand ; and they stood opposite

each other, weeping with that unrestrained, yet quiet sorrow, which the heart of the most unconcerned looker-on sympathizes with at once. Mr. Goldtrap bustled about to hide *his* sympathy, fast struggling to flow from his eyes.

"I wouldn't wonder if I caught cold in my head," said he, "sitting so long in the draught without my hat." Then turning to Miss Eyrebury, "Ah! now, couldn't you toss up a bed for the crature in the room with Miss Hannafie, for a night or two? She'll save the servants trouble. Besides, if she's not in the house, she'll be sitting the live-long day at the gate, waiting to hear news of her, and very likely frightening the horses with her wild eyes."

"We shall be very glad to have her assistance in taking care of Miss Hannafie," said Miss Eyrebury, who had got an approving nod from her brother; "and I hope she will have no objection to remain with her."

"She will be very much wanting, indeed, Ma'am," said Miss Winter, "Mr. Price says so, and he knows. She will be quite a different person when she wears a cap, which I will give her to make her look a little civilized."

"Hair was made before caps, I fancy," cried Mr. Goldtrap, "and she has better in her heart than you can put on her head, Miss Winter. But dress her up as you please—no matter about that. It's all beautifully settled, and just as it ought—clear the hall now

—there's no more business for any of you here. Boys, you'll have to dine without me—I'm off to Eversham Hall to have the first story, and a fine story it is—Andy, hurry round my horse—keep up your spirits Miss Hannafie—Good morning to you Miss Eyrebury. If you were not bred and born in Ireland, you deserve to be so—a glass of wine would be greatly in her way after her fright, poor thing—now go away, can't you, fast?—I am obliged to every one of you lads ; and I wish we had such another kick-up every morning."

Heartily coinciding with this wish, his numerous allies hastened to their respective homes, or usual gathering places, each anxious to carry the first intelligence to those who had not the luck to witness the row.

## CHAPTER XII.

Augusteen prophesied truly, when she said that Agnes would soon want a friend's hand over her. The breaking of a blood vessel, under the discipline of her Tipperary relations, had laid the foundation of a pulmonary complaint, attended by inflammation, which Mrs. Foy's tender mercies had increased to such an alarming degree, that in a few days after taking up her residence at Croom Castle, the Physician declared her recovery to be hopeless : at the same time, recommending her to be kept very quiet ; and that no subject of an agitating nature, particularly religion, should be mentioned to her ; as the probable consequence of the slightest excitement would be instantaneous death. He added confidentially to Miss Eyrebury, that he had known more fatal effects from injudicious zeal, than from the worst epidemic ; and instanced several of Mrs. Ireton's poor tenants, whose lives had often been in imminent danger from her religious interference.

But Miss Eyrebury soon discovered, that however advisable it might be to follow his plan, as a general mode of treatment, yet, in the case of Agnes Hanna-

fie it was necessary to adopt a directly contrary system ; for the constant nervous excitement, apparently arising from the terror of some unseen danger, which unceasingly haunted her imagination, could only be allayed by directing her attention to some text of scripture that had reference to her situation ; or even by pointing to the Bible, a resource often applied to by Miss Eyrebury, whose memory, hitherto but scantily supplied with scripture stores, failed to assist her truly benevolent wishes. Augusteen, with the quick perception so often found in persons of her rank of life in Ireland, had first discovered this way of calming her fears ; and when poor Agnes, often starting from her hectic sleep, wildly cried for help, or begged for mercy, she was in an instant at her side, and in the gentlest tone would say, " What troubles you Miss Agnes ? Don't you remember what the gentleman reads, how that you need not be afraid for all the terrors in the darkness of the night, nor for any destruction if it was to walk abroad in the noon day ? Don't it say too, that no evil shall light upon you, nor any badness come under the roof where you are ? So, think of yourself Miss Agnes ; and think of him who is above all, and who won't let them touch a hair of your head, since he knows the count of them."

Still, Dr. Beggs was incredulous, and every day renewed his protest against the long reading, and talking, and praying of Mr. Leighton, together with the supererogatory work of Miss Eyrebury, which



she was obliged to plead guilty to, in reading and speaking of those subjects to his patient, which he conceived might be very proper in a Clergyman, when delicately insinuated with due regard to the pulse of the invalid; but absolutely ridiculous, if not wicked, when introduced at all times, and by all manner of persons: but his dismay was at the highest, when the dreaded Mrs. Ireton came to pay a visit, and would force her way into the sick room.

"That woman will be the death of her," said he, unconsciously addressing himself to the kitchen maid, then passing through the hall. "She will at once tell her that she is dying, as she always does. There was no necessity to make such a rout in rescuing her from her relations, who could not take more certain measures to kill her than those resorted to at this house, at this very minute. Tell me, my good girl, is this work going on every hour of every day, for I never come here that there is not somebody preaching her into a high fever?"

"They have quare work with them, Sir," said the damsel, in a confidential tone. "It's asy to see they think her in a bad way, with all they put upon themselves to do for her. She finds the differ now, I believe, from the religion she picked up, to the one she left, where she might have got rale comfort."

"Has she expressed any concern for her change of religion?" asked the Doctor quickly. "Or has she intimated a wish to see a Catholic Clergyman? Mr.

Eyrebury is a liberal man, and would not, I am sure, for an instant, hesitate to accede to her wishes."

"The never a know I know what she wishes," answered Olivia. My business never takes me up stairs, only at odd times, to help the turf basket, when the boy is out; nor would I covet to be about her, nor any of the servants neither, only Miss Winter, who has her own reasons for being partial to her. But Sir, sure, any body in their senses may see the differ between the religions. Supposing one of us to be dying, what have we to do but send for the Priest, and he comes, and just stays two or three minutes, and does all, and no more about it? He never puts the trouble of praying upon us at that time, nor any other time, if it isn't to punish us, which is only proper when we deserve it; but here—there is such a driving back and forad of Parson Leighton, and Parson Rainsworth; and praying going on to no end. And then, Sir, the Clargy won't satisfy her, but the young lady herself must be at it when they're not in it; and even that unsigned Augusteen will be spelling over the Testament for her, (as if the like of her could read,) and speaking such words as it is a shame for a Christian to listen to. It is this makes me think, Sir, that her new religion is but a poor thing compared with ours, that gives little trouble to any one, but the Priests and Carmelites, and other holy people. I ought to beg pardon, Sir, for spaking so bold to you, who has the name of a Protestant; but

I could hear how it was said in that parlour there, one day, when there was a grand company to dinner, that you had no religion ; so, I thought, may be, you had a laning to our way ; and that hindered me being timorous."

"No matter, no matter, my good girl !" said the Doctor, turning away ; but Olivia was not so easily silenced when she had an auditor of such consequence."

"There never," she continued, "was so altered a house, since her unlucky foot crossed the thrashel, three weeks next Wednesday. Would you believe it, Sir, but the Bishop never heeded the master when he saluted him the other day—he that was always coming and going, and doing what he pleased in the house, and out of the house, and a blessing was over it then. And poor Father Dennis, that dined here every Sunday, never was asked inside the door from that day ; though I hear he has trouble enough to get his baste to pass the gate, coming from the chapel ; the poor dumb brute not knowing why he shouldn't do what he always done before. Himself is changing too, though it's little he lets on ; but he often looks thinking, and is fighting with the poor school-master about the school. And then, as for the young lady, you wouldn't know her—writing letter after letter to Eversham, and never riding or driving any where but to the Glebe, and blinding her eyes reading the Bible, and never faulting the housemaid about the grates."

"That's quite enough, my good girl, I am only

waiting till Mrs. Ireton goes away; and I am not particularly anxious to be informed on those points at present; or indeed, at any other time."

"The whole world is altering, for that matter," cried Olivia, with increased ardour; "and there's no knowing where it will end, if they don't let us alone. We can't live in the country seeing their doings. The sight left my own eyes last Sunday, when I seen Andy Britton tramping to Church, and brazening it out before the people, as if he wasn't ashamed of himself. Oh! there's the master. It would be as good as my place is worth if I was seen opening my mind to mortal; but when you axed me all about it, it wasn't my business, you know, Sir, not to answer a gentleman."

Contrary to the Doctor's prediction, Mrs. Ireton, who was, as usual, a little hysterical and overpowering, did not materially injure Agnes; for she spoke with feeling upon the subject most interesting to her; and though she did, in the most abrupt manner, allude to her speedy removal from this world, she felt, on the whole, more composed than when the Doctor attempted to comfort her with the hope of recovery. The one addressed her as a reasonable creature, and she felt obliged and gratified—the other treated her as a wayward child, who was to be cheated into temporary good humour, and her spirit revolted against the petty imposture—the Doctor, however, persisted in holding on his own course, of endeavouring to blind his patient to her danger; and one day, when he had confessed to Miss Eyrebury that a few hours

would terminate her earthly career, he still spoke to Agnes of the wonders to be effected by asses milk, and exercise in the open air as the summer advanced.

"If a poor body," cried Augusteen indignantly, as he left the room, "was to tell lies as fast as that man, the worst word from a dog wouldn't be thought bad enough for them. Och! he well knows, Miss Agnes, he's telling lies—He well knows that you'll be gone long before the last wind blows away the spring; and then what good can the summer do, if it was as fine as the longest day, and the brightest sun could make it? It delayed too long already, if it was wanting to be of service to you."

Agnes smiled at Miss Eyrebury, who had in vain attempted to silence Augusteen. "I believe," said she, "he thinks my mind weaker than it is; and weak indeed it would be if I flattered myself with the hope of ever leaving this room, till I'm carried from it to the church yard. I suppose he means it kindly, and as such, I ought to be thankful to him; though he little guesses it would be sorrowful news to me if I believed it."

"He judges of you," replied Miss Eyrebury, "as he would of most people in similar circumstances. There are few persons, I believe, so tired of life who would not gladly encourage the slightest hope of recovery. I am sure I should hope, even against hope, were I in your situation; and I confess I cannot understand your feelings on this subject."

"I don't know if I understand them myself," said

Agnes, "and therefore I may not be able to explain them ; but so far it is easy to understand, that the world promises me nothing, to make me sorry for leaving it. My own have turned their backs upon me. More than that, they have changed their nature to me ; and some of them who would not hurt a worm, think they do God service by injuring me. I must fly from them if I hope to live in peace, and then, how could I get my living ? I was reared to do nothing ; and with my mind and body broken down, it is not likely I should be quick at learning any thing to support myself by. But, supposing that I could earn a livelihood, without depending quite on charity, how could I answer for my own foolish spirit, that after a while I would not repine ? I might covet to get back some of the comforts I once willingly gave up for His sake. And if they offered to raise me from my poverty and dependance, who knows but in a time of temptation and pride, I might consent to live a hypocrite ?—and oh ! how would I then die ?"

Miss Eyrebury was silent : and Agnes, after looking at her for some time, continued with a cheerful voice. "I know what you are thinking of—you would be glad to know if I have any fear of death—I will tell you the truth—it sometimes startles me to look death in the face, because of the struggle there may be, before the sinful body will let the soul go free, and I never was patient under pain ; but that is all. For the next world I have no fear—no—all is

bright there. When I fix my thoughts upon it, without glancing at the painful passage, the only feeling I have, is longing to depart, and to be quit of this poor world for ever."

"Your feelings are truly enviable," said Miss Eyrebury. Then after a pause, she added, "I wish I could promise to myself the same hope when I am summoned to leave this world."

"You have the book," said Agnes, "in which I found my hope. It is, I may say, your own book; for no man shuts it up from you. And sure, when I who am ignorant, and had few opportunities, could clearly see the road to heaven by the light it gives; you, who are so much my superior in knowledge, and who have it always in your possession, cannot fear to miss the way."

"I am not your superior," answered Miss Eyrebury, with much earnestness. "I feel how greatly I am your inferior in true knowledge. It is true I have had more advantages, but I have not profited by them. Till my arrival in this country I knew nothing. My religion was taken up from hearsay. It depended on the guesses of man, not on the revealed word of God. I read parts of the Bible regularly; but it was merely as the performance of a duty, which I supposed was connected with my religion; not as a means to make me wise unto salvation. Since then I have read it with different views, and in a different spirit; and my mind is slowly opening to understand it; but I

am conscious that I do not yet believe as I ought, and my hope is therefore wavering : indeed, I can scarcely call it hope, for I am sometimes so wretched, as to wish I had still remained the self-satisfied, ignorant creature I was a few months since."

"I was always slow at learning," said Agnes, "and I would be a poor teacher at the best ; but I will tell you how it was with me in my ignorance, and how it was I got the hope which comforts me now, and has comforted me under sore affliction. When I took up the Testament, I thought to myself, if it was the word of God, it must be all true, and that I was bound to believe every word it said. I soon knew it was his word ; for none but he who reads the heart could speak home to it, and tell us all that is in it, and make us plain to ourselves. I read that I was a sinner, and I felt *that*—I read that I could not save myself, and I saw that too : and Oh ! how glad I was when I read that God loved poor sinners, and sent his Son to die for them, and desires them, no matter how bad they are, or how foolish they are, or how ignorant they are, to go to him for salvation. I looked hard then to see what I must do to make myself worthy of his mercy ; and Oh ! was I not twice as glad, when I found I had nothing to do, because I could do nothing, but only to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, who had done all, and who only could do it. Then, without any delay I believed on Him at once ; and when I felt the fear often shivering at my



heart, lest I did not know what believing was, or might be deceived into a false hope, I would put my hand upon the blessed word, and say ; *this is true*, and what business has my foolish heart to want to make me wise against God ?—And then, I simply brought my mind to trust ; and it is this has given me peace ; and the more I trust, the more peace I have. Oh ! don't tell me I am mistaken !" she cried, seeing Miss Eyrebury look grave, "for if you take this hope from me, what can *you* give to make it up to me ?"

"No, no, you are not mistaken," she replied. "It is to the same source I will look for peace ; and God grant I may find it by believing with the same child-like simplicity ! But, I must leave you now, for I fear you have exhausted yourself by speaking so much."

"Let me say a few words more," said Agnes. "My mind may not be so clear again, and I might be troubled if I could not explain myself. I am not going to speak about what I owe to you, as you often told me not to mention it. God give you his blessing, even all his blessings in his Son ! It is my own friends press heavy on my heart. They are in darkness, and they love it. Well—may He yet shine into their hearts, and give the light of life ! I can do nothing but pray for them, and that I have done ; but I would be glad they were told I died at peace with them all. What they did, I forgive ; and let no hard word be brought against them for my sake ; as they only wished

what they thought was for my good. They had sometimes to bear with my undutiful behaviour ; and if they were here now, I would ask their forgiveness for all the trouble my foolishness often gave them. Then, there is another thing—that poor girl who has lost—

“ Well Miss,” interrupted Augusteen, “ I wonder how you an’t cautious of bringing down your mind from above, to be wasting your thoughts on me, who can manage well enough for myself. The world’s wide ; and it’s hard if I can’t find a spot in it to fit me as long as I am left in it. Banish all about me for ever ; only when you are busy with God, lift up your heart in one prayer, and ask him to be good to me when he orders me away ; but never heed me for this world, I never had much in it, and what matter about it.”

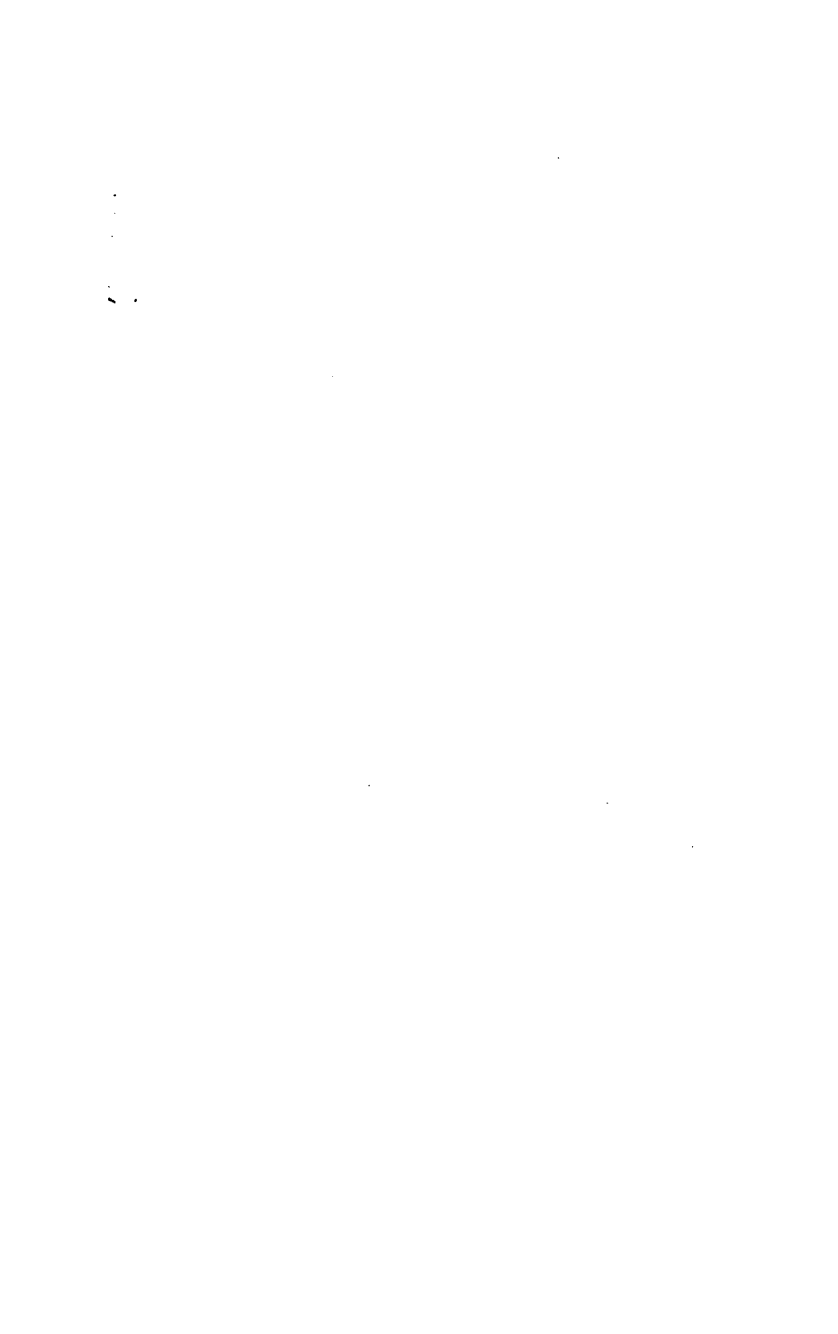
“ Set your mind at rest upon those subjects,” said Miss Eyrebury. “ You have brought a blessing into this house, which I trust will remain in it, even after you are removed—the obligation is, therefore, all on our side—my brother will take care to have your message delivered to your relations ; and as for Augusteen, she has made friends for herself. If she pleases, she shall go with me to England ; as Winter tells me she can be made a useful servant ; if not, we shall find means to settle her comfortably in her own country.”

A few hours after, Agnes breathed her last, in the presence of Miss Eyrebury, and Augusteen.

“There you lie,” lamented the latter, as she closed her eyes, “and sure, I ought to be glad that you have left all pain, and sorrow, and sickness behind you. Them will find many below to harbour with, but they cannot overtake you again; seeing there is no room for them where you are gone. Sure, I wouldn’t bring you back again only for the pleasure of looking at your mild face! Sure, I don’t grudge you to God, who has done better for you nor all I could ever do? Och! it’s well for me, and well for you, that he didn’t ask my leave, but ordered it all himself. And didn’t he do it well, who first made your bed asy in sickness, and then stole you away to heaven without yourself knowing it? You had a stormy day of it; but wasn’t the evening beautiful and paceable; and didn’t you go to rest as if there was nothing like trouble in the world? Didn’t you lay down your head in hopes to raise it joyful before God, because there is One at his right hand that made your peace for you? Will I die that way? Oh! may He that was your portion, be mine too! Oh! may He that led me like a poor blind creature so far in a way I didn’t know, never let me go to wander where I like; but, may He guide and keep me, till he brings me safe to that blessed place, where he brought you before me.”

THE END.

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